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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Hotter than August

SALSA–YOUR LATIN PRIMER · REGGAE SUNSPLASH · THOMAS LEER · PETER HAMMILL · NEW MOVIE MAYHEM

The Sass and Sauce of Blue Rondo A La Turk

By Adrian Thrills

Zoots mon! Blue Rondo's Chris Sullivan throws a shape. Pennie Smith catches it on film.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**GREEN DOOR**	**Shakin' Stevens (Epic)**	5	1
2	4	LOVE ACTION	Human League (Virgin)	3	2
3	10	JAPANESE BOY	Aneka (Hansa)	3	3
4	2	HOOKED ON CLASSICS	Louis Clarke/RPO (RCA)	5	2
5	5	GIRLS ON FILM	Duran Duran (EMI)	5	5
6	6	HOLD ON TIGHT	ELO (Jet)	3	6
7	17	TAINTED LOVE	Soft Cell (Bizzare)	2	7
8	9	CARIBBEAN DISCO	Lobo (Polydor)	5	8
9	11	WATER ON GLASS/BOYS	Kim Wilde (Rak)	4	9
10	3	HAPPY BIRTHDAY	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	6	1
11	19	SI SI JE SUIS UN ROCK STAR	Bill Wyman (A&M)	3	11
12	7	BACK TO THE SIXTIES	Tight Fit (Jive)	4	5
13	(–)	ABACAB	Genesis (Charisma)	1	13
14	16	ONE IN TEN	UB40 (Dep Int)	3	14
15	12	BEACH BOY GOLD	Gidea Park (Sonet)	4	12
16	14	WUNDERBAR	Tenpole Tudor (Stiff)	2	14
17	8	CHANT No 1	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	6	1
18	(–)	CHEMISTRY	Nolans (Epic)	1	18
19	(–)	TAKE IT ON THE RUN	REO Speedwagon (Epic)	2	19
20	22	FIRE	U2 (Island)	3	20
21	(–)	THE THIN WALL	Ultravox	1	21
22	28	STARTRAX CLUB DISCO	Various (Picksy)	3	22
23	15	FOR YOUR EYES ONLY	Sheena Easton (EMI)	7	8
24	13	WALK RIGHT NOW	Jacksons (Epic)	6	6
25	30	I LOVE MUSIC	Enigma (Creole)	1	30
26	20	NEW LIFE	Depeche Mode (Mute)	8	9
27	(–)	RAINY NIGHT IN GEORGIA	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	1	27
28	(–)	WIRED FOR SOUND	Cliff Richard (EMI)	1	28
29	(–)	ARABIAN NIGHTS	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	2	24
30	(–)	START ME UP	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)	1	30

Theatre Of Hate at No.1. Pic: Peter Anderson

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**TIME**	**ELO (Jet)**	3	1
2	3	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (EMI)	9	2
3	2	LOVE SONGS	Cliff Richard (EMI)	8	1
4	13	OFFICIAL BBC ROYAL WEDDING ALBUM	(BBC)	3	4
5	6	SECRET COMBINATION	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	13	5
6	8	PRETENDERS II	Pretenders (Real)	3	6
7	9	KIM WILDE	Kim Wilde (Rak)	8	2
8	7	HOTTER THAN JULY	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	39	1
9	5	KOO KOO	Debbie Harry (Chrysalis)	3	5
10	10	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic/Cleveland Int)	8	10
11	12	STARS ON 45 Vol. 2	Starsound (CBS)	15	1
12	16	BELLA DONNA	Stevie Nicks (WEA)	4	11
13	11	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	40	1
14	(16)	THIS OLE HOUSE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	19	3
15	19	PRESENT ARMS	UB40 (Dep Int)	12	1
16	15	NO SLEEP 'TIL HAMMERSMITH	Motorhead (Bronze)	10	1
17	4	HI INFIDELITY	REO Speedwagon (Epic)	17	4
18	20	BUCKS FIZZ	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	2	18
19	21	ROCK CLASSICS	LSO/Royal Chorale Society (K-Tel)	4	9
20	18	BAD FOR GOOD	Jim Steinman (Epic)	14	8
21	22	BEST OF MICHAEL JACKSON	Michael Jackson (Motown)	7	6
22	29	THE RIVER	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	22	4
22	(–)	CURED	Steve Hackett (Charisma)	1	23
24	(–)	JU JU	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	9	10
25	25	ANTHEM	Toyah (Safari)	13	1
26	14	CATS	Various (Polydor)	4	14
27	(–)	THE LAST CALL	Anti Pasti (Rondolet)	1	27
28	(–)	FACE VALUE	Phil Collins (Virgin)	19	2
29	(–)	MADE IN AMERICA	Carpenters (A&M)	5	17
30	(–)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Beach Boys (Capitol)	1	

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1 (4) **Nero** ..... Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
2 (5) **I Don't Want To Live With Monkeys** Higsons (Romans in Britain)
3 (1) **New Life** ..... Depeche Mode (Mute)
4 (2) **One In Ten** ..... UB40 (Dep Int)
5 (11) **Release The Bats** ..... Birthday Party (4AD)
6 (7) **Mattress of Wire** .. Aztec Camera (Postcard)
7 (3) **Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag** Pigbag (Y)
8 (6) **Neu Smell** ..... Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
9 (12) **Puppets Of War EP** ..... Chron-Gen (Fresh)
10 (9) **Motorhead** ..... Hawkwind (Flicknife)
11 (8) **Another One Bites The Dust** General Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
12 (—) **Kitchen Person** ..... Associates (Situation 2)
13 (15) **Smiles And Laughter** Modern English (4AD)
14 (—) **Inconvenience** ..... Au Pairs (Human)
15 (10) **Cover Plus (We're All Grown Up)** Hazel O'Connor (Albion)
16 (27) **Sweetest Girl** ... Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
17 (17) **Peace And Love** ..... Misty (People Unite)
18 (21) **Four Sore Points** ..... Anti Pasti (Rondolet)
19 (25) **The Resurrection EP** . Vice Squad (Riot City)
20 (23) **Dreaming Of Me** ..... Depeche Mode (Mute)
21 (16) **Q Quarters** ..... The Associates (Situation 2)
22 (—) **One Law For Them** . 4 Skins (Clockwork Fun)
23 (13) **Ceremony (12" remix)** . New Order (Factory)
24 (22) **Dogs Of War EP** ..... Exploited (Secret)
25 (—) **Everybody Thinks** ..... Skodas (Heartbeat)
26 (28) **King's Cross EP** ..... Charge (Test Pressing)
27 (—) **Army Life** ..... Exploited (Secret)
28 (18) **My Love** ..... New Age Steppers (Statik)
29 (14) **All Out Attack EP** ..... Blitz (No Future)
30 (26) **24 Hours** ..... The Chefs (Graduate)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1 (2) **The Last Call** Anti-Pasti (Rondelet)
2 (1) **Penis Envy** ..... Crass (Crass)
3 (6) **Document And Eye-Witness** . Wire (R Trade)
4 (5) **Present Arms** ..... UB40 (Dep International)
5 (4) **Playing With A Different Sex** Au Pairs (Human)
6 (3) **The Only Fun In Town** .... Josef K (Postcard)
7 (10) **Closer** ..... Joy Division (Factory)
8 (9) **Black Sounds Of Freedom** Black Uhuru (Greensleeves)
9 (13) **Prayers On Fire** ..... Birthday Party (4AD)
10 (7) **Punks Not Dead** ..... Exploited (Secret)
11 (8) **Action Battlefield** ..... N. A. Steppers (Statik)
12 (12) **Drama Of Exile** ..... Nico (Aura)
13 (25) **Lubricate Your Living Room** Fire Engines (Accessory)
14 (14) **In The Flat Field** ..... Bauhaus (4AD)
15 (24) **Labour Of Love** ..... Mass (4AD)
16 (15) **Live** ..... Misty (People Unite)
17 (16) **Signing Off** ..... UB40 (Graduate)
18 (—) **Hopelessly In Love** Carol Thompson (Carib Gems)
19 (11) **Anthem** ..... Toyah (Safari)
20 (28) **Odyshape** ..... Raincoats (Rough Trade)
21 (17) **Unknown Pleasures** . Joy Division (Factory)
22 (21) **Fresh Fruit** ..... Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
23 (18) **Sons Of Thunder** Dr Alimantado (Greensleeves)
24 (20) **Stations Of The Crass** ..... Crass (Crass)
25 (—) **Mesh And Lace** ..... Modern English (4AD)
26 (30) **Firehouse Rock** Wailing Souls (Greensleeves)
27 (19) **Dirk Wears White Sox** ..... Adam Ants (Do-it)
28 (—) **How The West Was Won** Toyan (Greensleeves)
29 (27) **Heart of Darkness** ..... Positive Noise (Statik)
30 (23) **He Who Dares** ..... Theatre Of Hate (SSS)

Compiled by *NME* from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops.

REGGAE

1 **Rise and Shine** ..... Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
2 **Hopelessly Without You** Carol Thompson (S&G)
3 **Another One Bites The Dust** General Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
4 **Warrior Stylee** Mikey Dread (Dread At The Controls)
5 **Sponji Reggae** ..... Black Uhuru (Island)
6 **Peace & Love** ..... Misty (People Unite)
7 **Let Me Be Your Angel** .... Portia Morgan (Arawak)
8 **Finger Gun Style** ..... Aswad (CBS)
9 **Physical Fitness** ..... Barry Brown (Selena)
10 **These Eyes** ..... Jacky Mittoo (Rough Trade)

Bonaparte Records, 284 Pentonville Road, London N1.

FUNK

1 **Summer Groove** ..... Joneses (Good Records)
2 **The Dip** ..... Keith Diamond Band (Millennium)
3 **Everybody's Broke** ... Herbie Hancock (Columbia)
4 **You Got The Floor** Arthur Adams (Inculcation Band)
5 **Get Tough** ..... Jose De Jesus (Park Place)
6 **Turn It Out** ..... Emotions (Columbia)
7 **Workin' Out** ..... Ritz (Posse)
8 **Love Rhythm** ..... Bobbettes (Qit)
9 **Why'd You Have To Be So Sexy** Ami Stewart (Handshake)
10 **This Kind Of Lovin'** ..... The Whispers (Solar)

Tim Palmer, Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, London W.1.

INTERNATIONAL

ISRAEL

Singles

1 **Will You** ..... Hazel O'Connor (A&M)
2 **Nobody Wins** ..... Elton John (Rocket)
3 **Happy Birthday** ..... Stevie Wonder (Motown)
4 **Bette Davis Eyes** ..... Kim Carnes (EMI America)
5 **Gemini Dream** ..... Moody Blues (Threshold)
6 **Hands Up** ..... Ottawan (Carrere)
7 **One Day In Your Life** Michael Jackson (Motown)
8 **All Stood Still** ..... Ultravox (Chrysalis)
9 **Stars On 45 Vol. 2** ..... Stars On 45 (Mercury)
10 **Can Can** ..... Bad Manners (Magnet)

Courtesy Reshet Gimmel/IBA/Billboard

NEW ZEALAND

Long Players

1 **Stars on long play** ..... Stars on 45 (PolyGram)
2 **Stray Cats** ..... Stray Cats (Arista)
3 **Vienna** ..... Ultravox (Chrysalis)
4 **Mistaken Identity** ..... Kim Carnes (EMI America)
5 **Icehouse** ..... Flowers (Festival)
6 **Pirates** ..... Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros.)
7 **Les Musiques de l'amour** Richard Clayderman (WEA)
8 **Making Movies** ..... Dire Straits (Vertigo)
9 **The Fox** ..... Elton John (Rocket)
10 **Reveries** ..... Richard Clayderman (WEA)

Courtesy Record Publications/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Don't Go Breaking My Heart** ... Elton John & Kiki Dee (Rocket)
2 **Let 'Em In** ..... Wings (Parlophone)
3 **In Zaire** ..... Johnny Wakelin (Pye)
4 **Jeans On** ..... David Dundas (Air)
5 **You Should Be Dancing** ..... Bee Gees (RSO)
6 **A Little Bit More** ..... Dr Hook (Capitol)
7 **Dancing Queen** ..... Abba (Epic)
8 **Dr Kiss Kiss** ..... 5000 Volts (Philips)
9 **You Don't Have To Go** ..... Chi-Lites (Brunswick)
10 **16 Bars** ..... Stylistics (H&L)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **I'm Still Waiting** ..... Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)
2 **Never Ending Song Of Love** ..... New Seekers (Philips)
3 **What Are You Doing Sunday** ..... Dawn (Bell)
4 **Hey Girl Don't Bother Me** ..... The Tams (Probe)
5 **It's Too Late** ..... Carole King (A&M)
6 **In My Own Time** ..... Family (Reprise)
7 **Get It On** ..... T. Rex (Fly)
8 **Let Your Yeah Be Yeah** ..... Pioneers (Trojan)
9 **Soldier Blue** ..... Buffy St. Marie (RCA)
10 **Bangla Desh** ..... George Harrison (Apple)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Yellow Submarine/Eleanor Rigby** ..... Beatles (Parlophone)
2 **All Or Nothing** ..... Small Faces (Decca)
3 **God Only Knows** ..... Beach Boys (Capitol)
4 **Distant Drums** ..... Jim Reeves (RCA)
5 **Too Soon To Know** ..... Roy Orbison (London)
6 **They're Coming To Take Me Away** Napoleon XIV (Warner Bros.)
7 **Lovers Of The World Unite** ..... David & Jonathan (Columbia)
8 **Mama** ..... Dave Berry (Decca)
9 **A Girl Like You** ..... Troggs (Fontana)
10 **Visions** ..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Johnny Remember Me** ..... John Leyton (Top Rank)
2 **You Don't Know** ..... Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
3 **Wild In The Country** ..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
4 **Reach For The Stars** ..... Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
5 **Well I Ask You** ..... Eden Kane (Decca)
6 **Kon-Tiki** ..... Shadows (Columbia)
7 **Romeo** ..... Petula Clark (Pye)
8 **Halfway To Paradise** ..... Billy Fury (Decca)
9 **That's My Home** ..... Acker Bilk (Columbia)
10 **How Many Tears** ..... Bobby Vee (London)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

COOLER THAN SEPTEMBER ...

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Major Tours

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES In The Dark this week announced plans for a major 17-date tour in November.

They visit Lancaster University (November 7), Birmingham Odeon (8), Manchester Apollo (9), Glasgow Apollo (11), Edinburgh Playhouse (12), Ipswich Gaumont (14), Leicester De Montfort Hall (15), Brighton Dome (16), Southampton Gaumont (17), Poole Arts Centre (18), London Hammersmith Odeon (20), Newcastle City Hall (22), Liverpool Empire Theatre (24), Hanley Victoria Hall (26), St Austell Cornish Coliseum (28), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (29) and Sheffield City Hall (30).

All tickets are £3.75, £3.50 and £3.25 except at Leicester, Poole, Hanley, St Austell and Cardiff where they are £3.75 only. Orchestral Manoeuvres, whose 'Souvenir' single, produced by Mike Howlett, comes out this week, are currently recording their third album at the Manor in Oxfordshire.

GENESIS will play three concerts at the Wembley Arena on December 17, 18 and 19, plus three more at Birmingham National Exhibition Centre International Arena on December 20, 21 and 22. The Wembley concerts begin at 8pm and ticket prices are £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 while the Birmingham concerts start at 7.30pm, the price at this venue being £6.50 and £5.50. Tickets are available by post only from: Gentour, PO Box 4YA, London W1A 4YA, all cheques and postal orders being made payable to 'Sunderworth Limited' and accompanied by an SAE. At least 28 days should be allowed for delivery.

The dates form part of the band's world tour, which begins in Barcelona on September 25 and visits Europe, North and South America, Australia and Japan.

British Rail are arranging special late trains from Birmingham and Wembley to coincide with the concerts.

"I blame NME" — Alan Horne

JOSEF K SPLIT STARTS SCOTTISH POP AVALANCHE

JOSEF K played their last gig, at Maestro's in Glasgow, last Sunday — a date which singer Paul Haig later rued playing.

"I'd made up my mind to leave last Friday," he explained. "The band had been together too long, we'd achieved all we'd set out to do and everything was in a rut — there was not room for new ideas. I played the Glasgow gig but wish I hadn't. The PA was awful and it was a bad way to end."

Alan Horne, who runs Postcard, the label responsible for Josef K's currently successful 'Only Fun In Town' album, claimed that over-the-top newspaper reporting was a contributing factor in the split.

"The musical press — especially *NME* — was always questioning the band about doing certain things, criticising them for going the way they wanted to go rather than the way the press thought they ought to go. This caused personal differences within the group, differences which I find understandable."

Haig is now working on a solo project for Rational Records, while it is possible that Malcolm Ross, the band's bassist, will be joining Orange Juice, who are currently mixing their debut album.

RESTRICTED CODE, one of Glasgow's brightest new pop bands, have broken up. Singer Tom Cannavan told *NME*: "We didn't seem to be getting across to people. Our record sales were very disappointing and, after two years on the go, we just felt we'd had enough."

He added that, with sales of their last single barely reaching 4000, Pop/Aural had "got cold feet" about releasing the next one — which is now unlikely to ever appear.

"I don't think any of the band have definite plans," said Cannavan. "I'd like to lay off for a while, perhaps do some writing. It's a pity the band have split, cos I think the new material was strong, but our spirit was broken."

POSITIVE NOISE have lost their lead singer Ross Middleton — but have decided to carry on without him as a four-piece. even though he wrote all their lyrics. Ross, who leaves behind two brothers, has already begun to work on solo projects, while the group will be releasing a new single 'Positive Negative' on Statik in four weeks' time. The song was written with Ross before he left.

Josef K pic: Robert Sharp

Nude sleeve rumpus delays Bow Wows LP

By GRAHAM LOCK

THE RELEASE of Bow Wow Wow's debut LP has been delayed until October 9 because of a dispute over a nude picture of singer Annabella Lu Win on the sleeve.

Originally, the band had intended the sleeve to parody Edouard Manet's painting *Le Dejeuner Sur L'herbe* which caused a sensation on its appearance in 1863 as it depicted two fully-dressed men sitting on the grass with a completely naked woman. The painting was derided by leading critics and denounced as "indecent" by Emperor Napolean III.

Now, over 100 years later, the Bow Wow Wow parody has run into similar trouble with Annabella's mum, Mrs Dunn-Lewin, who — according to BWW tour manager Andy Corrigan — objected to the sleeve on "moral grounds", these presumably being that Annabella had posed in the nude.

Mrs Dunn-Lewin was unavailable for comment at presstime, but Annabella denied the story. "It's nothing to do with my mum, really. It's me. I done the photo but I didn't want it to be used. I didn't really like it."

Why not?

"I don't want to talk about it."

Was it because you'd posed in the nude?

"Er ... no comment."

***NME* contacted another Bow Wow Wow person, who prefers to remain anonymous, and asked about the parody sleeve.**

"Parody? Oh, the nude photo! Yer, Annabella's mum's trying to sue the band about that for, I dunno what it's called, taking advantage of a minor or summat."

Why's that?

"Well, we manipulated 'er, like. We got 'er drunk and ... no, we didn't get 'er drunk, we told 'er we'd kick 'er aht the band if she didn't do the photo." Long throaty chuckle. "Nah, what 'appened was that Annabella consented but when 'er mum found aht she 'it the roof and now Annabella 'as ter go along wiv 'er mum or she won't let 'er be in the band."

An RCA spokesperson was unable to comment, except for a weary sigh of "there has been a *lot* of trouble over that sleeve, you're dead right there."

Malcolm McLaren was uncontactable in New York but a message on his answering machine declared: "We're only in it for the Manet."

Above: the Manet masterpiece which inspired another McLaren manoeuvre. Inset: Bow Wow Wow

Carrack quits Squeeze for Carlene

SQUEEZE keyboardist Paul Carrack has announced that he is quitting the band — although they have just returned from an American tour that has seen their 'Tempted' single (which Carrack sings on) and 'East Side Story' album edging into the relevant U.S. Top 40s.

A stunned Chris Difford, said from his home on Monday evening: "It's funny — I think that around this time of year Squeeze are like a football team, with people moving on to different clubs. You could say that Paul was offered large amounts of money by an outfit operating in the Acton area."

This is a reference to the sizeable amount of work Carrack has contributed, without the band's knowledge, to Carlene Carter's new album. Carlene's husband is, of course, Nick Lowe, whose management Riviera Global, just happen to have an office in London's Acton area. Jake Riviera was managing Squeeze when Carrack joined six months ago.

Despite this blow at a crucial time — the band head out for a European tour during October — Difford remains optimistic and is hopeful that a replacement keyboard player will be announced shortly.

TOUR NEWS Page 37

Chameleons L-R: Mark, Dave, Reg, John. Pic: Kevin Cummins

New colours for a Joy-less world

MICK DUFFY spots The Chameleons — a band who stand out in their grey local habitat

LIFE FOR DAVE was dull. Living in the musical wasteland of Manchester — a city void of fresh style and movement for so long — was simply one big YAAWWWN.

In common with so many other sharp young Mancunian consumers, his taste for Joy Division and The Fall had long since soured. But these seminal industrialists still held the city in their ghostly grip, having spawned 1,000 local imitators intent on haunting the area's gig circuit forever.

Resigned to a staple diet of boring bands and their snoring audiences, disillusioned Dave came close to ending it all, or at least leaving town.

But then . . . he discovered The Chameleons! Life would never be quite the same again!

DAVE IS guitarist Dave Fielding, who together with Mark Burgess, Reg Smithies and John Leaver formed The Chameleons, a band with no record deal, no manager, not much equipment and who've only played two gigs (both in Bury!), but a band with an optimistic future — currently my favourite Northern contenders and safest bet for success.

The Chameleons (nothing to do with Lori's Liverpool bunch) have broken away from the traditional Mancunian preoccupation with heavy pessimism and that once fashionable though morbid indulgence in hopelessness and despair. In contrast, their colours are bright and their sound is distinctive, though not so radical as to make them alienating or obscure. They're moving forward and they treat those who preserve and plagiarise the past with contempt.

"It's been really pathetic down town for ages with all those Joy Division and Fall soundalikes," Dave muses, "We went to see The Fall once and they had two local bands supporting them. We saw The Fall three times that night."

In Reggie's North Manchester living room, which doubles as The Chameleons' HQ, vocalist Mark continues the tale / farce.

"And in Cargo Rochdale recording studios) the other week, there was this band recording a demo. They told the engineer, 'We want the drums to sound like Joy Division, the guitar to sound like Joy Division and the bass to sound like Joy Division'. So the engineer said, 'But what about the vocals?' You can guess what they replied."

"It's funny, but it's pathetic too," insists Dave. "That's why it's been so important for us to get away from all that — to find a new direction."

So The Chameleons are innovators, not copyists, and already their fresh approach is their city's worst-kept secret. After picking their first demo tape out as a rare gem amongst the mountain of mundane samplers sent to him, John Peel booked the band for his . programme.

Virgin Publishing promptly signed the group after hearing the session, and are now 'advising' them during negotiations with the several major record companies who have taken an interest. Certainly less accomplished as entrepreneurs than as musicians, The Chameloens need all the business advice they can get.

"It's totally intimidating when you meet the high pressure men from the big companies," says Dave. "I was so nervous when we met Virgin, I was sick. Mostly, we just freeze up with fear."

"And we can't even understand what they're going on about half the time," continues Mark. "It's terrifying, all the money they start talking about. We need a manager. Quick!"

That manager would be taking on a band with an unbeatable collection of pop pearls in an impeccable set, a band whose destiny is obviously the Top Ten. "Potentially a major new international act," as one Virgin spokesman optimistically enthused — but I still turned the job down.

"We'd love to get in the charts, but do it well — like The Undertones or the Banshees," says Dave, "When they go on *TOTP* they still look good. They do it in style. Brilliant!"

If The Chameleons ever turn up on *TOTP* they'll take care to look and sound every bit as good as their chosen idols, they'll add their vivid colours to your monochrome set — fluorescent shades and dazzling textures.

Not too hot on camouflage. But at least they'll get noticed.

Lynott — where there's coke there's no smoke

THE TRIAL of Phil Lynott at Kingston Crown Court ended on Thursday, his 32nd birthday, in an appropriately Irish manner. Lynott was found not guilty of possessing 5.41 grams of cannabis, a charge he had admitted, and fined £200 after being found guilty of possessing cocaine, an offence for which a former Thin Lizzy road manager claimed in court that *he* was responsible.

Lynott was also acquitted of cultivating a cannabis plant found growing in the conservatory of his home in Richmond, Surrey.

He maintained that the jacket — with two packets containing 691 milligrams of cocaine — that the police found on one of his bedposts had been lent to a friend until the day before the raid.

"For me any form of drugs are dangerous," Lynott told the court, admitting, however, that he would occasionally indulge before the birth of his first child three years ago. "I used to think it was a very artistic thing to do, but when I had a child I thought that even smoking a cigarette in front of her was bad, so I knocked it on the head."

Lynott also delivered a, shall we say, heartfelt plea to his fans: "I would advise anyone following Thin Lizzy not to try to imitate me by taking drugs. They are very dangerous."

Indeed, 29-year-old Robert McClennan, a former Lizzy roadie now working with Barbara Dickson, stepped into the box as a surprise witness to swear that he had borrowed the jacket from a studio.

"At the time of the police raid," said McClennan, "I was very occasionally using cocaine. I may have left cocaine in one of the pockets."

Notwithstanding the prosecution's suspicions that Lynott and McClennan had hatched a plot together, Lynott's chauffeur Guss Curtis backed up McClennan's story by insisting the roadie had returned the jacket the day before the police raid. Lynott, he said, had taken the jacket upstairs with him when he went to bed, remarking that it needed dry-cleaning.

On the third day of the trial, however, Phil Lynott was found guilty of possessing cocaine.

From the judge's summing up, it appeared that a better line of defence for the musician would have been to question the probity of the police, based on their dubious method of entry to Lynott's house.

Special Patrol Group officers, Judge Kenneth Rubin criticized, had used "dishonest" tactics to obtain entry to Lynott's home: they had told Lynott's wife Caroline they were from the gas board, even though they were in possession of a search warrant.

"Where you have officers prepared to use subterfuge in this way," said Judge Rubin, "you may think it affects their credibility as witnesses. If they are prepared to stoop to this kind of trick to get in, one has to consider the possibility that they might stoop to a similar trick when they are giving evidence."

—FLANN FLINGER O'BRIEN

Pic: Herbie Yamaguchi

NOH, it's not the return of ITV's *Chinese Detective* — it's ah-so diminutive entrepeneur David Claridge, in "traditional Japanese festival clothing". This garb on the gabby one is to celebrate the ex-DJ's latest post-Great Wall club conceit: The Mobile Suit, a company comprising Claridge's own label (first release will be the LP 'Tokyo Mobile Music I'), a band (Drak), and a mime-spiked "series of events" to be held around UK niteries. First stop: London's Embassy Club on Wednesday, September 2. Other plans? A whole pile of compilation albums — Japanese new wave, the experimentings of Japanese torch siren Phew in Conny Plank's studio outside Cologne, and an assortment of Polish work — plus the UK-wide tour, in October.

—BEVERLY HILLS

ZEIT

IF YOU'RE one of the growing number of readers of 'alternative' arts and music magazine *ZG* — circulation now up to 8,000 — you'll be interested to hear about the launch of ZG Music, which accompanies issue two of *ZG 81,* 'Future Dread'.

According to the mag's editor, fashion lecturer Rosetta Brooks, and its production editor Garrard Martin, ZG Music will not function as a mere cassette label. Instead, says Martin, it started as "a plan to back up *ZG's* editorial with the release of music by people we interviewed". Subsequent C30 releases will occur in tandem with the magazine's themes and will be chosen "because hopefully they supply the right feel to complement the issue".

The current *ZG* which inaugurates the scheme continues to expand the magazine's strong points — successfully sythesising *Harpers, Artforum* and the rock press. Brooks' editorial is good and provocative, if cramped — and there's an excellent piece called 'The Best Uniforms' by Marek Kohn, which makes observations the style/ trend/rock press should have printed months ago. (. . . "in vanguard fashion recently: the 'purity' of Spandau Ballet sleeve design, the exaggerated and inappropriate dignity (that is, preciousness) of Robert Elms' prose, Willy Brown's claims to classicism in clothes design. All contain elements of simplicity and reference to order; all of these are borrowed images which create what our

Next week in NME

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BY TONY PARSONS

Portrait Of The Artist As A CONSUMER

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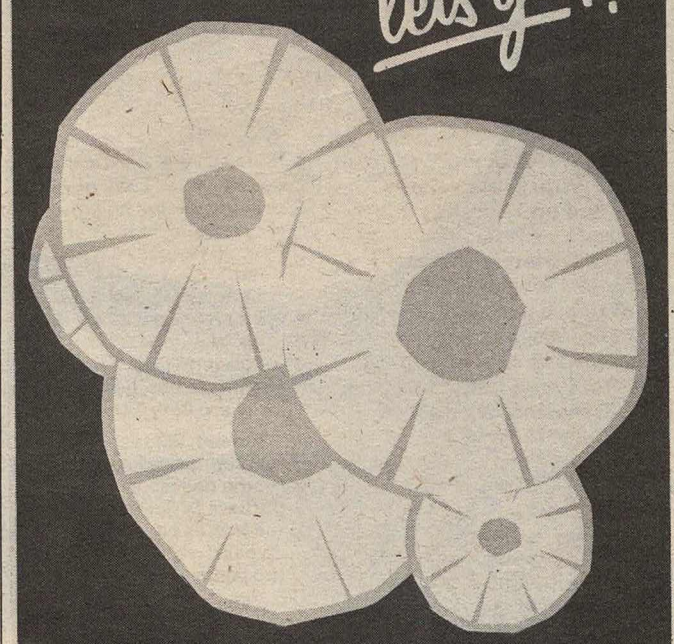
HAVANA *let's go !!*



FRUITY COCKTAIL MIX!

GEIST A-GOGO

CYNTHIA ROSE sees another zine go cassette

Brooks and staff head for New York soon to sort out next month's 'New York' issue; they are also at work on future issues with the themes Desire ("as in ambition and capitalism") and Street Culture. "At the moment," they admit, "we have a slightly arty-farty, art school tone. But we're determined to avoid the easy option — a lot of interviews. Our problem in the editorial area is getting a group of people who write to the standard we want with the synthesis we require."

Advertising and money problems have receded, though contrary to its slick format, *ZG* is funded on simple bank loans totalling £5,000. Currently, more of their ads come from New York than London — "possibly because we have dealt with subjects considered to be on the borderline of 'acceptability'." But there's enough in the *ZG* kitty to ensure four future tapes of unreleased material from New York which will accompany the next issue. And written or recorded submissions ("other than poetry, please — we get enough") are welcome. Send to ZG Magazine, 32 Montrell Rd, London SW2. Tapes at £1.99 payable to Gallery House Press, London, from the same address.

cultured Victorian forbears would have regarded as a burlesque paradox, a romantic vision of classicism. They are concerned less with the effects of 'pure' form and structure and more with the image of this concern, of classicism. The idea is to *seem* like a person who aspires to classical values.")

The accompanying four *ZG* tapes are less notable. They include 'Tropical Tryst' by English Disease (competent and pretentious cabaret by a group who "recently held a millinery exhibition at the Chenil Gallery, London"); 'Free(?)' by Pete Challis (fragmented collage music with tunes thrown in for good measure); the self-explanatory 'Play Loud Play Quiet' by Morgan Fisher, and 'The Church Of Friendly Valley' by the now-disarrayed group of the same name (their sub-Can demo tape).

Bob Lynch

Jerry Lee Lewis by Conny Jude — up for grabs

IF YOU'VE ever wanted to own an original by some rock lensperson you admire, now could be your chance. For on Tuesday, September 1 at 6.00 pm, London's Photographer's Gallery is hosting a benefit sale of original photographs and art work donated by impressive list of pros who have banded together to help the sacked staff of *Time Out* find more funds to launch their new independent weekly. Over 100 works have been given by Brian Griffin, Red Saunders, Adrian Boot, Tom Sheehan, Jill Furmanovsky, Mark Rusher, Gered Mankowitz, Janette Beckman, Val Wilmer, collagist Peter Kennard and others. There are also pieces by rock-related illustrators like Conny Jude, Donna Muir, Steve Bell and Brian Grimwood, plus sports portraits by Leo Mason and cricket specialist Patrick Eagar. The range of rock subjects is comprehensive — from Johnny Rotten to Miles Davis and Jimi Hendrix — but most attractive of all are the donations from London Features syndication service: vintage *Ready Steady Go* shots of The Kinks, The Who and the Beatles, poster size and laminated, at £15-20. Benefit Photo Auction at the Photographer's Gallery, 5 Great Newport Street, London W1.

CYNTHIA ROSE

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ON PAGE **50**

JOHN FOXX

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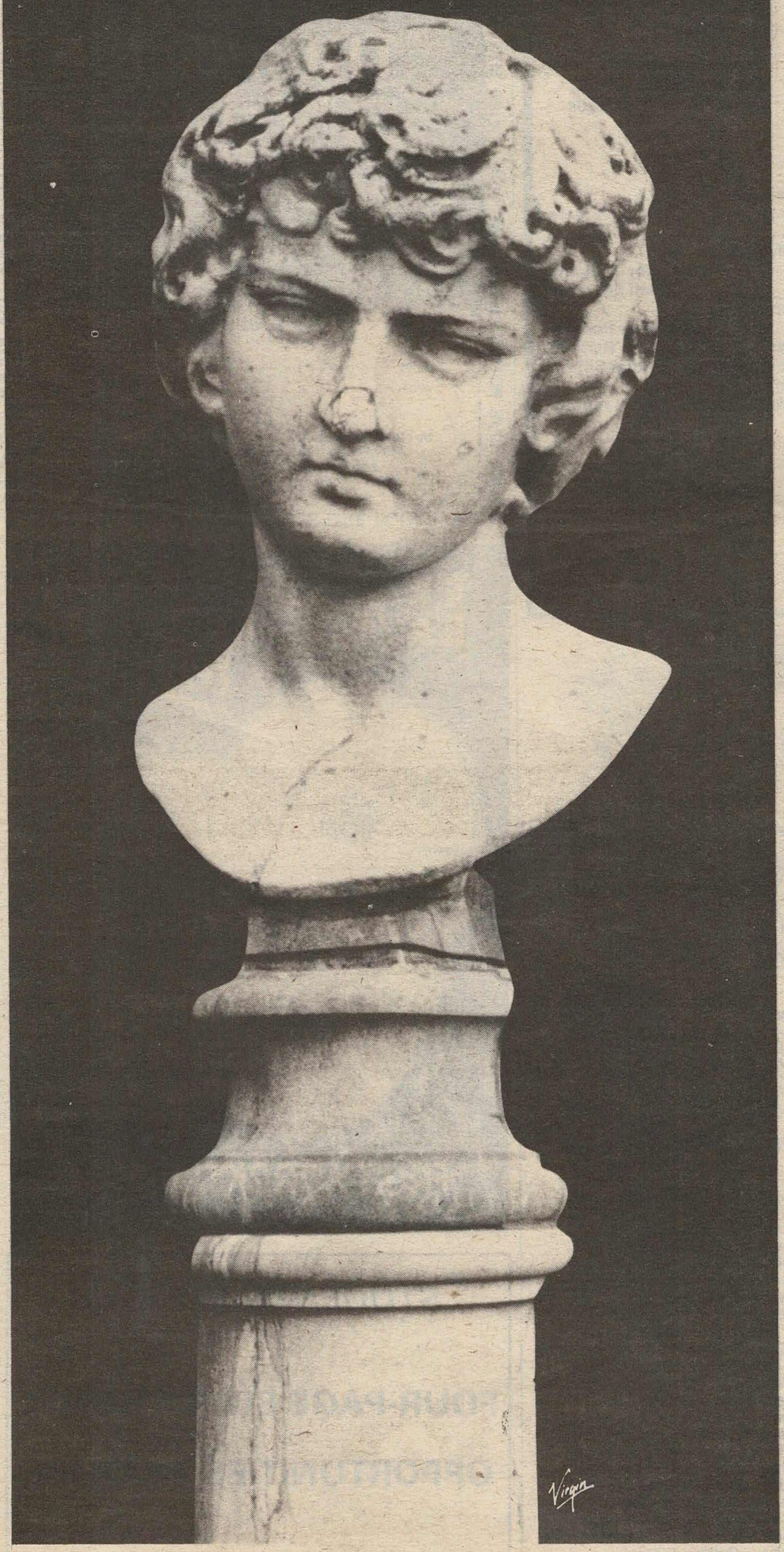
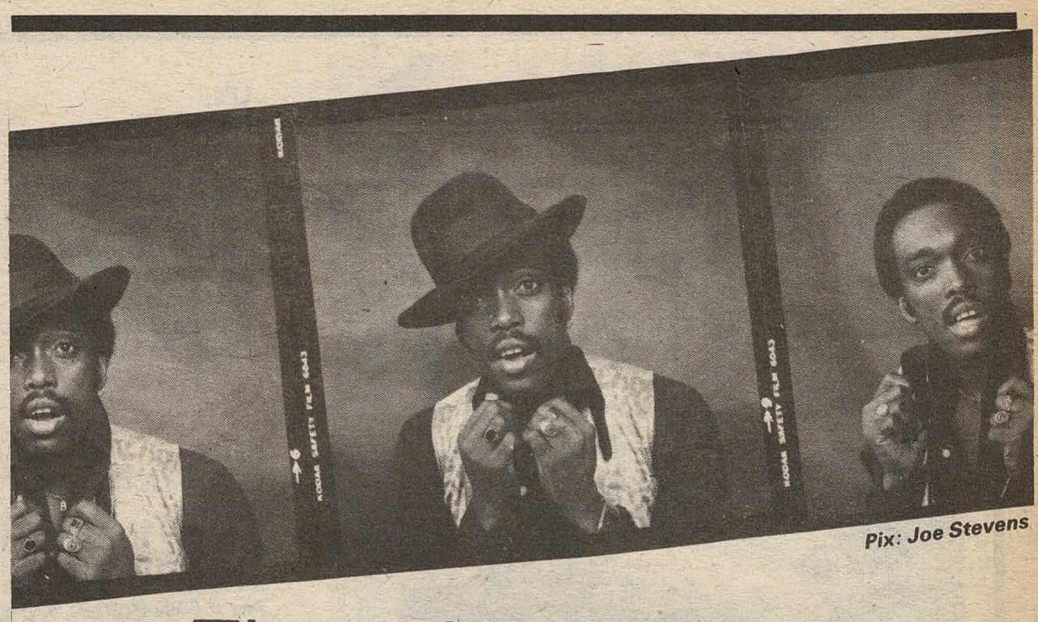




Pix: Joe Stevens

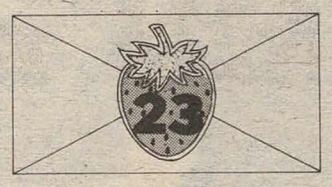
The missing Linx in the 'Strawberry' ripple

BUNNY BROWN'S 'Strawberry Letter 23', as a sizzling seven inch or a sumptuous 12 inch, is one of the brightest and most imaginative singles released this summer.

The record was made two years ago and originally released on Grove Records in November 1980 with Sketch and David from Linx contributing bass and backing vocals respectively. A Shuggie Otis song made famous by The Brothers Johnson, Brown's version is one of those records where everything gels — and as such it's an ideal summation of the organic musical chemistry between soul and reggae which Bunny has been trying to perfect throughout his career.

"Well, a lot of people get put off reggae because it's either too heavy and political or it's too light and it passes you by. But with 'Strawberry Letter 23' we mixed reggae, R&B and disco — which is how I hear reggae — that's the way I think it should sound."

Speaking over the transatlantic Buzby hotline, Bunny Brown sounds like A Typical Black Musician — polite, informative and slightly dull. His career began



GAVIN MARTIN rabbits with Bunny Brown

sometime around the late '60s in his native Jamaica with a derivative soul showband called The Chosen Few.

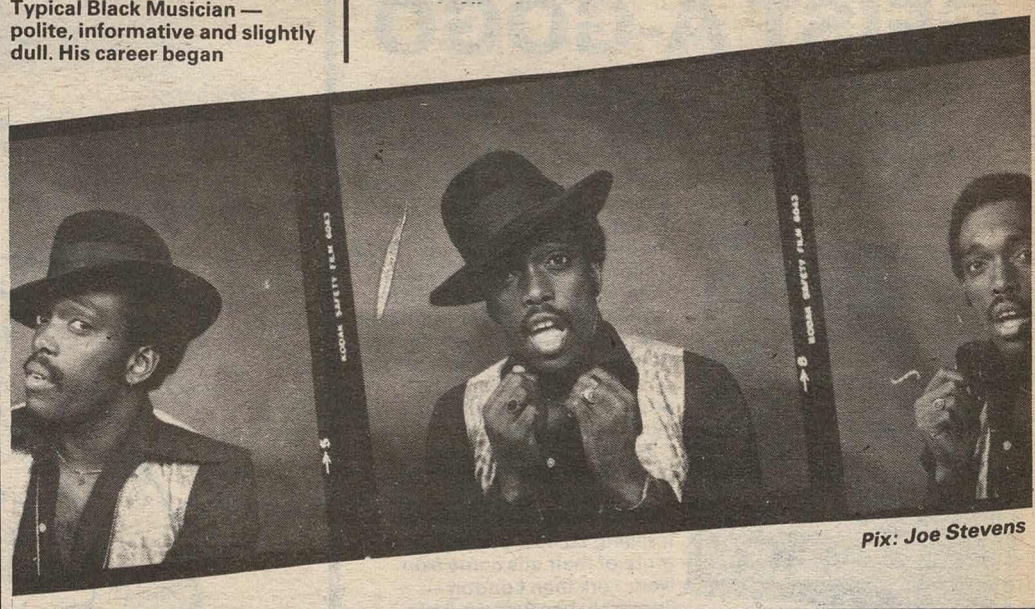
"As a group we were always soul orientated. But though we had a number one hit with 'Ebony Eyes', our sort of music wasn't thriving in Jamaica so we moved up to Toronto.

"We drifted about a bit. Our third album was recorded with KC's Sunshine Band before they began working with him and became famous. Around about 1975 we recorded 'Stand By Me' with Pete Belotte and Giorgio Moroder in Munich, but that wasn't really our sort of music."

Towards the end of the '70s The Chosen Few, after making five albums together and enjoying a fair degree of success in Nigeria and Jamaica, went their separate ways.

It was a chance meeting two years ago with producer Glyn Mathias, who was responsible for the last tracks recorded by The Chosen Few, that lead to the connection with Linx and spawned 'Strawberry Letter 23'. But with Linx going onto bigger things, and the recording being made in a short amount of spare studio time, the single remains something of a one-off.

Unfortunately the area opened up but it was not explored any further. The British public ignored the disc and Brown moved to New York. Where, after producing Time Machine's ropey rocky 'Love Tastes Sweeter Than Fruit', he has secured a deal with EMI and is currently working on his own self-written, self-produced solo debut album. Not an immediately attractive proposition, if the calibre of his compositions for The Chosen Few are anything to go by.



Pix: Joe Stevens

Chapman gets 20 years

MARK CHAPMAN, the self-confessed killer of John Lennon, was sentenced to 20 years to life imprisonment on Monday.

When asked if he had anything to say before sentence was passed, Chapman quoted a passage from J. D. Salinger's '50s youth novel *Catcher In The Rye*, the book that he had with him at the time of the murder and which he has held throughout the hearing.

Guards armed with shotguns escorted Chapman to the New York State Supreme Court, where Justice Dennis Edwards Jnr. refused a defence request to throw out Chapman's plea of guilty. He said there was no question of Chapman's criminal responsibility, but ordered that he should receive psychiatric treatment in jail.

Dr Daniel Schwartz said that Chapman was a schizophrenic who had first adored Lennon and then grew to hate him. Prosecutor Allen Sullivan stated that Chapman had killed Lennon purely to gain notoriety at the expense of someone else's fame.

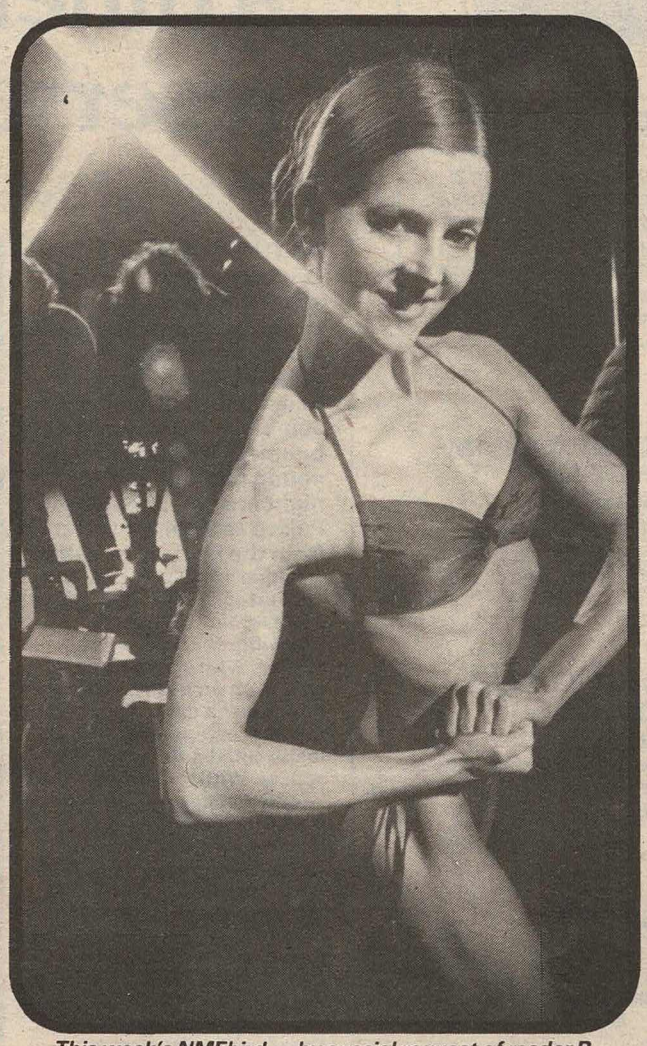
"It required no talent, no ability, nothing. All it required was the strength to pull a trigger."

Defending, Mr Jonathan Marks said Chapman did not even know why he was in court and could not appreciate what his jail sentence meant. He said that the killing of Lennon was a substitute for Chapman's own suicide.

The hearing has revealed little about Chapman's motives, why he had grown to hate his hero or how he had turned into such a lethal assassin.

He was taken from the court in total silence, leaving his copy of *Catcher In The Rye* on the table behind him.

Power To The Pectorals



This week's NMEbird — by special request of reader R. Lowry of Eccles — Carolyn Cheshire.

THINGS BACK to normal round your way? Everything hunky-dory again now that the battling proletariat are temporarily off the streets? Oh, come on! You must work for the papers or something.

But to business. My duties this week involve addressing the Lugansk workers' soviet, overseeing military preparations for the Kazan defences and monitoring the broadcasting efforts of the doomed ruling classes. Northern puritanism precludes any explanation of how I came to find myself awakening on the living room carpet in front of a switched on television set on Sunday afternoon, still dressed from the previous evening. Suffice to say that I did, to see 'Gypsy' Dave Frost the famous rockist and revolutionary accompanying a party from the advanced layers of the English working classes on a pilgrimage to the birthplace of the deceased American entertainer, Elvis Presley, for **Elvis — He Touched Their Lives** (Granada).

Ahh, the cult of the personality; so assiduously fostered by our own Comrade Stalin. Most of Comrade Presley's followers seemed more familiar with 78 or 45 rpm than the theory of Permanent Revolution, but I watched fascinated as rich Dave waxed indignant and world weary at the crass commercialising and capitalising upon the Presley legend. Frost and his cameraperson, inside the Gracelands main gate, moved in to film the actual graveside but were discouraged by a large individual wearing a T-shirt bearing the revolutionary exhortation 'Graham's Lighting Fixtures'. Plucky Dave challenged this brute to admit that the film rights to the grave had been sold and were now some conglomerate's exclusive property. "You calling me a liar?" demanded Comrade Heavyperson as he ushered Frosty away "cut of respect for the guy".

Seconds later another voice confirmed that, yes indeed, the rights had been sold! Capitalism, phew!

Fascinating to see how so many people around Presley looked like him. His mother of course looked like him most of all, his wife looked like him in drag, the statue unveiled to his memory didn't look much like him at all, happily. Many of his fans had grown old and fat and stupid just like Presley himself did.

What's On (Granada) next evening featured an interview with the director of the film *This Is Elvis* (apparently it's the 400th anniversary of his death, or somesuch) and showed footage of the old social-revolutionary himself singing 'Hound Dog' on an early TV show. Taking the piss out of himself and his fans something rotten, it was clear that even at that stage he'd realised that he really didn't have to try all that hard any longer.

When Night Comes To Kandahar (**World In Action**, Granada) took us on a raiding party against a government-held customs post in Russian-occupied Afghanistan and provided the most heart-tearing pictures of the week as the camera closed on what was left of the face of a child who, we were told, was a victim of a Russian air attack. The poor child's mouth was a ragged, oversized hole, gaping horribly in a fry-up of ruined features. Jesus! At this point we should all stop whatever we're doing and weep for our helplessness.

Barry Norman In Gangster City (BBC1) showed the lower levels of the American business community, capitalists to a man, shooting each other to pieces in the interests of turning a dishonest buck into several million more of the same, during the Prohibition years in Chicago. I felt no sympathy whatsoever for this grisly bunch, as they weren't innocent victims like the Afghan child. They knew exactly what they were dealing in and with, and have always seemed a most drearily predictable and uninteresting collection of individuals to me. Pirates and gangsters, bah!

Comrades! Let us turn now to **Muscle Madness** (ATV). If Comrade Lenin may be said to be the reason of the revolution, dominating through his transmission of will, and Comrade Trotsky may be characterized as the iron will bridled by reason, what the hell am I supposed to make of a collection of women dedicated to flexing their biceps like

■ *Continues over*

DANGEROUS VISIONS

Ray Lowry flexes his political muscles in the privacy of his own home

BRIXTON

MARK HEATH is one of Britain's best-known black actors, most recently seen in the National Theatre's *Measure For Measure*. Now he's turned his hand to a different project — a multi-racial theatre company called Centre Stage, for whom he has authored and acts in the debut production: *The Ballad Of Coldharbour Lane*.

Contributing to this first production will be an extremely diverse company — Heath, Kevin Williams of the National Theatre who directs the play, Claire Lewis and Angela Wyndham-Lewis of London's Dance Centre, saxophonist

Dave Earnshaw who deals with the music, and Lindsay Kemp's lighting designer John Spradbery who will be manning the fresnells *(No sexism please — Ed.)*. Also featured is Anand Versani, a young Indian actor discovered through a Government Youth Opportunity scheme.

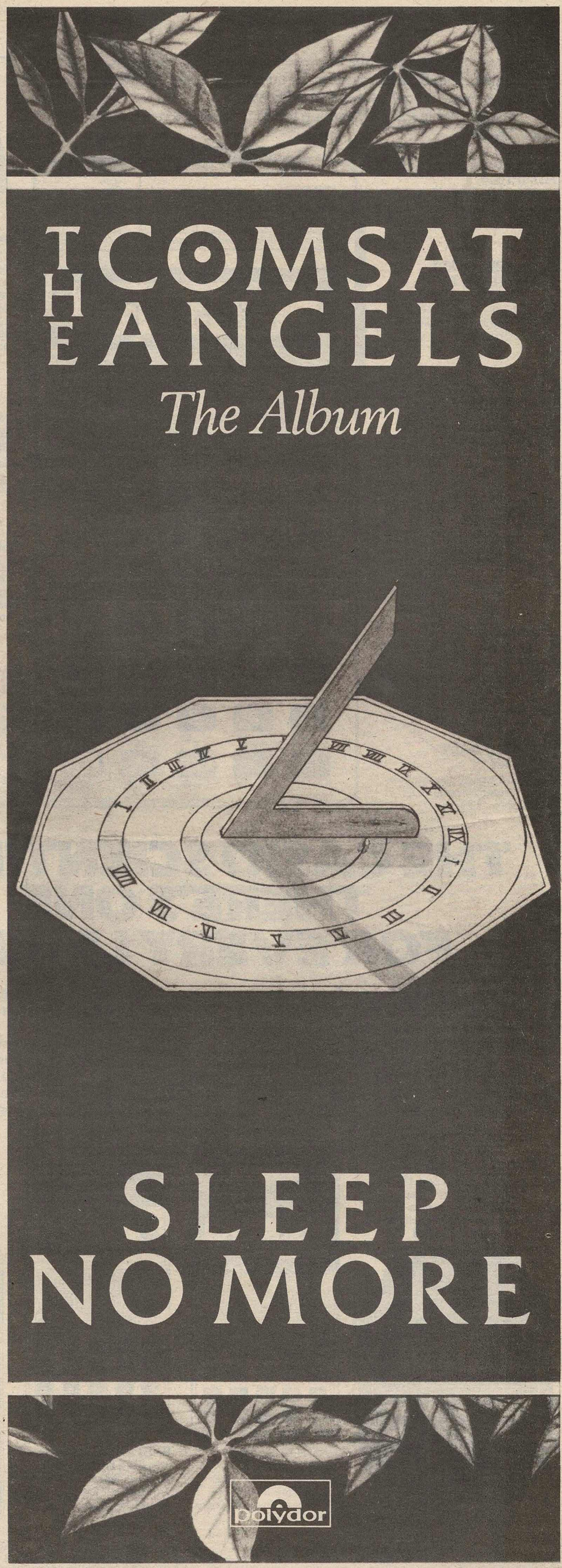
***The Ballad Of Coldharbour Lane* has already aroused controversy enough to warrant the concern of the Metropolitan Police. Why? A company spokesperson explained: "We've had difficulty finding a**

BALLAD

first theatre for this play because it is very strong stuff . . . There's rape, sex and violence in it. But the whole background to the conflicts is the political and activist unrest in poorer communities all over the UK. It is very much in key with what's happening in our society right now."

Centre Stage opens *The Ballad Of Coldharbour Lane* at London's Golden Lane Theatre, Golden Lane EC1, on September 1 and runs it there through Sunday, September 6, on which day tickets will be £3 and all proceeds will go to the parents of the 13 black children who died in the Deptford fire. For details tel. 01-874 3321 (day) or 607-1887 (night).

CYNTHIA ROSE



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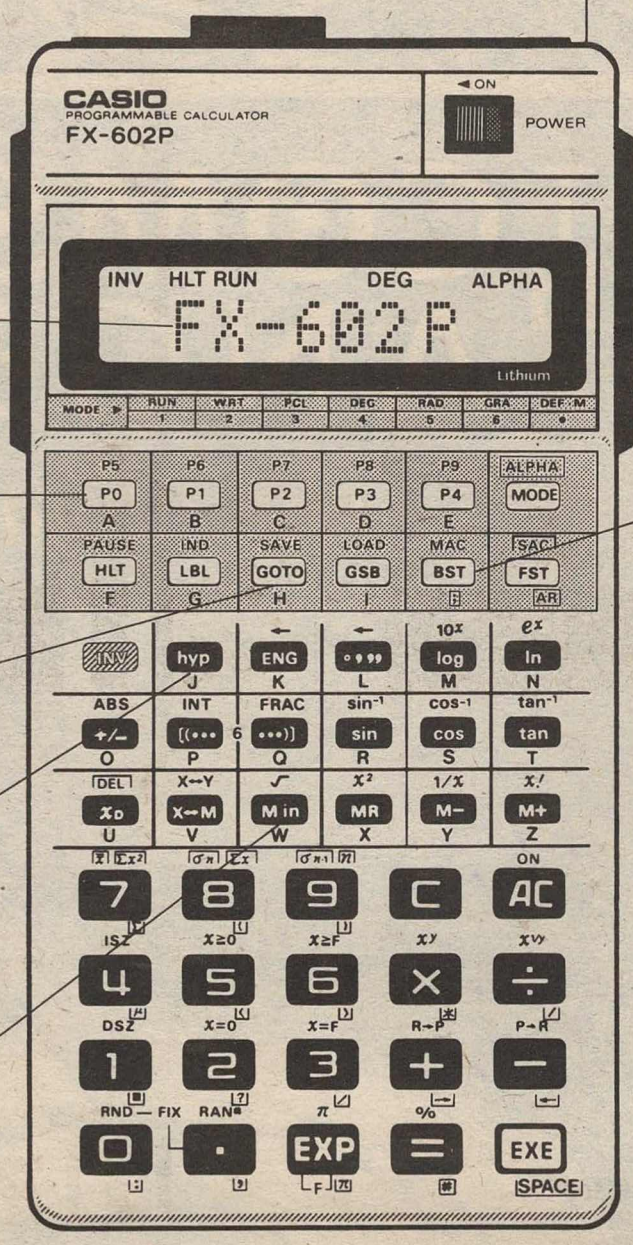

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R→P	P→R	$\sqrt{}$	x^2	$1/x$	$x!$
EXP	π	ENG	ENG	°,,	°,,
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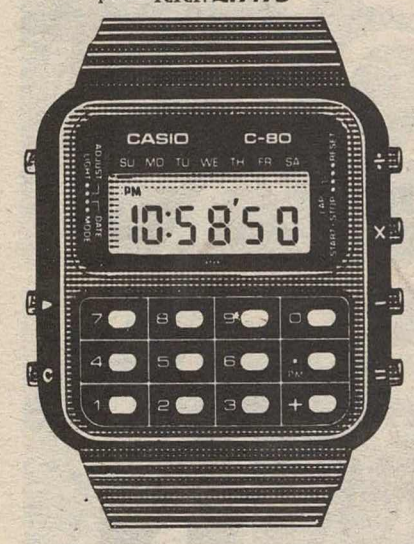

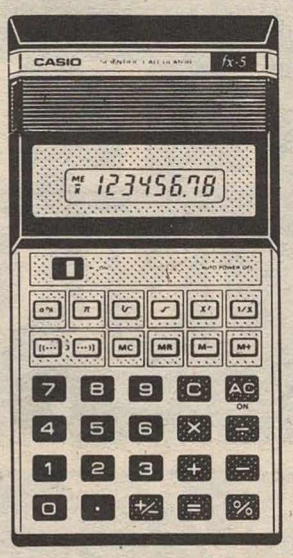

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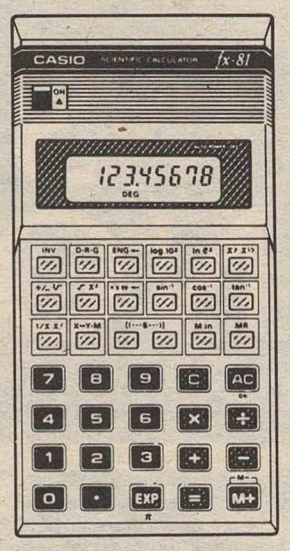

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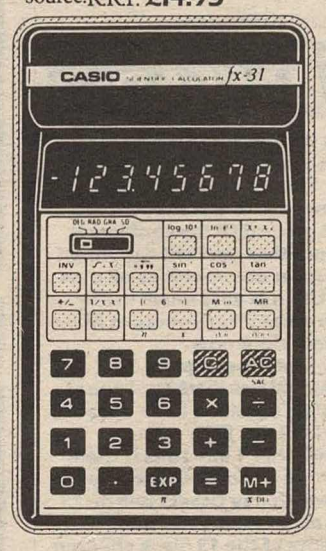

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Another war-whoop in a different reservation

AS THE SUN fades over the squeaky clean suburban streets of Pasadena, the three-car garages bespeak commuterland, Los Angeles. The kids are unostentatiously affluent; sun-bleached surf bums and bunnies. Pot smokers too young to drink this Friday night are down the Perkin's Palace sampling a selection from the new wave buffet.

Perkin's Palace is a recently converted porno cinema. The seats remain, as does a magnificent art deco fire curtain, with standing room only in an orchestra pit jammed up against a deep stage and minimal equipment looking lonely amidst the wide open spaces. With no booze available — only popcorn — I feel I'm at the High School Prom . . . an impression reinforced by the three-piece group onstage as they hurl into 'Apache', bass and drums punching out a doomy base reminiscent of Joy Division while the prep-school guitarist surfs the waves with chopped chords — very Duane Eddy, very Ventures. Interesting stuff, I think . . .

And then the real Romeo Void wades onstage. Debora Iyall swaggers to the microphone with all the grace of a brothel madame, a high society matron swathed in dead fox. She should sing like a Mama Cass, or maybe croon like an early Bette Midler faghag. Instead, she caresses her words in an understated, breathless whisper; the meaning is achieved better through deception than sheer lung-power. Her look, her weight, a lumbering stage presence, all combine into a brooding power.

By their standards, Romeo Void play a poor set, marred by Benjamin Bossi's trouble with his sax strap. For me it is a joy; further confirmation that West Coast music has plenty to offer those prepared to listen. They borrow from the UK school of Joy Division, U2 etc., in that the rhythm section is dead centre solid, a semi-epic approach to arrangements while the guitar fenders out single-note surfing clusters and Bossi's sax repeatedly blows your mind, whether soprano or alto, feather light jazz phrases or extended blowing — but all exquisite.

I located Debora at her home in San Francisco some days later to discover what lies beneath the Void.

DEBORA IYALL is half Colwitz Indian by birth, 100% Indian by inclination and past history. She has worked for the community, lived up in rural Fresno and stood shoulder to shoulder with her kinsmen on Alcatraz. Yet she is dismissive of those who seek to politicise her.

"I am not a political spokesperson for the Indian. I'm a cultural person. Indians are story-tellers and singers, their life is integrated with music and the energy of the world. We do not want our past romanticised by whites, for doing that negates the present. What Indians need are not entertainers spouting off about issues, but good lawyers."

After years working for the Indian community, someone suggested to Iyall that she go to college, and rather than spend all her time trekking off to San Francisco to see Patti Smith she moved there to study video, while continuing to haunt the local rock and roll scene.

"I've always loved to sing. I know all the words for all those '60s songs you only know the chorus to. So I got together with Frank Zincavage, who was studying sculpture and owned a bass and a drum machine, and we put some songs together.

"We didn't want a guitarist who copied the English punk thing, which I thought was stupid and alienating. We wanted something that was rhythmic, that went through the body to the mind, something sensual yet thoughtful. I knew Peter (Woods) could play guitar in a different way, full of the first

D. VISIONS

■ *From previous page*

female Popeye clones? That clenched-fist, skin-busting posture; the trembling pillars of taut flesh with the self-satisfied face grinning in between them as incongruously as a head growing on a fridge. I can take the development and training seriously but not the end product. Should men and women want to look as alike as all that?

The couples section was appalling. Male and female in close and bulky proximity straining every sinew to resemble great, walking erections; looking as though they were very possibly attempting to pump a total climax out of the top of their skulls. I was hoping for someone to split open and burst all over the stage.

On **Newsnight,** Tony Elliot was trying to defend his capitalist principles against the co-operative ideal supported by the locked-out *Time Out* staff. He insisted that *Time Out* had always been a capitalist business venture and asserted that in the early days of the magazine he'd never had any trouble with, or given any thought to, trades unions because he "didn't know anything about unions". Now you know why the so-called hippy ideology, the famous counter-culture (very appropriate, that one, when you think about buying and selling) was blown away like a fart in a thunderstorm.

Laurel and Hardy (BBC2) had their politics sorted out, natcho, occupying the plush mansion belonging to Colonel Wilburforce Buckshot and letting it to Lord Leopold Plumtree for a pittance in Buckshot's absence. Nice.

Top Of The Pops was presented by Dave Lee Travesty of a normal being. Sensing the drawing up of the coming battle lines, the cameramen have adopted the riot-police tactic of essaying the occasional foray into sections of the crowd on speeding camera rostrums. Fortunately, no one was injured this time as the audience at *Top Of The Pops* is, of course, heavily sedated and the cameramen seemed content with a trial run rather than engage in an actual confrontation situation. Things can only deteriorate, of course.

Next week: My First Exile.

lyall — "Hi y'all . . ." Pic: Chester Simpson

ROBIN EGGAR says how to Debora lyall, the Colwitz Indian singer in Los Angeles' Romeo Void

"I'm challenging people . . . physically"
— Debora lyall

English invasion, Buddy Holly and surfing music.

"We added saxophone by accident because I met Benjamin in a delicatessen where he was slicing meats and filling sandwiches. He had a great face and I wanted to do his portrait. He told me he played sax and I asked him along to jam. What he didn't tell me was that he'd given up live work for three years because he was sick of compromising his integrity playing disco hits.

"We've had a few problems with drummers. The original one left just before we recorded the album, so we got in John Stench (ex-Pearl Harbour And The Explosions) for sessions, but he wasn't interested in a full-time gig so now we have Larry (Carter). He's been with us two months and it's like he's been here forever."

Right from the outset Romeo Void were something special in the bay area. Critical comparisons with Grace Slick and the Great Society and banners like "nouveau-psychedelia" soon surrounded them. Eschewing the prospect of major-labels interest, Debora and band settled with Howie Klein's 415 Records because "they were with us all along" and cut an album with local producer David Kahne.

THE SOMBRE grey cover of 'It's A Condition' is illustrated by an lyall drawing entitled *Sleeping Guest*, a moody introspective picture that belies the band's dark power.

"It fitted the mood of the album," states lyall. "It's as if the record came not just from an odd set of songs, but an actual geography, a time, a place, an attitude and an atmosphere."

'It's A Condition', like most debut albums, is unsatisfactory when viewed alongside the live show. Debora sees it as "a little quiet and inhibited, caught in one particular time". Despite that, it is the most exciting disc of the year to date — much of which is due to lyall's lyrical visions and images as she journeys through an urban vacuum.

'White Sweater' is a stage and radio favourite which began in sleep. "I had a dream about my sister falling down an elevator shaft, wearing a white sweater I had given her. I juxtaposed that with the tale of a blind date I went on. The song lyric tells what happened — *I gave him my left knee, didn't know I could be mean'*." Well I don't know any other songs in which guys get kicked in the ghoolies, but he deserved it.

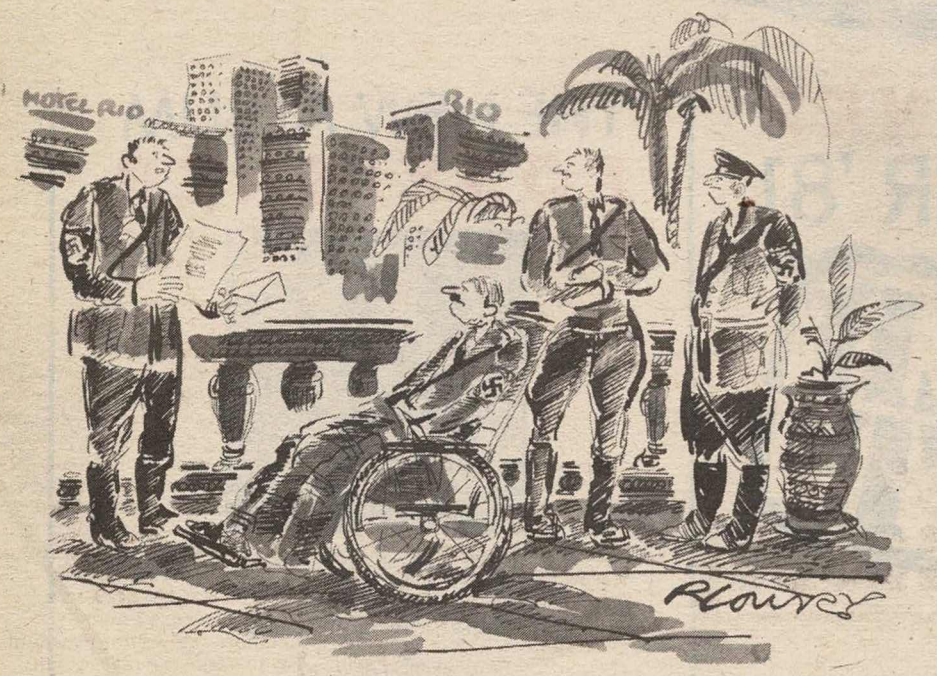
The lady seems genuinely phased by my indelicate questions about how her physique might confound the expectations of the average punter brought up on a diet of svelte, slim, fashion clothes horses for rock and roll singers.

"People can accept it. There have been singers throughout the ages who are full bodied and different looking. They should be able to handle it.

"I like how I dress. I'm confident about myself, about my personal relationships. I'm not a failure. In the music of Romeo Void I'm challenging people's ability to accept beyond limited areas. I do it physically as well. It's how I am. Accept it."

Debora lyall is never going to be a pin-up idol. That doesn't worry her. It doesn't worry me, so long as the music overcomes the preconceptions.

Ray Lowry



"It's from a big American promoter — wants to know if you can get the SS together for one last Nuremburg rally . . ."

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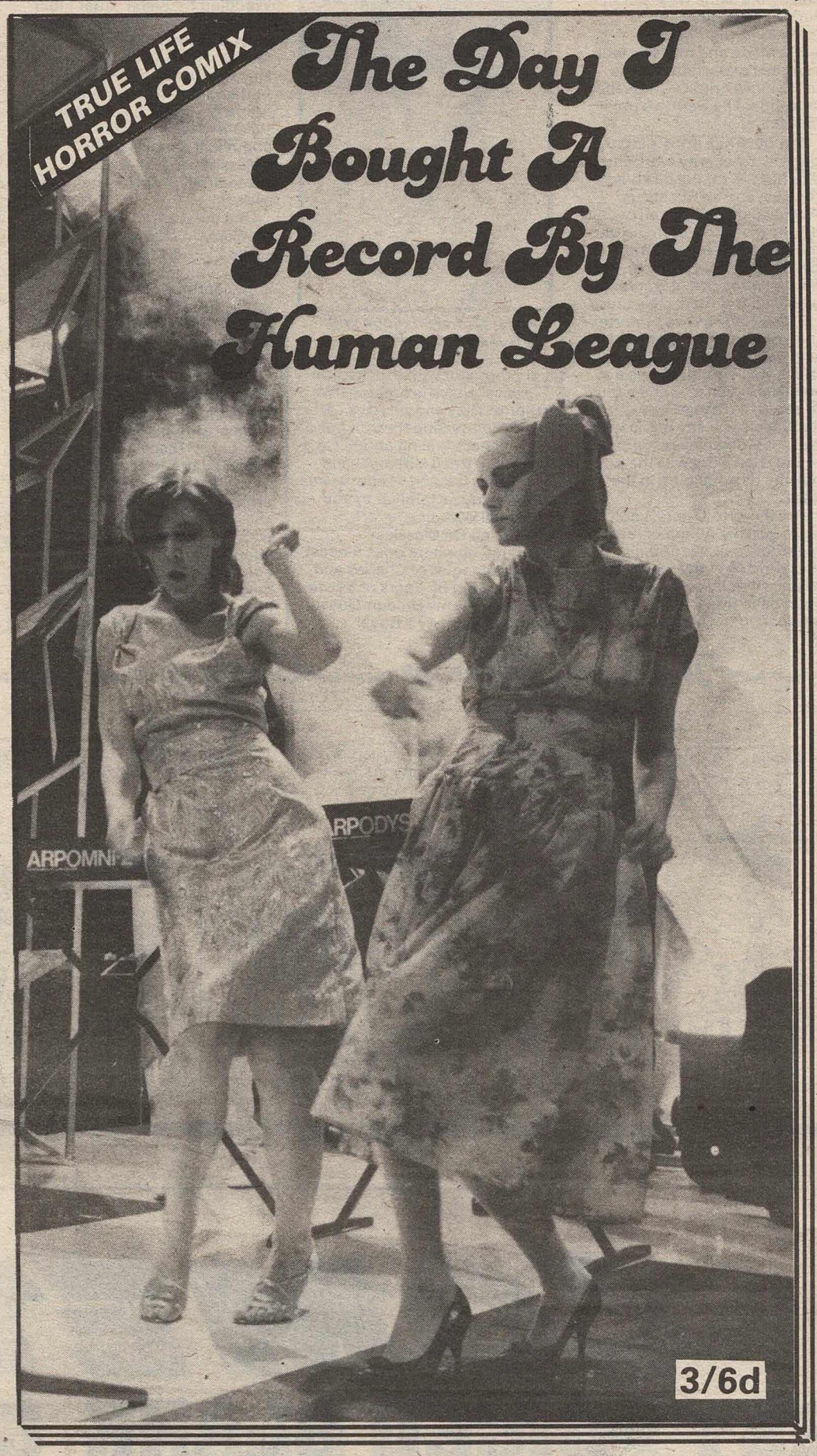
QUICK BEFORE THEY VANISH

TONY PARSONS scans his recent singles purchases — and finds some highly compromising items in amongst them. You turning into one of them Essex Futurists, Tone, or what . . . ?



YOU THINK it can never happen to you.

You've seen all of the statistics but you think it always happens to *somebody else*. Never you. You're special. Untouchable. Oh, it can never happen to you! That's what you think.

Then one morning you wake up and you suddenly know you were wrong all along. The eyes staring back at you in the shaving mirror know the truth. It has happened to you.

Somewhere in your record collection you have a record by **The Human League.**

The escape clause, of course, is that they're no longer fey, po and precious. They have paid their debt to society and we can afford to forgive. Reformed characters.

Phil Oakey still looks like Veronica Lake on the skids and working as a waitress but these days — now he is in a new nifty niche that gets hits, now he is happier — he performs with the abstract concentration of a bright child showing off his party pieces.

When he steals a glance of bliss at his Joanne and Suzanne it's Rooney and Garland all over again — hey, we can set up the synthesizer *right here!* — and it gives the game away. Those girls are the key, a life-saving chorus line that pulled The Human League back from the empty-hearted abyss wherein lost souls lift up their voices in a miserable metallic chant — damn, damn, damn, why cant a synthesizer be more like a man?

The slides and expensive musical instruments are no longer headlining in The Human League, they have been relegated to their rightful servile role. Never cry over anything that can't cry over you, Phil!

The Human Leaguettes are a box office certainty — no special moves, no voices, no oil paintings, they are rabid in their youthful ineptness, awesome in their raw *chutzpah* and showstopping panache.

They have a nerve and they have a laugh. Of course they are the granddaughters of Kathy MacGowan blushing and stammering her way through *Ready, Steady, Go!* They are the second generation progeny of the punk ideal — don't just sit there, create something. Suzanne and Joanne are the most successful stage invasion of all time. They have radically shifted the emphasis of The Human League and — I want to tell you, Phil — they've made what was once a hirsute machine into flesh and fringe once more.

'Love Action' is lush clipped passion somewhere between sweet nothings and a manifesto. The Human League still have motifs instead of tunes, the bewitching disposable stuff that BBC2 links are made of, but now they have the unthinkable — they are lovable.

Only the painfully young can make ineptitude seem a virtue. Still, when I first heard **The Rolling Stones'** single nouveau I have to admit I was massively impressed. The noise they made predictably cranked out that same old stale grease of theirs, but those lyrics! And that title!

Jagger was coming clean — recognising the awful inevitability of his role, barring a passing madman's bullet — the jaded grandeur and epic isolation that will be with him to the grave — going through the years, going through the motions — how the fawning millions cheered! — recognising himself for what he is and what it's worth — the Prince of Wales of rock and roll.

But it was just creative deafness on my part and it was patiently explained to me that he really wasn't singing 'Wind Me Up' as I had imagined — a shade mutton, I'm afraid — and when I listened a second time it was only 'Start Me Up', it was only trying to make being back in the marketplace grinding menopausal hips somehow apocalyptic. The single lost its sparkle and what had been a case of mistaken uplifting confessional was just the old Mick we know and are nasty about — a suitable case for taxidermy — once more.

The neanderthal on bass grows on you, though. **Bill Wyman's** 'Si Si Je Suis Un Rock Star' — Billy Liar as a picaresque figment of Ian Dury's imagination — has humour and humility and a real catchy chant. The meet in Trafalgar Square is the best bit about metropolitan social intercourse since Des O'Connor's immortal *"Go down the King's Road pick me up a nice real cute girrr-url"* on his neglected classic 'Dick-A-Dum-Dum'.

The paramour on the hovercraft recalls Dolores Haze down in the lobby with the tongue in the cheek of her travelling companion. It's dogged and breezy and makes France sound like Valhalla with Watney's Red. The Rolling Stones have not sounded this good or sold this much since they were leeching off Mick Taylor. Bill Wyman goes on *Top Of The Pops* smirking with heartwarming pleasure and charms a nation. And how those youngsters love him!

It's ironic to think that 'Si Si Je Suis Un Rock Star' will be bought by many thousands yet smart money says next to zilch of them will be Rolling Stones fans.

Bill has reached the youth! Maybe Jagger and "Keith" and Co. will be fortunate enough to bask in some of the glory reflecting off their lost luggage: Bill Wyman has done what everyone in the music business on the wrong side of 16 dreams of — he has bridged that gap. But then I always suspected he would turn out to be the missing link.

BACK IN the land of the rising session singer we find **Aneka** detached and gibbering and grinning madly as she bemoans the whereabouts of her 'Japanese Boy' like someone found wandering around outside the walls of an institution. It's what you'd expect — a paper-thin backdrop of oriental tinkling and a voice like Neddy Seagoon with his jaws wired together — pure honourable garbage.

Of course if one of the sub-Bowie freemasons made exactly the same record it would be a different darker story — a cold appraisal of the plight of the Japanese people in the fabulous light of their phenomenal economic miracle, alienation in abundance — you get the gist. It wouldn't make the song any better but the interviews would be a laugh a minute.

Not that I want to rain on the peacock parade of you young futurist folk — why, I've known some of you ever since you were. . .failed punks in a cellar in WC2 — and leaving to one side Steve "Oh, My Visage, To Me You Are So Wonderful" Strange and Richard "Nessy" Strange and all their tame lame Strange ilk who make everything they touch turn to manual work — I can look back on the magic moments this "scene' has given me — ah yes, I remember both of them well — with a happy heart.

I don't want to bring politics into pop — I know what a delicate system you've got — but if I'd known **Spandau Ballet** were mensheviks after my own heart I would have bought their first single when I wanted to but all instinct and intellect — not to mention close friends and blood relatives — said *no*. Their surprise guest Vladimar Ilyich on their last video was stylist subversion that deserved orchids and money thrown at it.

I was moved, began to take an interest — realised, for instance, that those Kemp boys are the Atack twins (late of Child) of the '80s, kin who will never get where they should be going until they lose a lead singer who is only a beast of burden. But when we get right to the fag end of this thing — hi, Duran Duran — I feel all the old acorn felt when discarding invitations (always plus *two*, so novel — like an opening chapter

■ *Continues over*

THE PASSIONS
The New Single

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■ *From previous page*

from Harold Robbins) to the parade's early days come flowing right back to *moi*.

Mind you, **Duran Duran** never really *belonged* with the rest of — you know — *them*. Black country porkers who want some of the exquisite action but are a little worried about being taken for screaming nellies by their old school chums — who still wear their hair lank and collect fluff in the turn-ups of their Oxford bags and have jackets with lapels that you could use for sails on the Kon Tiki — and besides the boys in Duran don't really have the David and Florian references down pat like those slick Southern butterflies (who are probably laughing behind their sporans at Duran's costumes, quiffs, presentation and accents — ee mun, these pigging accents).

Duran Duran are The Damned with quiffs — on the defensive, on the bandwagon but hovering by the ejection seat, trying to brazen it out, the village idiots of New Romance. They are nothing if not provincial, not so much Blitz kids as a packet of sparklers, and that's just what the country — always craving a new craze yet endlessly conservative — ordered. In droves.

'Girls On Film' is shrouded in the mystery of an unlisted number and simplistic as a double glazing jingle — Toyah is a dab hand at this, Gary Numan was dabber — and blessed are the trite with pretensions because they shall inherit all the moribund little

So now she has four names — Aneka, Mary Sandeman and Mary McKinnon, through her marriage to Angus McKinnon.

And the fourth? Mummy, of course. For

One for older readers — the truth about Oor Angus

exactly the same way. Duran Duran's strength is their limitations, their market ready-made and massive with restricted expectations. The future looks bright — now they know how The Damned must have felt.

Ian Dury has done a lot of good — by charity work and by example — for the disabled in the past and in 'Spasticus Autisticus' he pisses all over it. It's meant to be liberating and it's embarrassing, it's meant to get things out in the open but it's just offensive, it wants to be cathartic and it's merely crass.

I thought Dury was smarter than this — I thought he at least knew enough to know Lenny Bruce was wrong. This is a waste and a shame and a must to avoid — maybe Dury apologists will say this is what was intended, this is symbolism — but if Ian Dury was the arty type he'd be hanging in the Tate.

Ah, the Tate! There's nothing like a gert big dollop of reet highbrow culture, nothing in the world like having your brains lifted by culture — and of course the **Royal Philharmonic** are scaling the heights at this

Aneka: Neddy Seagoon with his jaws wired together

very moment with 'Hooked On Classics' which is nothing like culture. They should have Larry Lamb conducting them. It has a tawdry hack feeling about it, a pig-eyed greed striking while the iron is hot and of course this will already be familiar to you. It's Royal Wedding fever!

'Hooked On Classics' — although nowhere does it boast the tradenames of Charles and Diana, or the by-liners of Sylvie Krin or Anthony Holden-Guest, is most definitely a Royal Wedding Souvenir. After Elgar and Handel and the rest of that crew provided the theme music for the show in St Paul's than a kind of normal was ripe for this — the kind of normal whose home no longer has an outside toilet and who is damn *grateful* about it. It appeals to the excessive snobbery of the exceedingly stupid — nature's serfs.

One must admit that some of 'Hooked On Classics' *is* effective — the 2½-gun salue on their edited highlights of the 1812 I found particularly moving. While discerning palates yearn for a 12-inch discomix of Kiri Te Kanawa singing 'Let The Bright Seraphim'. Mmm! Let's see **"Gidea Park"** get his spoiling paws around that one!

Talking of covering to the point of suffocation, **Lobo's** 'Caribbean Disco' may just be Harry Belafonte in handy slices to you but to **August Darnell** it is probably the biggest impact he will ever have on our charts. He was, to echo what Coward said about doing a jolly little revue, nobby and nutty and new, never could be a more happy idea — but when the people who love you most are the

Duran Duran: The Damned with quiffs

people who get records free then fiscal health is in grave danger.

Those who talked wistfully of uniting Ze & Co to the dancing — as in buying — power of the UK youth by the end of this summer had their heads buried in the sandy shore of wishful thinking. British kids ain't that liberal and these Latin rhythms ain't that great.

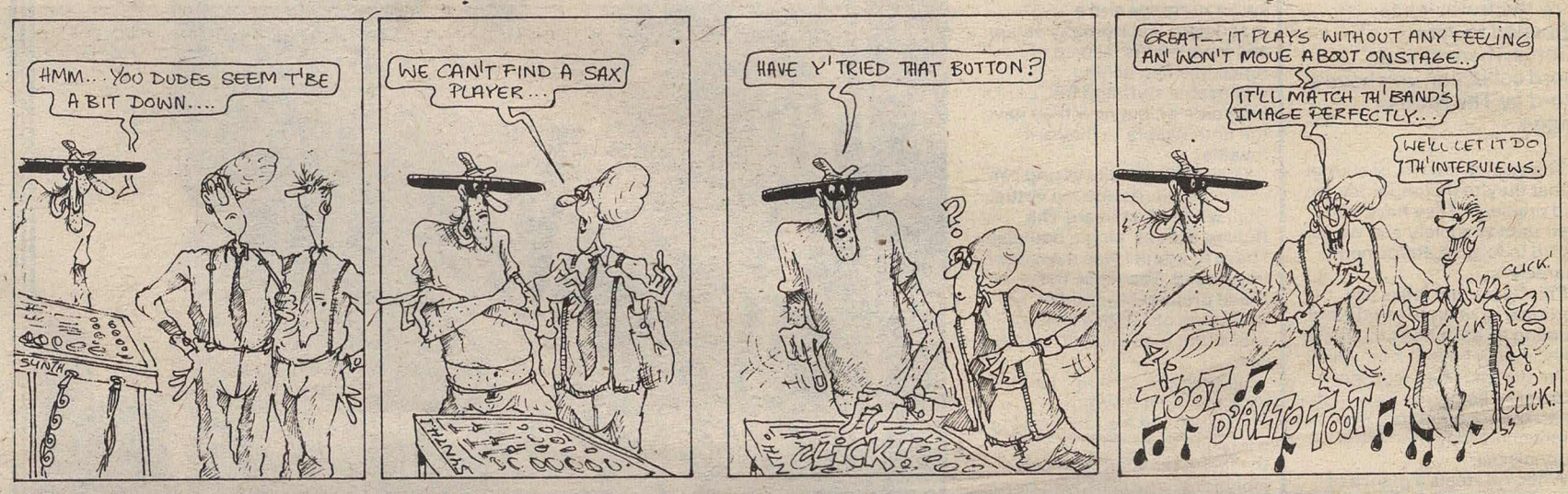
Scritti Politti's 'The Sweetest Girl' has it both ways — such a fragile, quietly effective acquired taste that it could charm the love songs out of Eno's 'Another Green World' while also striking a deep eternal note of universal mass appeal — at the very least. With these lyrics such a good fit — *"The sweetest girl in all the world, these eyes are for you only"* — they could have usurped Sheena Eaton's latest posting. Those James Bond themes used to be so great.

Scritti Politti may not be Shirley Bassey or Lulu, but then they're not Wings or wee Sheena either.

Soft Cell are smart Northern soul boys — the lost tribe of youth culture — in new suits and an old song. Their taste is immaculate — 'Tainted Love' is a torch chant that can't take no more but could never get enough, lust and loathing, rejection and a river of tears, the bedroom as a beartrap — all hot stuff. The last person to have a hit with 'Tainted Love' was Gloria Jones — for an encore she married Marc Bolan and was at the wheel of the car during the Bopping Elf's fateful last ride.

Soft Cell have yet to reveal their own plans for a follow up.

The Lone Groover — Benyon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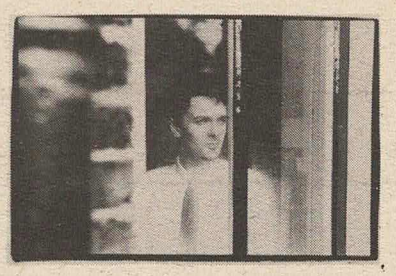

OPERATION HIGH GLOSS POP

IF YOU REALLY want to know: hear Leer.

If you really want to know the state of the operation pop, the rate of its beat, the nature of its motion, taste this paste: 'Four Movements'.

If you really want to know what's been happening and what will happen, steer clear of conventional analysis and check musician Thomas Leer's development from his 1978 single 'Private Plane' through to his 1981 single 'Four Movements'. See the difference: 'Private Plane's' earnest scruffy packaging, 'Four Movements' high-flash blue and yellow gloss. 'Private Plane' was small and humble: 'Four Movements' is big and classy, to stand out. 'Four Movements' is competitive.

Hear the difference: 'Private Plane', recorded in a front room using four track equipment, primitive instruments, is a great song packed in mud — it didn't seem to matter THEN. 'Four Movements' is a suggestive, subtle parody of big and beautiful soul sound.

'Private Plane' was a personal response to pop's preposterous spread inspired by punk and restricted by attitude. 'Four Movements' is a comparative response provoked by the scandal of Ze-ism and the activating new colour, unrestricted by snobbery or humility.

'Private Plane,' along with blows like 'Being Boiled' and 'TVOD', was an early post-punk indication that pop music was breaking away from the r'n'r straight and narrow, and adapting the crooked cruisings of Eno, Zappa, Beefheart, Faust, Can. 'Four Movements', in ways based in the 'punk' that gave up Cabaret Voltaire, Magazine, Human League, PiL and Daniel Miller, a 'punk' that was to (might as well) adjust to changing whirls, is a sublime, sexy representation of the potential of the pop treat. Listening to it you can understand the new aesthetics, the brand new covering gloss, as much as when you hear 'Red Mecca' or 'Alles Ist Gut' or The Fire Engines or Grace Jones or 'Love Action' or . . . the treat goes on, it seems.

Thomas Leer's two singles represent their times brilliantly, revealing a profound enthusiasm and a discriminating dedication to MUSIC.

"Music is something I've got to do. I can't not do it. I've tried to give it up a few times, but I just keep carrying on. It's like a body function. If I hear some music that really gets me off then I have to do something as well. A fan first, and then I just have to do something."

After months of apparent inaction, Leer was moved to move by the recent shifts in aesthetics and what can be called the new revision.

"The Ze stuff especially made me sit up. Most of the music on 'Four Movements' I began before any of it really sank in. Once it did I knew I had to change what I was doing, which was ambient stuff, even experimental. The four tracks came together while I was working on the LP, and because of the changes I wanted to make they didn't seem to fit into the original concept. I thought, well they'll fit into something else — they're danceable, and they've got a sort of jazz-funk feel. I just wanted to put them out."

'Four Movements' is a slightly bent relation to Ze/eclectism.

"Yes, that cross current thing is interesting, a mixing of all sorts of different things . . . Was (Not Was) are taking avant garde ideas and mixing it with straight funk dance music — exciting and a good way of employing avant garde techniques. Their approach to the avant garde is for a start easier to get into for a lot of people, and more exciting because it's danceable.

"A lot of people have been trying over the past two years to make a radical dance music and I think failing pretty badly. But Ze have done it without really thinking about it. I don't think it's the ultimate radical dance music, but it's one step towards . . . something." Thomas Leer is the kind of character who will never be satisfied.

Leer is 27, and smooth, confident music like 'Four Movements' is the no-end-to-it result of 16 years' exposure to music as fan and performer. In the middle 60s he sang in beat groups in Scotland, moving through soul, rock and roll, straight cabaret into the '70s. As a white rock fan offended by the insensitivity of progressive rock, he discovered Soft Machine, Frank Zappa, Peter Hammill, became fascinated with the points where avant garde bled into rock, then backtracked into black music.

"All this playing and listening gives you some idea of how many influences there are, and I'm certainly not going to deny any of it. Some people when they've written about the new single have said things like Earth Wind And Fire, and I've never even heard an Earth Wind And Fire record, ever . . . I think Ian Penman mentioned The Isleys, I've never heard anything by them. I was a soul fan not a funk fan. Funk to me has always been Parliament and Funkedelic and I've never been into that. I was crazy for Sam'n'Dave and Otis Redding but apart from that . . . I haven't heard any James Brown records, I'm ashamed to admit."

But 'Four Movements' was made as a dance record.

"I've always been into dance records, even 'Private Plane' I intended to be dance music."

'Private Plane' was a primitive miniature reference to Kraftwerk and Magazine, and Leer's vocal guides were Hammill, Bowie, Buckley. He recorded an electro-ambient LP with Scots colleague Robert Rental, 'The Bridge' for Industrial, and rebelled as his music got placed in the electro-pop nursery.

"I was so bored with all the synthi-pop stuff and not happy to be lumped as another Kraftwerk imitator. I definitely didn't want to be identified with Numan. He finished it off as far as I'm concerned. I was into the stuff before that, The Human League and everything . . . then Numan came along, I thought fuck it, this guy's crap."

Leer withdrew, and organised a way of working, a why and how, that could be attached to the explicitly critical values of punk, that would incorporate all the accessibility and sophistication of mainstream music, that was far enough removed from bizz-nizz fuzz. He resented all the traps: the old one of safety labelling, the new one of the general independent impotence.

"Most independent labels are happy to stay in the mire. It's become a kind of middle class boys' game, and it becomes reflected in the kind of acts that they sign. Like Factory, who had a couple of really good acts to start off with and who do have style, they've just started piling up the same acts instead of branching out and developing. I don't like the

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THOMAS LEER
The four-ward movement of an electro-rebel
BY PAUL MORLEY

Pic: David Corio

identity thing . . . you have your Factory group, your Rough Trade group, you 4AD group . . ."

So, perverse bastard, he signed with Cherry Red: efficient, ambitious, unfashionable.

"They just don't have any identity at all. The only thing they have is like The Dead Kennedys, really crud stuff like that. It's better to be on a label like that than Factory . . ."

One disadvantage of the independents has been the conforting but unproductive amateurism.

"Being independent, you don't feel like you're a professional musician, ever. You don't get treated like a professional musician. It's kind of demoralising. You start to feel that you're not worthwhile and so you don't make worthwhile music."

Leer is recording his debut solo LP (all his own work!) in a classily converted room in the house of his girlfriend and aide Liz Farrow's mother. Leer isn't allowed dole — "I'm a kept man," he comments ruefully. He still manages to look rich and healthy: determined. He's made what could be — symbolically, as sensual pleasure, as kind of follow-up to 'Ruth Is Stranger Than Richard' — the year's best record, but is surprised by the fuss it's caused and determined not to feel pressurised. As might have happened in the past. Leer is playing the game as smartly and stylishly as possibly.

Leer works quietly, resisting all clutter, and is a private person. Energy is channelled: discipline maintained. Standards are high! The point is: THINKING And DOING. He has made and will always do so: soul music. He is an entertainer: involved in all this is glamour, humour, fight, instinct, intelligence, impatience, anger. Thomas Leer makes sensational music and he doesn't need to shout out loud about it. What he does, why and how, is as right for the times and a little bit after as anything.

Thomas Leer, you see, is a hard man, and he understands the importance of respect.

"If I try and sell myself as something obvious now, then that almost cancels out what I might want to be tomorrow, and I will certainly want to be something tomorrow. I know that because of my past, the way I've changed.

"I don't want to be seen to be cashing in on Ze, saying, 'oh yes far out man this is what it's all about you can forget all the rest' — because I still like all the other stuff, all the other stuff is important and interesting. And Ze will die as things do, people will be selling off their Kid Creole LPs in two years. It's a fad that people will remember as being quite a good one.

"I don't want to be part of a fad. I was the last time and that's why I dropped out for a while. I could've done what most everybody else did. I could've gone out and got a couple of young guys and gone out with synthesisers and wore robot men suits. But I just thought it's all so restrictive, and what's going to happen next? You always have to be ready for what's next.

"I don't like belonging to anything obvious. I like to move around. I'm wide open and I'm affected by things as much as everyone else is and I won't resist that. I'll act upon it."

QUE

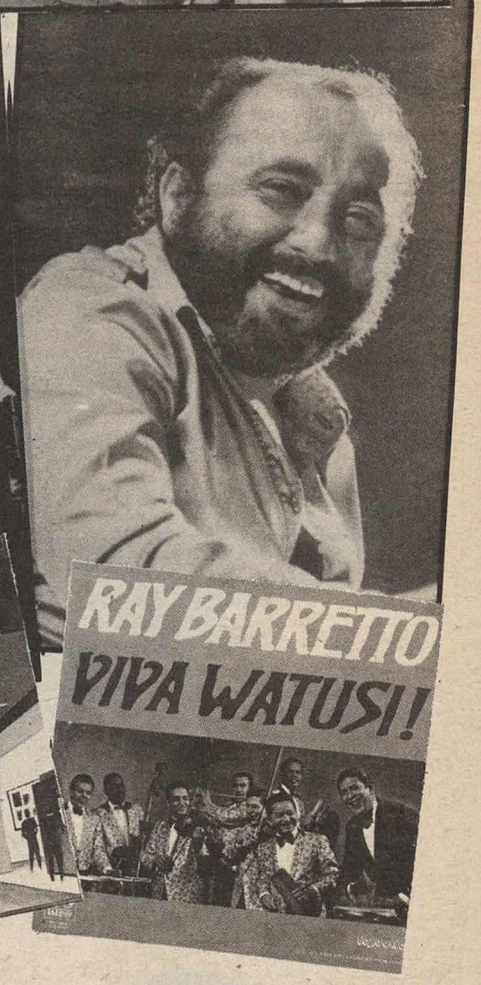
As Latin becomes the hip musical language among fashion's Cosa Nostra, NME asks "Que pasa?" That's "What's happening?" to you gringo.

'Two Days of Afro-Cuban Rhythms' — a poster which locates the islands which have been responsible for the main strands of Latin music on show in NYC today.

Cuban *bata* drums were traditionally restricted to religious occasions but recent Cuban arrivals in New York, like Orlando 'Puntillo' Rios, have incorporated them into all kinds of salsa line-ups, like this salsa-jazz night at the Soundscape Club.

The Fania All-Stars are a fluctuating pool of Latin superstar musicians and vocalists, whose second most popular audiences are to be found in West Africa. Fronted by a line of the creme of (almost) all-male vocalists, including, here, Ruben Blades, tie in hand, launching into his un-traditional brand of satire and pertinent social comment.

Right and Far Right: Tito Puente's sound comes from the traditional Latin Big Band line-ups of brass and drums, always punctuated by his own rivetting timbales playing. Eddie Palmieri, in contrast, has moved from the pure *tipico* (typical Cuban) sound and incorporated rock, and electronics.



A Scan of a few Latin record sleeves reveals the kitsch the camp and the historic: a young Ray Baretto, pounds out the first Latin record ever to hit the pop charts; with El Watusi; in 1965; his career has been marked by a wandering interest in music outside his own traditional form.

SUMMER DAYS Are here again, and London's fickle musical focus shifts across the Caribbean from Jamaica to the lesser known exotica of Cuba and Puerto Rico and finally alights in New York's Spanish Harlem, absorbing all the trappings of Latin life like a mouthful of bacardi on an empty stomach, and surrendering eagerly to the music which has become synonymous with New York's Spanish-speaking community — Salsa.

So, the word is out for salsa: *Havana let's Go* are decorating their heads and bodies like the top of a sideboard with the contents of the fruitbowl; *Blue Rondo a la Turk* are making the move from the fashion pages into the music section (with £8 tickets, they must be joking) with the hiring of a pair of Brazilian percussionists — realising that you can't learn those crazy Latin rhythms overnight.

The scene is set for a summer of crash dance lessons, and a rapid run-up of a rumba shirt and flamenco skirt. But, of course, there's more to Latin music than a Carmen Miranda hat — and even the term 'Latin music' is a huge parasol shading all those strands of music which point back to the Spanish invasion of the Caribbean and South America and their importation of thousands of West Africans as slaves.

Disco, Rap and Salsa are going all out for world domination and the latest to arrive in England is Salsa. The summer triumvirate of Dance, Style and Music might have just the right requirements to make it stick. In the mainstream pop market lounges the elegant figure of August Darnell, who has given us glimpses of summer with his Kid Creole records, whisking us off on luscious, jungle-fresh cruises around fantasy Caribbean islands and back to New York — and salsa.

Nostalgia is blooming and the focus is on those eras when romance floated in the breeze, and style and formality kept everyone under some kind of control. The jazz revival is enticing neglected saxophonists from their day jobs, and *Top of the Pops'* stage is sagging under the weight of larger and larger horn sections. London buzzes with newly hatching Latinized groups, frills and pantaloons will be transformed into rumba sleeves and flamenco dresses. Modern Romance's single 'Do the Salsa' (the only *salsa* in the record is the fist-clenched chorus — 'salsa!') — at least reconnects funk and rap to the beat which spawned them both, starting with the Latin Hustle when Saturday Night Fever was cool at 98.4. Blue Rondo a la Turk are getting maximum attention but so far their mythology outweighs their playing record — though not quite as much as the Sex Pistols yet. The band that is definitely pre-bandwagon and whose skills and experience make for a reasonably authentic version of Latin jazz, is Cayenne. This group is an *ad hoc* bunch of players from Gonzalez, Clodagh Rodgers' Band, Morrisey-Mullen, the QE2's Ballroom Band and numerous London funk sessions. They play a mixture of salsa-jazz, jazz-funk, funk-rock, that variety lands them gigs at Robbie Vincent All-Dayers as well as the earnest, chair-bound jazz circuit.

Cayenne's album, "Roberto Who? . . . " (Groove) suffers from one or two sweet tracks but when the timbales get rolling and the flutes comes out front for a Roberto Campoverdi number or a revised Mongo Santamaria classic, you can almost taste the bacardi in your mouth.

The man behind the group, its songs, and arrangements, is Robert Greenfield (by day) who isn't surprised by the interest in Latin music, but is convinced about its 'latest fad' aspects. His band don't pretend to play salsa: "How could we? We're English, and we live in London . The idea is to do our version of the music we like."

Unlike Cayenne, most of the latest neo-Latin-ists, lack a track record of playing salsa-riffs, but they're not too hard to learn — the Latin rhythms, though, do take a lot of practise. Timbales might be easy to buy, but they're devillish hard to play. Once you get your timbales in order, everything else can be easily adjusted, for the pivot of salsa, the *clave* is a very precise pattern. To play autentic New York Salsa, you've got to be *in* clave — unless you are the heretical genius of pianist Eddie Palmieri who relishes in reversing it, going in and out, and still playing allright.

To get a barometer reading of London's musical tastes I dropped in on Honest Jon's second hand shop in Camden, whose (small) Latin music section exists largely because of Jon's own interest. Clare *has* noticed increased attention, but like most observers of the musical fads in London, is sceptical about its depth. He categorises his customers three ways: first the 'serious' fans, mostly knowledgable musicians whose inspiration came from Jerry Marre's television film 'Salsa' or a trip to New York. Second, a small number of middle-aged Trinidadian men who regularly buy the ballads, schmaltzy stuff akin to Tim Chandell's records. The third group are — scathingly described by Jon as 'art students'. Their fascination with the kitsch record covers and sartorial trappings of Latin American dancers is often greater than their interest in the music. This bias stems from a recent experience when Jon was invited to dj a Latin American party at an Art Gallery in the City (he should have known better). As he sat uneasily behind the turntables, confronted by a parade of Carmen Miranda clones in fruity hats and teetering heels, he was repeatedly asked 'What *is* this stuff?' He didn't stay long.

Although Jon Clare scoffs about this fadism, he does point out that even if you want to find out more about the music, and its history, it's difficult because there's no distribution — and no tours (there are murmurings about a visit later in the year, following this upsurge of interest). Ironically, salsa's popularity in the rest of Europe has grown over the past five years, and regular trips by the Fania All-Stars and individuals and their bands have kept the interest topped up. Excitement in Finland was this January's surprise, and also the first tour of Spain, which was hugely successful. Eddie Palmieri returned to New York labelled 'The King of Belgium' and France as — or Paris at any rate — is going mad for salsa. I spoke to Jose Flores, Fania's Marketing Manager, just returned from the European tour. France has always been the best record buying country. In Paris there was quite a big black population at the concert — because the French Republics of Africa, which are now independent, still have the language and cultural ties with Cuba. Tito, Pacheco, Celia and others have worked out there. They're very familiar with everything that's going on in the business, and they import a tremendous amount (via Paris — which accounts for *their* high imports)? I asked him about England, and though he's interested in the recent interest, thinks that "England might be the last place to accept our kind of thing." So for the past five years the idly curious or passionate fanatics have bought expensive imports from a few London record shops.

It must be remembered that crazes for Latin music and dancing are not new to this country. John Storm-Roberts disentangles the complexities in sleeve notes for the recently defunkt Cuban-jazz group, Irakere: *"Almost every decade since WW1 has seen styles from Cuba, Mexico, Brazil, or elsewhere sweep the US (and therefore the UK): the turn of the century habanera; the teens and 20s Argentinian tango; the 30s rumba; the 40s conga; and samba; the 50s mambo and chachacha; the 60s bosssanova (and the 70s Latin Hustle) . . . these were not marginal fads but mass movements."*

Writing a history of Latin music is like running after an energetic butterfly. Like writing about jazz only harder because on top of the American pockets of innovation — which in jazz, of course, are many (Chicago, New Orleans, New York, etc) there are several islands in the Caribbean and countries on the mainland of South and Central America, whose music has been involved in making the strands of music played today. Each island has its own history, its relationship with its colonizer and the effects of the imported slave population. Cuba had a large and most recently-dispatched slave population which accounts for the blacker elements of Cuban music, while for instance the Dominican Republic retains more of the European influence in its skippy-rhythmed merengues.

Latinisms are now so thoroughly diffused throughout popular music that it's often hard to separate them.

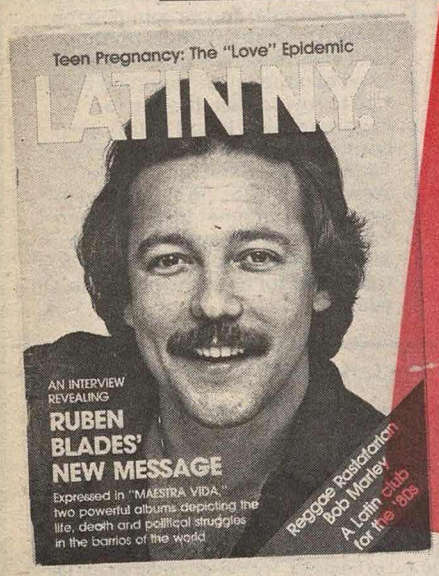
PASA

Sue Steward tangos to the heart of the South American sound — that's right, New York.

Celia Cruz is a rare creature in the Latin music world = a woman. In 40 years she has stayed atop the hierachy and retained respect.

Yomo Toro exponent of the traditional *tres* style.

IZZY SANABRIA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JOHNNY PACHECO

Latin Grammar

BOMBA! strongly African Puerto Rican dance, adapted in the 50s for New York dance band by Rafael Cortijo.

BOSSA NOVA: Samba plus cool jazz in a Brazilian setting was the original fusion which created this dance.

Latin BUGALU: Late 60s blend of mambo and r'nb sung in English to simplified Cuban rhythms.

CHACHACHA: "Tea for Two" was a feeble version of a dance generated in Cuba by the flutes-and-violins Charanga bands, especially Orquesta Aragon, probably a descendant of the mambo.

GUARACHA: Cuban song style for chorus and solo voice, fast and racy with plenty of improvisation. Now the basic salsa song structure.

HABANERA: the first Cuban dance to infect American audiences with its Africanized rhythms, derived from the Spanish colonizers traditional ballroom dances. It formed the basis to the tango, in Argentina.

MERENGUE: traditional skippy dance from the Dominican Republic, adapted to New York life and very popular. Centrol instruments, metal scraper and tambora drums are retained, while traditional accordion is replaced by electric guitar and saxophone.

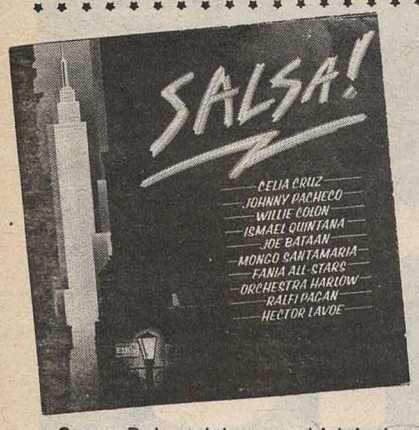
MAMBO: Strongly religious Afro-Cuban music, very popular in the 40s and 50s, featuring interacting brass and sax — and now a central part of a sales construction.

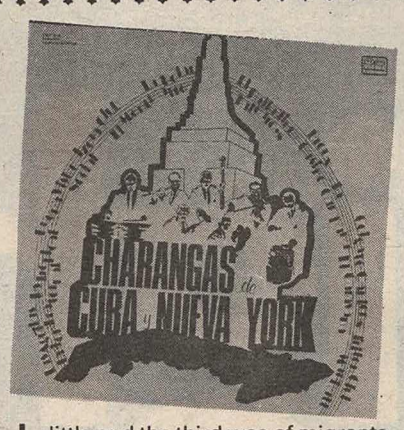
RUMBA: Cuban drum music — NOT religious, whose heyday is recalled in the multi-frilled rumba shirts and the percussion solo section of a salsa number — not to mention the rumba tune: the Peanut Vendor.

SAMBA: Shuffly romantic Afro-Brazilian dance, part-responsible for the bossa nova.

TANGO: This elegant and dramatic dance took over from the waltz as the world's most popular dance, perfected after its birth in Argentina by a couple of emigre English dancers in New York around 1914.

SON: 'a perfect balance of African and Hispanic elements'. being a syncopated version of the Spanish court dances at the turn of the century, and played by string-and percussion quartets and sextets. Nowadays the singer of a son, the *soner* improvises the lead, over a chorus, and the son's format and line-up has expanded.





Several people mentioned to me that one day soon Cuba would explode musically, but no-one could predict what would come out. Last year Castro opened the door a little and the third wae of migrants emerged. Each wave has represented a different stratum of society, beginning with the ruling class, and ending up with the largely black, blue-collar workers. Musicians have left at each stage, and caused deep ripples within the mainland community.

Storm-Roberts' theory, which is the basis of his book, concerns this very subject: *"American music has become thoroughly Latinized in a number of ways over the last 10 or 20 years. The whole basis of the rhythms has changed under Latin influence."*

These views were endorsed by Stevie Wonder at the first *Latin NY* awards in 1975, set up to draw attention to the neglect of Latin music by the Grammy system — they made *one* category the following year. Wonder said then: "Black music is very much influenced by Latin music. I've been very much influenced myself."

"We know. *We* know", the audience shouted back.

Last year Cuba's best-known jazz group, Irakere, was fractured by the departure of the saxophonist/arranger Pacquito d'Rivera and two drummers. Once in New York, the musicians have focussed their playing on a club called Soundscape, organized like 60s jazz loft, inside an old warehouse. Verna Gillis, the founder, promoter, and tireless programmer is thrilled that her club has become "like a Cuban Cultural Refugee Centre", attracting also many long-established New Yorkers (including Tito Puente) curious to see what these new arrivals are up to.

At a weekly spot billed as "Cuban Master Drummers and Guests" the Cubans meet up with locals from the progressive Cuban-jazz circuit — headed by the brothers Andy and Jerry Gonzalez, whose Grupo Folklorico y Experimental Nueva Yoriquino (is a mouthful) blend Latin principle with jazz improvisation. Verna Gillis predicts that this latest in the long line of players from Cuba will promote many changes in the Latin music scene.

Latin music on display in New York is rich in pointers to its mixed heritage with traces of the inseperably entwined twin cultures of slave and owner. The Spanish roots are most obvious in the language, but also in instruments: maraccas, descendents of the guitar — the *tres* in Cuba and the *cuatro* in Puerto Rica; the 10-line song format popular in folky ballads in many countries and of course the acres of frills in a flamenco dress and rumba shirt sleeves. The African elements form the backbone — the syncopated rhythms and percussive embellishments, and the instruments which have hardly changed since they left Africa — congas, (Yoruban religious drums), bongas, claves (hollow wooden percussion sticks).

New York is a show-case for the kinds of music which developed distinct on each of the Caribbean islands — as identifiable as the finch species on each Galapagos Island. Unable to resist the music of the neighbouring black community, jazz, soul and disco, Cuban music has been picked up by Puerto Ricans living in New York, adapted, distorted, rendered by the town's speed, energy and craziness, until New York has its own new form of music in salsa.

But . . . unless you spot the clues — posters nailed to lampposts, catchy tunes coming from tiny Puerto Rican record stores, or ads in the Spanish dailies, it's easy to imagine that the city's enormous Spanish-speaking population has disappeared musically, its separateness lost forever.

But once you catch the alluring whiff of LATIN from the undercurrents of the community which isn't a minority but is treated like one (and therefore thinks of itself as one) you realise the music is still there allright, still changing. Only now behind the scenes the players are getting more impatient for the mass acclaim and financial rewards they have long deserved.

The top-selling musicians and singers rank in popularity relatively with Marvin Gaye, or Ray Charles, or Al Greene of Michael Jackson — yet still the only gold discs awarded to Tito Puente, Celia Cruz, Johnny Pacheco, Hector Lavoe, Willie Colon — are minted by Fania Records themselves. This company, co-founded by lawyer Jerry Masucci and flautist Johnny Pacheco, has a monopoly on Latin music, housing 40-45 artists and distributing several small labels. Its Spanish-speaking Manhattan offices are lined with the artists. photos of any proud record company interspersed with rows of Fania gold discs.

The annual Maddison Square extravaganza organized by the Harvey Goldsmith of Latin promotion, Ralph Mercado, took place the week I arrived, giving just enough time to scan the only book written in English about Latin music, John Storm-Roberts' "The Latin Tinge" (OUP).

An emotional and enraptured audience of 18,000 Spanish speaking fans gather for this show-bizzy night out, where the stage was transformed by palms and ferns into a Caribbean island, and three generations of singers, dancers and musicians showed the tremendous energy and variety behind the giant umbrella term "Latin Music'. The event was compered by regular Em-Cee, Izzy Sanabria, a long-legged streak of controversy, who has been responsible through his graphics on record sleeves, posters and in his magazime *Latin NY,* for refining, defining and commercializing Latin music, and particularly that form unique to New York — Salsa — which Sanabria himself has claims on. "Prior to my 1973 tv show" he shouted in his Latin NY office, as I interrupted his paste-up of the magazine and teasing of his very young fiancee, "people would yell the word 'salsa' when a group were 'cooking', but it wasn't used to define the music. When I had my tv show, I called it 'Salsa' and then in the magazine, started to define the music as salsa. Before you knew it, it spread."

Hopping around back-stage with a squinty view of the proceedings, I felt wide-eyed and very English, and for hours was buffeted in a cloud of excitement as one name after another off a record sleeve strolled past and onto the stage to thunderbolts of applause. Later when I was introduced as a "fan from London" the universal reaction was surprise, followed by interest in where my interest came from, and stories about the last time they visited London for the Fania All-Stars 1976 concert. They all assumed that my introduction came through Jeremy Marre's enlightening documentary called 'Salsa' which appeared on BBC2 a few years ago. A couple whose marriage was filmed told me excitedly about that, and Tito Puente, like a proud father said he'd played for free as a wedding present. (A good time for a repeat of Marre's films).

This glittering show-case of Latin music which so enthralled me, doesn't please everyone. John Storm-Roberts told me that he's stopped going because "they're marvellous as 'community affairs' but after the fifth they're all the same."

The first band I saw was the Cuban orchestra, La Sonora Matancera, whose names was spelled in enormous Broadway lights. Many of the Sonora's musicians are in their 60s, and have been together since those early pre-Castro Cuban heydays when Havanaa was an off-shore leisure centre for rich Americans. After that upheaval they moved to New York. Their music is strongly horn and brass based, and they play the traditional, uptempo *son* which is the classic form and part-parent to salsa, deriving from the turn-of the-century street bands of Cuba, which used trumpets, trombones and drums to accompany the vocalists. Since the 1950s, the Sonora M. has been the backdrop for Celia Cruz's powerful hit songs, and their set really took off when 'La reine de salsa — Celia Cruz' joined them on stage.

Shedding a towelling robe and donning a pair of impossibly high plastic creations which functioned as shoes, Celia Cruz glided on stage to an extraordinary reception — as the entire 18,000 audience greeted her. This stately woman has charmed and excited for 31 years in New York and 15 before that in Cuba.

Celia Cruz's statuesquely Egyptian features are topped by at least 9 inches of jet-black bouffant, and her exotic costume-dresses, a fantasy confusion of eras and origins — flamenco-kitsch, have a place of their own in her act. She uses part of the improvising section (the *montuno)* to show off the frills and lacey bits or to sing about her hairstyle, never ceasing the fluid hip gyrations which belie her 60+ years.

CONTINUES

QUE PASA

Celia's voice would be the envy of many opera singers — and her solo records are gems of vocal perfection: joyful warbles give way to the pure power of her body, and it's not surprising that she is often associated with the supernatural elements of the African-Cuban religions which many exiled New Yorkers still follow. I am assured she's really an ordinary house-living Brooklyn owman — whatever that means! Celia Cruz came to fame with the Sonora Matancera first in Cuba; in New York she went solo, then had her first big hit in a duet with Johnny Pacheco ('Celia and Johnny'). This union was a wise one, as Pacheco is also half of Fania, and Celia soon joined the Fania All-Stars world touring circuit. Celia Cruz's solo spot dovetailed with the arrival of another member of the Latin Royal Family — the King of the Timbales — Tito Puente.

Then before long the mikes ranged across the wide stage were crowded with beige-suited, perfectly dancing male *soneros* (singers of son) of all ages, some born in Cuba or Puerto Rica, others, like Hector LaVoe, bilingual New York born and bred.

Tito Puente is a small dapper man, his newly blown hair grey now, and the strain of the heavy performance showing on his fact as he left the stage: the energy level while he plays doesn't drop but the toll it takes looks quite severe. I saw Tito Puente twice and I can still feel the clear metallic sound of his timbales playing — like a fast, carefully dispersed shower of giant raindrops hitting a metal shed roof, with the speed and precision of the perfectly practised hand. Like most of the older generation still playing today, Puente features in almost every section of 'The Latin Tinge's' collection of studies of the crazes, but his own big success was in the 50s mambo era, when his Orchestra struck lucky with 'Cuban Mambo'. Puente's present orchestra is fronted by a team of disco dancers, whose incongruousness distracts from the music — and causes much derision. It seems like Puente is trying to keep a disco audience happy by giving them what *he* thinks they want, and although the leotarded routines went down well with the medallions and open-shirt males at this concert, *that* doesn't sell records or promote the music. I heard similar criticisms of Puente's recent use of the sacred, two-headed bata drums in his orchestra. These instruments are central to the spirit worshipping ceremonies of Santeria, but are used increasingly in secular orchestras.

It's obvious that Latin music is struggling for prominence outside its own fairly closed community, but it is also coping with the pull of tradition and retaining individuality. These twin demands will inevitably lead to mistaken solutions — like Puente's disco teams.

Dancing is central to Latin Music, so to get a less passive impression of Latin music I was taken from backstage at Madison Square Gardens to a downtown disco-nite club called Casino 14, where Ray Baretto's Band were to play. Harriet Wasser, a non-Latin New Yorker, who devotes her boundless energies to promoting Latin music — and particularly Ray Baretto — was determined to show me from the inside.

Casino 14 conforms strictly to the formalities of the Male-is-Boss Latin society — the the men wait on the women and ask them to dance, while the women talk to each other and wait to be asked, looking impeccable in a slightly old-fashioned way. No jeans here, a few pairs of tight trousers, and always high-heeled dancing shoes. Any staidness disappears on the dance floor, as couples whirl around in fast intricate steps, and orderly pairs — no scuffed toes or stumblings here.

Ray Baretto joined us before the set, and was *almost* coerced by Harriet into an interview. After much silent resistance he eventually said with an amused smile, "You do it, Harriet, *you* know all about me" — and my will to disturb his Saturday evening with naive questions failed altogether. That out of the way, the conversation could resume. Baretto, a big, silent type looking like a liberal studies professor with curly locks, square jaw and a beaded necklace. In spite of his professional nickname of "Mr Hardhands" he had an aura of great vulnerability, which isn't consistent with the ambitious gambles which checquer his career. Baretto is one of the few Latin musicians to get a top 10 hit — with "El Watusi", but he has never been satisfied to stay in one area and has worked with Charlie Parker, Tito Puente, Herbie Mann, as well as leading several of his own bands.

His nickname is easy to credit having seen his entranced treatment of the pair of waist high bass congas which he stood up to play. The band was heavy with horns and featured a well-matched bongo player, with whom Baretto had long and exhausting 'conversations', while a fringe of us fans gawped in amzement around the low stage. Battles and conversations between drummers are commonplace entertainments, billed like cockfights but more like arm-wrestling, and a very male activity. Recently Baretto vied with veteran conga player Carlos 'Patato' Valdez whose playing goes back to '20s Havana (for "King Konga" title?).

Baretto's career has given the purists a hard time — the sleeve notes of the record "Acid" have a heavy knuckle-rapping quality — for leaving the Latin fold and experimenting with rock and popular other forms. His latest line-up will keep them happy — but as for Ray Baretto — complaining about not being rich and famous enough to retire yet — and having to do late night gigs — he'll have to go on a bit longer, on the club circuit, unless some very radical changes in Western taste begin to gel after these signs of interest.

He was encouraged by an out-of-the-blue invitation to Switzerland which was a great success, so maybe he won't wait long.

The last wave of interest in the Latin beat came and went around 1976, when Chris Blackwell tried to do for salsa what he had achieved for reggae. With his A&R man and Latin *aficionado* Richard Williams, Blackwell established links with Fania Records and organized a couple of London concerts. One, a scaled down replica of a Madison Square Gardens show, was described by Williams as 'show-casey' and 'artificial', while the other — starring Hector LaVoe y su Conjunto (band). That one, evidently, was like a real New York gig — keeping the Nashville up all night. Lavoe remembers it well — although I had to remind him of the pub's name.

Three records followed the concerts, 'Salsa', 'Salsa Live' and a live Fania All-Stars, featuring different combinations of the major recording artists, but none sold well and Island lost interest and quashed the deal. Since then there hasn't been a replacement. Richard Williams' view of the latest increase in mentions of salsa was cool: "In '76 salsa was flavour of the week; maybe this time round it could be flavour of the month."

It's predictable that salsa would eventually achieve mass popularity in America — starting in New York, where Spanish Harlem abuts Black Harlem, and musical exchanges between the two communities are constant and fertile. Fusions of black and Latin music have caused minor ripples in the past, but they have usually been short-lived. Conga-player Ray Baretto waded into the waters of jazz and rock with albums on Atlantic before settling back into salsa; Carlos Santana made massive worldwide hits out of Tito Puente's songs like 'Samba Pa Ti'; and before any of these, Dizzy Gillespie had his jazz ideas churned by Chano Pozo's conga playing which launched the whole new Cubop movements.

I asked John Storm-Roberts about the likelihood of England becoming hooked on salsa. As an Englishman himself — living in NYC for 11 years — he found the idea amusing (a common reaction) and unlikely. The problem as he sees it is in the complexity of the music and its polyrhythms. "The paradox is, the more complex a music, the more it sounds the same to people who don't know it." I pointed out that the opposite is also true, thinking of the scores of people who'd rejected reggae out of hand at first, because it was *so simple* and all sounded the same. Dancing to simple rhythms isn't always easy — post rockers used to hopping and jumping about had to revise their dancing for reggae music. I found a surprising comment from Bill Graham of the Fillmore Hall, San Francisco, in *Newsweek,*" '75: "In salsa you are showing your inner feelings when you dance; and Caucasians have always had a problem with that. It is too strong for the dancing public. Oh yeah?

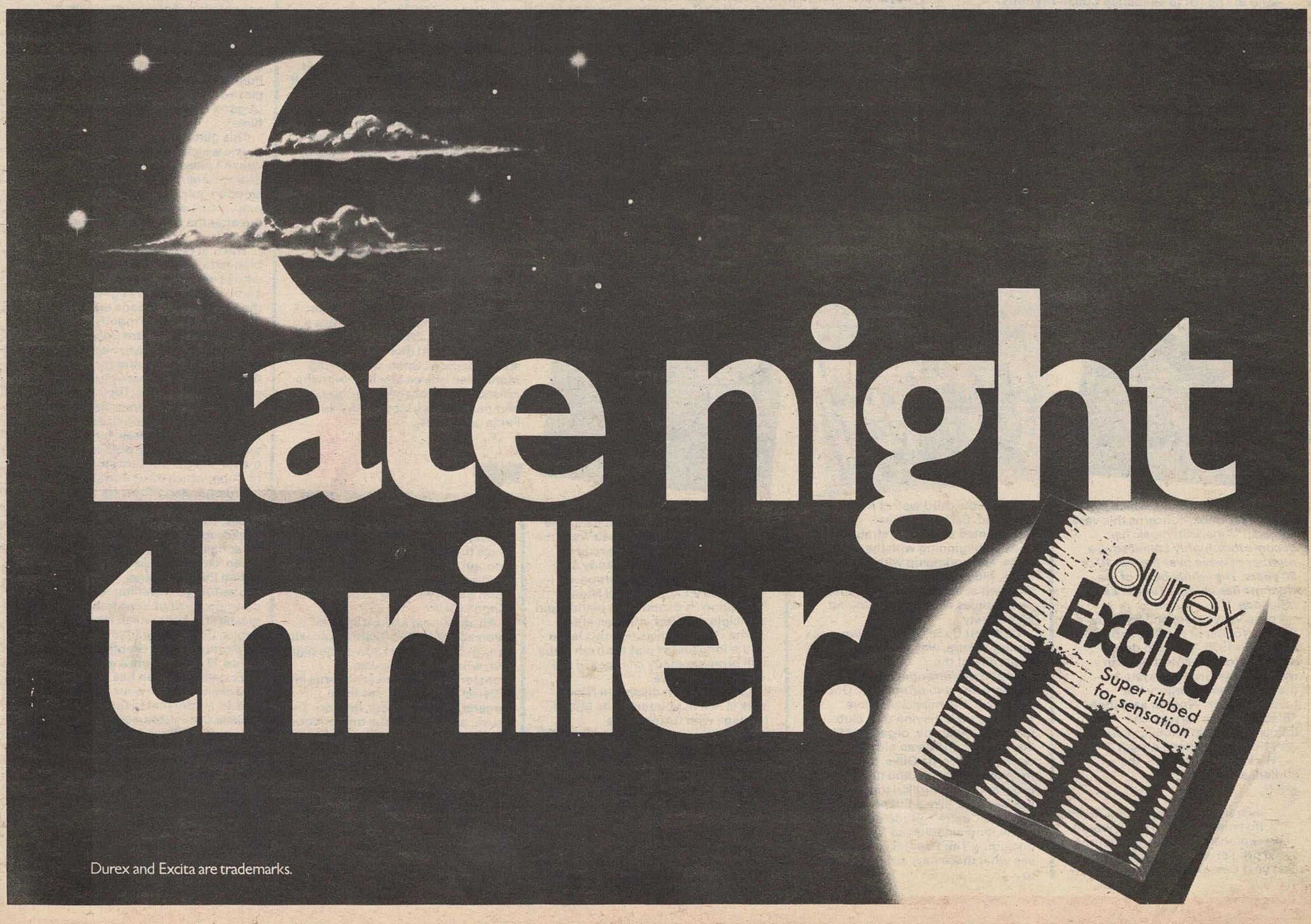
Titles to put you on the Latin Tracks

La Sonora Matancera 'Exitos de la Sonora Matancera' (Greatest Hits) (Seeco SCLP 9177)
Celia Cruz 'Homenaje a los Santos' (Homage to the Saints) (Seeco SCLP 9281)
Cashao y su Conjunto 'Descarga' (Cuban Jam Sessions) (MAY/PUS-168)
Johnny Pacheco 'Pacheco — 10 Great Years' (Fania LP 8046)
Xavier Cugat 'Dance Parade' (Columbia CL 6077)
Mongo Santamaria 'Afro-Roots' (Prestige PR 24018)
Beny More 'La Epoca de Beny More (Golden Era of) 1953-8' (Carino DBL 1-5000/2)
Ray Baretto 'Lo Mejor de Ray Baretto' (The Best of) (Tico/Vogue LDM 30269)
Rafael Cortijo 'Cortijo y su Combo' (Tropical TRLP 5130)
Eddie Palmieri 'The History of Eddie Palmieri' (Tico Records TSLP 1403)
Charlie Palmieri and His Orchestra 'The Heavyweight' Allegro LPS 88974
Ricardo Ray and Bobby Cruz '1975' (Vaya XVS-33)
Willie Colon and Ruben Blades 'Siembre' (Fania JM 00537)
Willie Colon and Mon Rivera 'There goes the Neighbourhood' (Vaya JMV 42)
Orchestra Harlow 'El Judio Maravilloso' (The Marvellous Jew) (Fania JM 00490)
Cesar Concepcion Orchestra 'La Plena y El Bolero de Puerto Rico' (Carino DBMI 5807)
Arcano y sus Maravillas 'Danzon Mambo!' (Carino DBMI 5806)
Arsenio Rodriguez 'El Sentimento de Arsenio' Carino DBMI 5802)
Perez Prado 'Concierto para Bongos' (West Side Latino/L31005)
Charanga '76 'Live at Roseland' (TR Records TR-136-X)
Irakere 'Irakere 79' (Columbia JC 35655)

PLUS for traditional island music, try the ETHNIC FOLKWAYS series, especially 'Caribbean Island Music' recorded by John Storm-Roberts in Haiti, Dominican Republica and Jamaica (Nonesuch Explorer H-72047)

Latin Music is still hard to get in England. Try the following shops (all in London):

Honest Jon's, Camden High Street, London NW1 (second-hand and mail order).
HMV, Oxford Street, London W1
Virgin Records Megastore, Oxford Street, London W1 (check under jazz and soul as well as Caribbean and South America)
Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, London W1
Tiuna Records, 114 Philip Lane, London N15 (London's first Latin specialist shop, opened last week).



DYLAN

SHOT OF LOVE

The new album Shot Of Love

Album: CBS 85178.
Cassette: CBS 40 85178.

Made with a little help from his friends Ringo Starr, Ron Wood and Jim Keltner, 'Shot Of Love' features the highly acclaimed 'Lenny Bruce', 'Deadman, Deadman' and 'Watered Down Love' alongside six other new songs only Bob Dylan could have written.

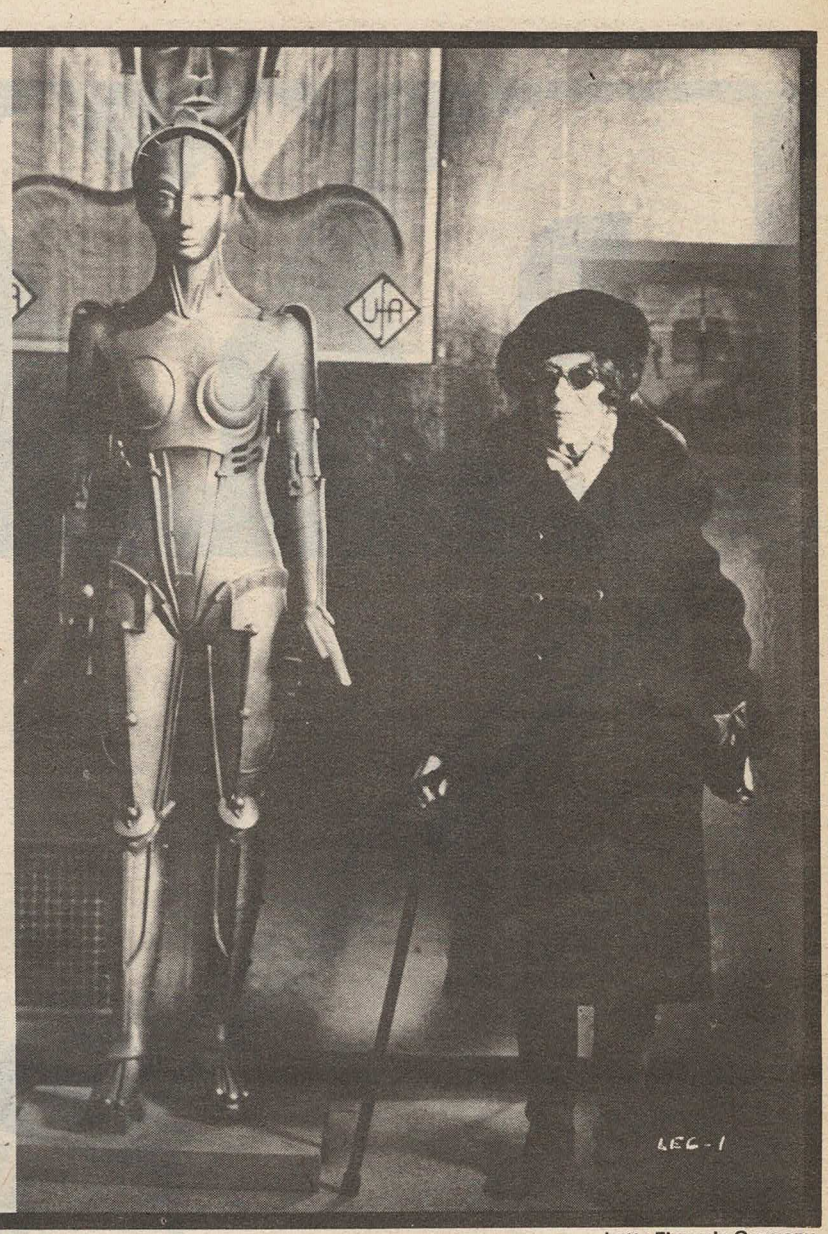
produced by Chuck Plotkin.

Silver Screen takes a sneak peek at the offerings at the Edinburgh International Film Festival.

Our man in the tam 'o' shanter: CHRIS BOHN

Katherina Thalbach in Escape Route To Marseilles

Cassie McFarlane in Burning An Illusion



Lotte Eisner In Germany

GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL

HARD TIMES

FESTIVALS BY DEFINITION are a chance for over-indulgence, for sifting through hundreds of features, factions, documentaries, shorts and oddities — about *anything,* ranging from the death of a tree to cruising around Berlin's toilets — in search of the new. What with their limited budget, combined with the industry's selfish reluctance to give films their first showing in Edinburgh, the organisers have become adept at unveiling surprises.

If this year didn't reveal any new talents as startling as John Carpenter's whose *Assault On Precinct 13* took off after an earlier festival, it threw up a strong list of future contenders. Nice to report that one of them is British, namely Menelik Shabazz, whose **Burning An Illusion** marks an important step away from the resigned naturalism that has dogged British filmmakers' treatment of topical ills.

The British approach, typified by Ken Loach's accomplished, but ultimately worthless **Looks And Smiles,** tends to outline the problem, saying how miserable it makes us and then leaving it at that. *Burning An Illusion* isn't presumptious enough to provide a solution, but it offers its characters the apparatus for finding a way out.

It opens with a young African girl Pat hankering after a settled middle class respectability, who finds an unwilling partner in boyfriend Del — an unemployed toolmaker slowly drifting into abject laziness. They're both bound by unworkable (for black British young) values — his being of traditional male superiority, even though she's the breadwinner — until their respective illusions are abruptly shattered when Del is imprisoned for cutting up a policeman. With all that time on his hands he takes to reading the black American consciousness writers, like Malcolm X, and finds in them allusions to his own situation. After introducing their work to Pat, the couple draw strength from discovering their real identities and they're at long last able to approach each other and the world on a more equal footing.

Despite the odd cliched or clumsy moments, it's a bravely entertaining, highly critical film that poses gender and political problems as being the product of one and the same subtle oppression — once recognised the couple's progress towards love and revolt makes for compulsive watching.

A documentary short **Grove Music** (Henry Martin) is a perfect bridge between the progress of *Illusion* and Loach's stoicism, it being a straightforward account of the alternatives some West Indians find in making reggae. Aswad sum up a lot during a brief tete-a-tete when one points out the pointlessness of doing soul destroying work that pays just enough to get you through the weekend and back to work again on Monday.

The sooner Loach realises it the more useful his films will become. His *Looks And Smiles* has a young school leaver Mick getting sucked into the vicious spiral of youth unemployment when he sets off in pursuit of a mechanics apprenticeship that just isn't there. It's emotively shot in black and white to reinforce a deceitful image of Sheffield being nothing more than a harsh industrial wasteland.

Fortunately his characters aren't half so glibly useless as Barry Hines' script suggests. One thing Loach is good at is coaxing relaxed, good natured performances from amateurs and in Graham Green and Carolyn Nicholson he's got a pair of heartbreakingly real youngsters who deserve far better than the fate he bestows upon them. Better a positive socialist realism than a negative social realism these days. Or even the dopey surrealism of Peter Berry's comic look at life in a bakery, called **Bread.**

Dennis Hopper's brilliant **Out Of The Blue** (after the Neil Young song) is also about hoplessness, but his ruralization of British punk values to fit a Canadian landscape is more visionary than realistic. *Out Of The Blue* is the most harrowing bleak thing I've seen in a long time, yet its descent into despair is irresistable. Its momentum is derived plucky Linda Manz's extraordinary portrait of a young delinquent whose three Godheads — Presley, Johnny Rotten and her Dad (a wildly debaunched Dennis Hopper) — prove to be inadequate crutches in getting her through a warped childhood. As it is officially press embargoed we'll review it more fully on release.

Murder In A Mist

MEAN STREETS

NEW YORK AS the hellhole of the universe formed a neat little sub-genre to the festival. The one good episode of the animated version of **Heavy Metal** magazine had a Chester Himesy wisecracking taxi driver exterminating unsavoury pick ups in a recognizably decayed Manhattan of the near future. Otherwise it's just an occasionally witty visualization of *Heavy Metal's* — the music and the magazine's — lurid fantasies.

Another film, Gary Weis's **Eighty Blocks From Tiffany's,** talks to Bronx gangs, like the Savage Skulls and Savage Nomads, whose anecdotes about fights, busts and robberies suggest that New York is already the no-go area that John Carpenter makes it in his **Escape From New York,** premiered at the festival.

Set in the none-too-distant 1990s, crime has escalated in America to such an extent that Manhattan island is walled off and made into a contemporary Devil's Island from where nobody returns. However one convict is given a return ticket, provided he can rescue the kidnapped president (hilariously envisaged as a down at heel salesman by Donald Pleasance) from the desperate population.

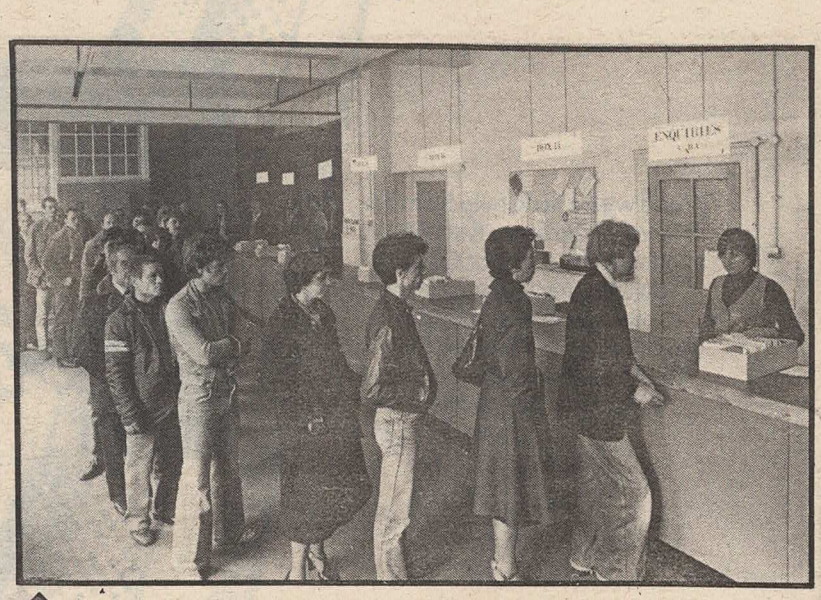
Shot in an electric night blue, *Escape's* deconstructed, decayed city, lit by burning buildings and bonfires and infested with society's dregs, presents a horrifying landscape straight out of Burroughs' *The Wild Boys.*

That the routine story never quite matches the opening *mise-en-scene* doesn't really matter, as Carpenter's strength has always been in his ability to fray nerve ends by letting you know what's coming and keeping you waiting until the suspense becomes unbearable. In *Escape* the shocks come faster than before, but are only slightly less effective for that.

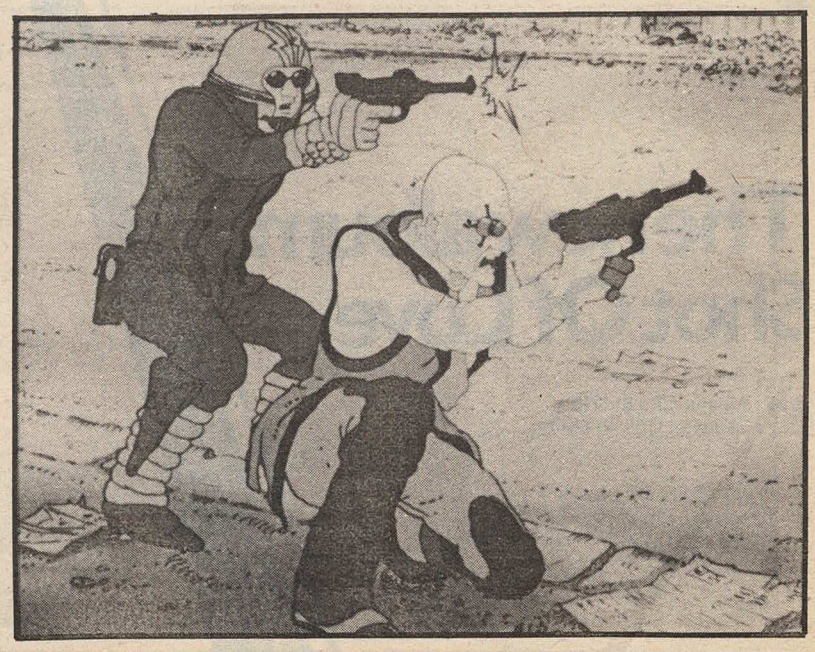
Going underground, Amos Poe's **Subway Riders** is part arch celebration of New York's seamier side, a voyage through a city populated by junkies, pimps, hookers and hustlers. Yet it has a great storyline about a sax busker who blasts the audience he pulls. Typically artful in the NY loft tradition and terribly entertaining. Looking cool is more important than life itself and the film is really epitomized by saxist John *"Hey does my silhouette look okay?"* Lurie's poses.

All is not dying on New York's streets, though — the surprise hit of the festival was enthusiastic young Canadian Adam Brooks' flickering 8mm fantasy **Ghost Sisters** about two girls swapping identities without either of their respective boyfriends or families noticing. Its absorbing playfulness and gently barbed humour doesn't disguise its underlying pessimism — they just make it a little easier to swallow.

From New York's mean streets to Chicago's deadly back alleys for Lisa Gottlieb's wonderful 30-minute parody of hard-boiled fiction, called **Murder In A Mist,** which has a female



"Got any jobs Mrs?" Graham Green in Looks And Smiles



Street thugs in 2031, according to Heavy Metal

Kurt Russell in Escape From New York

AND BEING CHUCKED BACK IN

Eight Minutes To Midnight

private detective on the trail of heroin dealers who package their junk in feminine hygiene sprays. Not only the dick's sex, but also the language is reversed so that she draws her mashed metaphors from women's glam magazines — eg: "as welcome as a pounda cheescake to a diet watcher." And so on.

GERMANY YEAR ZERO

TAKING THE SIMPLE statement "We want never to say that we didn't know" (referring to a common post war excuse in Germany) as its starting point, Helke Sander's **The Subjective Factor** is a compelling fictional investigation of radical unrest in Berlin since 1968, as seen through the eyes of 30-year-old Anni's late political awakening.

Living in a socialist commune, she's at first too timid to join in discussions, and when she's ready to talk she finds that the men won't listen to her anyway. Despite their sneers, she slowly and boldly asserts herself, stating that it's all very well protesting about the evils of American imperialism, but change must begin at home with the more intimate politics of personal relationships.

Helke Sander's deft folding in of black and white newsreels of demos, actions and riots, plus some neat editing, prevents the viewer getting bogged down in long and wordy discourses. It functions both as a re-evaluation of too easily dismissed '60s radicalism and also as a vital explanation of the gains they made, from which we all benefit today.

What's more, it sensibly avoids the delicious melancholy that Germans are so good at producing. This time melancholy is the province of Swedish

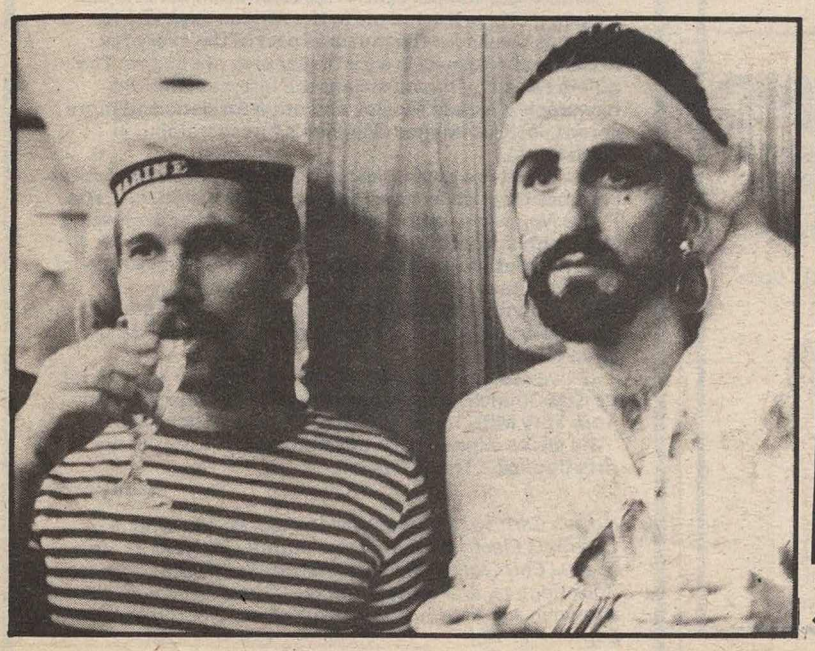
Dangerous Encounter — 1st Kind.

Ingemo Engstrom and G. Theuring's **Escape Route To Marseilles**. It's an excellent, innovative blend of fiction, literary quotes — from Anna Seghers' *Transit* — talking head reminiscences and newsreels that conjures up the sense of displacement and fear felt by German political refugees on the run through Vichy France.

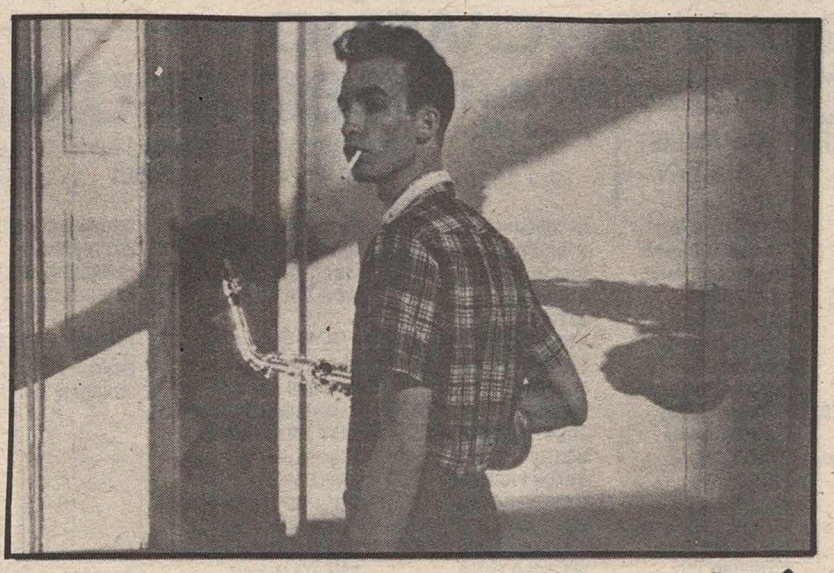
The great German film critic Lotte Eisner was high on Hitler's hit list — she went underground in occupied Paris during the war, where she's lived ever since working on a film museum with her husband. S. M. Horowitz's efficient short **Lotte Eisner In Germany** finds her there, now in her 80s, and she vividly recalls the '20s Berlin of Brecht and Alfred Doblin for the camera. Lotte's dotty English prompted a few cruel laughs but eventually she had the screening listening attentively to her anecdotes.

Switzerland wasn't the little house on the European prairie with its light shining bright through the Nazi night that legend has cracked it up to be. It would take in paying refugees, but those who couldn't pay were often sent back to their deaths, as the benevolent Swiss authorities didn't consider race as political reason enough for granting asylum. Ironically German deserters got in while the Jews were often kept out. Thus the background to the harrowing **Full House**, made by Markus Imhoof, which effectively indicts the Swiss characteristics of blind obeisance and good manners in a story that has villagers turning a bunch of refugees over to the authorities on the one hand and handing them food and chocolate with the other.

One can feel Imhoof's frustration with his people, as he acknowledges both their basic goodness and their fretting small town selfishness. Still, the Swiss have always been good at looking after their own and their ambiguous policies towards immigrant "guest" workers aren't that far removed from their wartime attitudes.



Bosom pals Frank Ripploh (right) and Bernd Broaderup in Taxi Zum Klo



John Lurie checks his shadow in Subway Riders

BOHN'S FESTIVAL 007 +3

Burning An Illusion (Menelik Shabazz)
Escape Route To Marseilles (I. Engstrom and G. Theuring)
Escape From New York (John Carpenter)
The Subjective Factor (Helke Sander)
Murder In A Mist (Lisa Gottlieb)
Ghost Sisters (Adam Brooks)
Eight Minutes To Midnight (Mary Benjamin)
Out Of The Blue (Dennis Hopper)
Charles And Lucie (Nelly Kaplan)
Full House (Markus Imhoof)

WIND FROM THE EAST

COMPARED TO THE blood and gore splattered over Hong Kong's **Dangerous Encounter — First Kind** the New York stuff mentioned earlier is positively Disney Time. At first conceived as a film about teen terrorists, it was sent back by the censors, who deemed it to be politically unsound. It was remade by an embittered Tsui Hark as amorally slick exploitation, which attributes no motives to its teen gangleader other than delinquency. It's now so ridiculously over-the-top as to be absurdly entertaining. Don't go on a full stomach.

Hong Kong cinema isn't all kung fuey, though. Ann Hui's gentle **The Spooky Bunch** is a gaudily decorated ghost story about the haunting of a Cantonese opera troupe, the subtler nuances of which were lost on me. And **Father And Son** is a touching analysis of a father's obsession with his poor, smothered son at the expense of the rest of his family.

SENSUAL OBSESSIONS

PROMPTED BY THE doubts and anxiety that hover around gays on film (check *Nighhawks)* ex-Berlin schoolteacher Frank Ripploh went out to celebrate his sex in **Taxi Zum Klo,** which could accurately be subtitled *The Lighter Side of Cruising*. He squeezes in a laugh-a-minute between all the graphic gay couplings to prove that everything is hunky dory. He makes his point with all the wit and flair of a relentless self-publicist — he also stars in the film — though its ability to laugh at itself doesn't necessarily lift the S/M set out of the gutter it quite voluntarily immerses itself in.

Greetings From Washington D.C. is a touch more serious, if scarcely less sober, it being a recording of a massive gay rights march on the White House, during which various participants are paraded before the camera to testify to their beliefs. Better is **They Called Me Pussy Dynamite** (Jenny Wilkes and Jennie Howarth) featuring an extraordinary dancer from Raymond's softcore revue who demonstrates in a dance studio the daft things she was called upon to do. Put that way the absurdity of the whole thing is made hilariously obvious.

NO NUKES

FEW DOCUMENTARIES can really live without a little dressing up, but **Eight Minutes To Midnight** (Mary Benjamin) is an exception. Its subject Dr Helen Caldicott is such an impassioned whirlwind of a figure that the film wouldn't be able to cope with any trimmings. It basically follows her campaign against all forms of nuclear power, which takes her from the indian reservations of New Mexico to the aborigines of her homeland. As her platform's based on medical grounds, she makes a persuasive case — one that the nuclear power commissions refuse to answer satisfactorily.

Jon Else's **The Day After Trinity** is also important and not a little tragic, it being a biography of atomic bomb inventor Robert Oppenheimer. Spurred on by a hatred of fascism and sucked into the immenseness of it all from a scientific viewpoint, he built the bomb, supported its use on Hiroshima and regretted it ever since. He later campaigned against the H Bomb, which led to him being struck off The White House's list of advisors because of his communist sympathies. The film needs to do little more than tell the story; and that's all it does.

☐ *Continues over*

On Jupiter's moon, something deadly is happening.
SEAN CONNERY in
OUTLAND
AA
SEAN CONNERY in "OUTLAND"
PETER BOYLE
FRANCES STERNHAGEN JAMES B. SIKKING KIKA MARKHAM
Produced by RICHARD A. ROTH Executive Producer STANLEY O'TOOLE
Music by JERRY GOLDSMITH Written and Directed by PETER HYAMS
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TURNPIKE LANE ABC
UCKFIELD Picturehouse
UPTON PARK ACE
UXBRIDGE Odeon
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RUISLIP Embassy
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SUTTON Studio
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WOKING ABC

FROM SEPT 10
CRAWLEY Embassy
HORSHAM ABC

CINEMA DETAILS CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS

FILMFEST CONTD.

☐ *From previous page*

(WE SUFFERED FOR THEIR) ART

A LATE ADDITION to the festival, Paul Simon's screenwriting debut and first starring feature **One Trick Pony** casts him as the man who would be Presley; but he'll settle for being a struggling Paul Simon, whose ex-wife chides him for being a man in a kid's racket. As a critique of rock moving into middle-age it would've been far more effective if it didn't actively bask in the warm whine of Simon's brand of self-recrimination. Too many songs, too many poorly filmed road scenes. Go see *Honeysuckle Rose* instead.

Chris Monger's British independent feature **Voice Over** expands the role of Jack Nicholson's storyteller in *King Of Marvin Gardens*. Despite Ian McNeice's excellent rendition of the blubbering, maudlin mainman Fats Bannerman, it quickly exhausts patience, as Monger stretches the realms of credibility to embrace some idiotic pretentions.

A shameful British short about Marco Polo's marketing ventures in the East, called **A Description Of The World**, is even worse. **Too Sensitive To Touch** is Michael Oblowitz's gratuitiously academic cut up of sex education, sex manuals, honeymoon brochures and straight sex to a Human Sexual Response soundtrack.

AT LONG LAST LOVE

AND VERY SWEET it is, too. Along with *Ghost Sisters* Nelly Kaplan's **Charles and Lucie** is the most outrightly enjoyable film of the festival. The couple of the title are a middle-aged pair approaching retirement who're suddenly duped out of their few possessions by a crooked lawyer promising them an inheritance. Believing themselves to be on the lam, their route to Marseilles is bedevilled with madcap encounters — a psycho killer, a bunch of bikers, a mystic and the French airforce among others. Nevertheless they discover that life on the road's far more fun than the security of scrambling an existence out of Parisian street markets.

Me, I prefer the comfort of a movie house . . .

"That's all folks!"

Grove Carnival and Grove Music

Two films by Henry Martin and Steve Shaw (Arts Council)

NOT SO MUCH a documentary, *Grove Carnival* is merely 20 minutes of inconsequential footage of last year's Notting Hill Carnival. It's a pity we learn nothing about the event's organisation or about its roots, which stretch way back to San Domingo in the 18th century and the celebrations of the first large-scale slave revolts. The emphasis here is solely on fun (floats, steel bands and bobbies dancing), the sort of items shown on TV news before the reporters get down to the nitty gritty of confrontation between black youth and white police.

The hour-long *Grove Music* — made by the same team of cameraman Steve Shaw and director Henry Martin — digs a lot deeper. It concentrates on interviews with Aswad, Sons Of Jah and Brimstone, with shots of these and other bands performing under the Westway flyover during Carnival '80. The talk is fighting, militant, prophetic of much of the recent rioting.

Avoiding the usual exotic representation of rasta and reggae (herb, locks and pie in the African sky), *Grove Music* instead sees the music as part of the everyday experience of blacks in a particular area of London. The points raised by the musicians are intercut with old newsreels (Oswald Mosley and other fascists) and more recent positive images (Mugabe's forces training in Zimbabwe).

The result is a sophisticated, far from preachy polictical commentary rich in cross-reference. For instance, a '50s *Pathe News* item with black building workers professing their faith in the British way of life is juxtaposed with today's youth rejecting anything so Uncle Tom. And why shouldn't they? What has Britain (bad housing, unemployment, discrimination written systematically into everything from schooling to immigration laws) done for them?

***Grove Music* is thoughtful and provocative enough for its Arts Council backers, possibly worried about groans from Tory MPs, to have included a rider in the credits: "The views expressed in this film are not those of the Arts Council." Thank heaven.**

Paul Tickell

(Grove Carnival and Grove Music will be showing at London's Electric cinema this Saturday, August 29, on a special Carnival bill with The Harder They Come, Roots Rock Reggae, and others. The two Grove films will also be shown in a limited run at Brixton's Ritzy cinema from September 14.)

EXCLUSIVE NME FREE FILM REVIEW

Violent Streets

"I am cruising all day and night in a brand new Caddy convertible. I'm wearing $150 slacks, silk shirts, $800 suits, a watch loaded with diamonds and a perfect three-carat ring. And you ask how I make a living? Baby, I am a thief."

Set completely within the underworld of professional crime, *Violent Streets* is an uncompromising study of life beyond the boundaries of straight society. It is not cops and robbers. The conflicts are among thieves and fences and mob bosses. It is a universe where there is no margin for error . . .

James Caan, Tuesday Weld and Willie Nelson star in *Violent Streets,* Michael Mann's controversial thriller which received its British premiere at the Edinburgh Film Festival last week. Now you can see an exclusive free preview of *Violent Streets* by clipping out this quarter page and rushing it to: NME, Silver Screen Offer, 5/7 Carnaby St, London W1, remembering to include your name and address.

The screening, arranged by United Artists, will be held in the evening (not late night) on Friday, September 11, in a West End preview theatre — so don't delay, because there are only 25 double tickets available for this exclusive showing.

Violent Streets is —

"Dazzling!" Chicago Sentinel

"Breathtaking!" — Washington Star

"Most accomplished thriller of the season!" — Los Angeles Tribune

"How the hell should we know? We haven't even seen it ourselves yet!" — NME.

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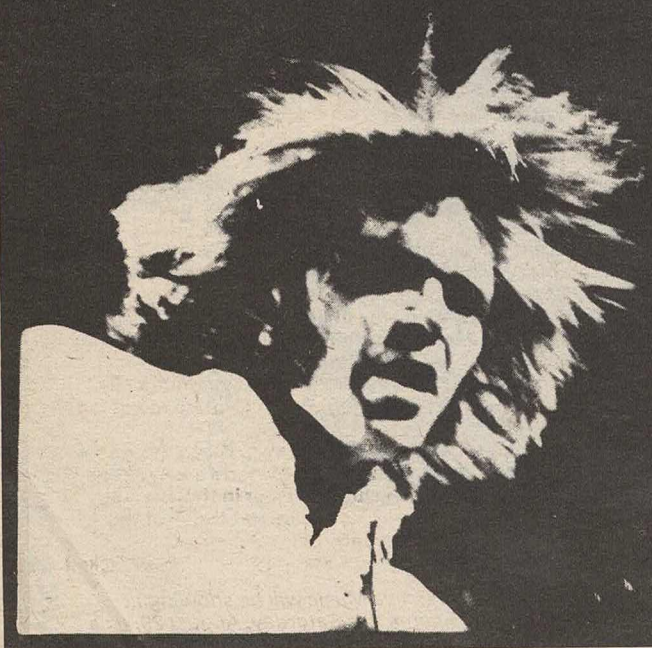

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Pete Shelley waits for his man. Pennie Smith turns up with a camera instead.

SINGLES

Good week for homo sapiens

AND the problem is . . . energy. Bearing in mind all the possible permutations of personal circumstance that can arise, all the variable characteristics of individual metabolisms, the extraordinarily wide range of assumptions which one is liable to encounter in modern beasts and the undeniable fact of Utter Critical Subjectivity, it still remains to be stated that this week's black circles seem seriously lacking in energy.

In other words, the Get-Up Quotient is well below acceptable levels, and this week's criterion is *stimulus*. Does it get you up, physically, mentally or even — gulp — spiritually? If it does, then it's the work of an artist going for the highest in his/her/their/its audience. If it doesn't, it isn't and should be dealt with accordingly.

To begin with, therefore, two extremely gifted Britons who seem to be attempting to raise rather than lower the energy level of their listeners. In reverse order of beard length . . .

SINGLE OF THE WEEK (1)
PETER SHELLEY: Homosapien (Genetic). Used to be a Buzzcock, face like a ferret, sings through his teeth. 'Homosapien' is Shelley's coming-out as a solo artist, and it's a sharp little effort with a decidedly crisp rhythm, Bowiesque acoustic guitar and vocals and a melody line that you will not forget. *"I'm a cruiser / you're a loser / me and you, sir / homosapien too,"* sings Shelley, midway between a snarl and a whine, and his music seems to be regaining some of the edge that was blunted towards the end of Buzzcocks. An upper, deserving of votes. Produced by Martin Rushent as a launch for his Genetic label, and it's *his* next hit, too.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK (2)
ROBERT WYATT: Grass (Rough Trade). It may be necessary to point out to people of my generation that this song has nothing to do with combustible intoxicants. It is, in fact, a tale composed by Ivor Cutler and sung in that incomparably pure, warm and weary tone which is completely and utterly exclusive to Robert Wyatt. Set to a background of tabla drums and other exotic percussibles, it concerns what I would assume to be a series of instructions from a Zen master to some obtuse young grasshopper who has not yet realised the importance of savage blows to the head and shoulders as a means of setting him (or her) on the path to enlightenment. There is absolutely no guarantee that Cutler or Wyatt intended the song to be about anything of the sort, mind, but that's my interpretation and I'm sticking to it. 'Grass' is sufficiently gorgeous to render all explanations and interpretations equally redundant, however, and if the sun don't shine it's worth putting the record away and coming back to it next summer.

THE SYNTHS OF THE FATHERS (AGAIN)
HEAVEN 17: Play To Win (Virgin). In which Ian Craig Marsh and Martin Ware ignore the fact that the other half of the Great Sheffield Schism (the unhip ones with the slides and the haircut) have taken the chart biscuit despite the fact that they were supposed to have curled up and died shortly after the admittedly superb 'Fascist Groove Thang' came out. Following the disappointing 'I'm Your Money', the B.E.F. team — once again assisted by vocalist Glen Gregory and John Wilson supplying another dose of his whiz-bang bass and sleek guitar — parody modern ruthless go-getter-ism. The track moves at a reasonable clip and its energy level makes it quite a serious dancing proposition, but — at least on the non-edited 12" version — everything that happens on the record seems quite a long way away from everything else that happens, and the bass ends up with such a toppy sound that the result is an acute shortage of bottom. Still, great chorus, pointed lyrics and a fine performance from the Boys Of Buddha.

OUR DAUGHTER'S WEDDING: Lawnchairs (EMI America). Look at it this way. You can dance to it — in fact, you'd better — it contains a reference to 'drinking tall drinks', and it's pure electrobop from in-groove to out. Our Daughter's Wedding are from New York and they've hired Colin Thurston to produce, presumably because of his work with The Human League. On the strength of those recordings, this is more than The Human League would do.

A CHAIN IS NO STRONGER THAN ITS WEAKEST . . .
LINX: So This Is Romance (Chrysalis). Romance? It's a cold wind in August (don't be coy at this stage in the game, *please*. You know which August). The suits are getting baggier, the bass is getting better and the songs become progressively more magnetic. This one, all about a young man deserted by a girlfriend who starts leading a far more exotic and fun-filled existence as soon as she gives him the bullet, makes me want to be on some kind of luxuriously appointed sea-going vessel which will take me from the Mediterranean to the Caribbean as slowly and luxuriously as possible. As a person whose political views contain little agreement for the nurturing of such decadent fantasies, I find the only remaining possibility is to make a choice between saving up for such a thing, and drinking more (the *NME's* getting to be a very strange place these days). Linx get another hit, by the way. Because I say so.

KISS ME, MEDLEY
THE HOLLIES: Holliedaze / Holliepops (EMI); TULSA McLEAN: Rock On Elvis (RCA); THE FRIENDLY HOPEFULS: The Punks Of '76 (Abstract); PORTSMOUTH SINFONIA: Classical Muddly (Springtime). Look, I know I'm no fun — he whines defensively — but I REALLY HATE THESE HORRIBLE PRODUCTIONS, these *Reader's Digest* just-give-'em-the-good-bits Frankenstein jobs. They bring me out in HIVES, they make me want to PUKE, they are HORRENDOUS. Whether they're real old records cut up — like these Hollies hits, many of which I liked as a child (of twelve to sixteen) — or cover versions of varying authenticity strung together with that remorseless Clap Trap beat, they rob everything of any context it may have had. Tulsa McLean is Les Gray, whose name is Mud, and this is an attempt by RCA to top up the pitiful sums that they make from selling real Elvis records by the real Elvis (and the one who took his place after he died in the army in '59). There will be a small prize for the first reader to refrain from telling me the name of the film in which Elvis played 'Tulsa McLean' and another for the first to demonstrate that they have personally destroyed 25 copies of this single.

The Friendly Hopefuls, meanwhile, charge through god-awful covers of such punk classics as 'Boredom', 'Outside View' (which was by Eater, I'm afraid), 'New Rose', 'In The City', 'Career Opportunities' and 'Liar'. It is as you might expect, only much worse, as is the Portsmouth Sinfonia's pursuit of the beat and the tune through a Clap-Trapped collection of Good Bits from a classical assortment. You are dared not to laugh.

Pic: Anton Corbijn

Yorkshire mill owners Heaven 17 look over t'estate.

Anthropologist: Dr. Charles Shaar Murray

RACK'N'ROWL (a lament)
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: Cadillac Ranch (CBS); THE PRETENDERS: Day By Day (Real); MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP: Ready To Rock (Chrysalis); GIRLSCHOOL: Take It All Away (City). God, it's getting so dilapidated around the old neighbourhood these days. I mean, Jesus, I used to *live* here. Rock and roll! Bruce Springsteen was — is, I suppose — the best rock hero America could find: energetic, stylish, warm, giving, (reasonably) responsible, cares about working folk, flogs his guts out on stage, etc., etc., etc.; and he's still not good enough. This particular crop of 'The River' finds him in what we doctors call 'raunchy mood', but I'm not in the mood for anyone blathering on about Cadillacs these days. Maybe again, but not now. The Pretenders follow up whatever their last one was with something vaguely reminiscent of The Beatles c. 1966, only amped up to thunderous proportions. An intriguing tune, beautifully sung, but I've run out of reasons for putting up with that horrible rhyhhm section any longer. If rock is what Michael Schenker's ready to do then one wonders what Gene Vincent, Eddie Cochran and Bo Diddley used to do. Girlschool's first record reappears none the worse for wear, proving that women can do anything men can do and that not everything men can do is worth doing.

OU SONT LES PUNKS D'ANTAN?
CHELSEA: Freemans (Step Forward); AIRPORT & DEAN: Lost In Space (Polydor). Chelsea still sound horrible and Gene October still sucks his cheeks in; Airport & Dean are fallout from X-Ray Spex and appear to be exactly where they say they are.

MARI WILSON AND THE IMAGINATIONS: Dance Card (Compact); SHAKE SHAKE: Shake Shake (Compact). All braying sax and punishing beat, Mari Wilson has been picking up airplay for a week or so now. Compact have a beautifully kitsch label design, which means that they're bound to have hits later if not sooner, and this could be a reasonable place to start. Shake Shake are in love with the idea of funk. Whether they'll ever meet and consummate this passion remains to be heard.

ARTE NOIR: African Connection (EMI); CIRCLE LINE: Walking Into Sunshine (Mercury). Most of this week's soul is wetter than February — you haven't lived until you've narrowly avoided a second listen to a team-up between The Crusaders and the ghost of Joe Cocker — and these two represent a fair slice of this week's dance potential. Arte Noir supply a generous portion of pure hokum — all spear-rattling, muttering and animal noises — but one smells a hit. Circle Line are cute and sunny and want a holiday. So do I, but my passport's expired. This accounts for my inability to respond nicely to nice records, like . . .

CHARLIE DORE: Listen (Chrysalis). Another Beatley intro — what have you done, Starsound? — that leads into a sort of Joni Mitchellesque thing with a subdued disco backbeat. Quite remarkably insipid.

THE BODY: Body In The Boot (Nuclear). Ah, this is more like it. A thoroughly nasty, creepy little record that sounds like Kate Bush after overdosing on Roald Dahl. Considerably less sick than a lot of what we hear on the news, but it still won't get airplay.

RONNY: Compare Me To The Rest (Polydor). The rest of *what?* Ronny is an androgynously gorgeous model with an elegant non-singing voice of the heavily Continental persuasion, and she appears here tricked out with a tune and backing track provided by Vangelis, who with one stroke demonstrates that even a person who has worked — and worked *willingly*, I might add — with the likes of Jon Anderson and Demis Roussos can be fashionable in today's cocktail whirl. Maybe we should compare her to Grace Jones, but that would be sheer, pointless cruelty.

AMERICAN NOISES IN THE NIGHT
DNA: A Taste Of DNA (Rough Trade); THE DEL-BYZANTEENS: Girl's Imagination (Don't Fall Off The Mountain); THE TERRORISTS: Love Is Better Now (Splif Rockers Ltd). The DNA molecule is — or so I learned from *Fantastic Four* 13 and 14 — the basic building block of life itself. On this showing — a 33⅓ 6-tracker — the US trio of the same name have just about reached the amoebic stage, thrashing around waiting to grow limbs and a mouth so that they can communicate. The Del-Byzanteens are dead whimsical in a deadpan way and would probably not be too offended if you said they were far out, while The Terrorists are distinguished from any other dodgy white reggae band by the Iggyish whine of John Collins and the fact that Lee Perry weighs in on production and toasting. Not recommended with particularly wild enthusiasm to anybody except Scratch completists.

LUDUS: Mother's Hour (New Hormones); IL Y A VOLKSWAGENS: Kill Myself (Mechanical Reproductions). Ludus — a merry bunch of funsters if I ever heard one — aim straight for fame, fortune and *Top Of The Pops* with an account of birth from the tiny one's point of view, while Il y A Volkswagens — that bloke from *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, if I remember rightly — announce their impending suicide. However, it should be noted that, scratched into the run-off, it saith 'Do not underestimate their capacity for self-parody.' So I didn't. Mind you, the temptation was enormous.

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The Peter Principle

After twenty LPs and twelve years making them, Peter Hammill keeps coming back for more. How does he do it? "Just keep asking the questions," the good Dr. Hammill advises Paul Morley.

THERE IS NO OTHER WAY . . . but to hold your breath and jump. Peter Hammill has made 20 LPs: recorded approximately 130 songs. Is that enough?

"I feel very ambivalent about it," he admits, as responsibly as possible, "I can think, yeah, that is fantastic, really hard work. Then again it's only 45 minutes work every nine months or so. That isn't terribly much. What is perhaps more impressive than the number of LPs is the number of songs. 130 . . . that I do take pride in."

Can he remember them all? "It is a lot! If I sat down I could remember the tunes. There aren't any songs about the same thing approached in the same way — that would be dissatisfying. They all have their slight shifts, and they all lock together without apparently locking together."

The Peter Progression, personifying the poet's craving. The Hammill procession; the intellectual, emotional and spiritual struggle of a brilliant and tormented writer. PH has been moving forward, ordering about." . . . hopefully I'm a little more together about my life than I used to be. The complications and pressures, all the contradictions of what it is I'm involved in, make it a lot more interesting. I know more about 'it' than I did at the start, but I don't want to change what is already done because that was the best I could do." Wherever he is, it is always 'the beginning.'

"Assuming I'm still doing this in ten years — which I now think is likely even though my output will be less — the things that I will be doing then, I'll think will be better than what I'm doing now, because I'll be seeing it through different eyes. I'm embarrassed by very little that I did. The sentiments, the sounds, the singing, they still seem honest."

The 12 years of PH production, this particular controlled form of contract and exchange, has been extremely positive — as argument, reflection, recovery, description, whatever it is this type of 'song' can be. There has been no censoring or concealing, his commitment has been exhausting, his power erratic. The PH production is a RE-creation. Hammill's writing is at once both quaint and vital: infuriating and natural: grotesque and insistent. Hammill has been defining, detailing, destroying, linking hallucination to experience, representing with crazed clarity the fundamentals of tension, salvation, dependency, throwing himself deeper and deeper into the ambiguity of the world.

Peter Hammill survives in the face of opposing pressures: raves and reveals because of the opposing pressures. Is all this for *you?*

"As far as I'm concerned a lot of what I do is pop . . . Certain aspects of the music I've done have been very extreme and obviously not in the pop area, things I realise will be pretty well unlistenable to a lot of people. On the other hand . . ."

PH MUSIC is a very distant relation to pop, but . . . PH music is the darkest sweep in the pop family, but . . . "I started writing songs in the first place because I liked pop music. Animals, Kinks, Beatles, the pop single. The first music I liked was Muddy Waters, John Lee Hooker, Sonny Boy Williamson . . . and then it was the Great Britain Beat explosion and I used to buy singles not so much because I liked them but because I wanted them to go up the charts!

"I started writing pathetic 12 bar blues — 15, at Public School, what wonderful qualifications! And then I wrote what I considered to be pop songs, and they came out a bit weird . . ."

That's it! Music that is a maddened communication of effacement and commemoration, anxiety and integration, this ungrateful, ciphered blues, a degenerate British/University doppleganger to the low blues moan — it simply was, it just became?

"I didn't think my songs were weird, although people thought the subjects a bit strange. People thought I was tripping all the time at the beginning. I just wrote what I thought were pop songs, and then afterwards I began to realise that The Popular Song could carry more than it had done. It can carry a lot more than is still generally assumed."

The Mistake or The Discovery.

HAMMILL'S LATEST collection, 'Sitting Targets', is released through Virgin Records, as a matter of convenience. "It's one of those occasions," speaks Hammill the trader, "when I've made an LP that might break through to a larger audience. If it has this slight potential to reach more people then it's pointless to restrict it."

Through a decade with the famous Charisma label (specialists in the charmed Englishness of Audience, String Driven Thing, Genesis), a ROCK career with Van Der Graaf Generator) (the naughty unhinged black creeps of '70s epic rock), the initiation of his own label, Hammill has learned the sweet secret of survival: what's good for the soul, what pays the rent.

"There are easier ways to self glory, if that's what it's about. I haven't exactly a business head but I know now what to look out for. My records have always sold just enough for everybody concerned to break even. I've been lucky like that. I've never had to starve for my beliefs or my work."

The survival is maintaining a quality of life and so a love for life: the survival is sustaining, generating, intensifying the vitality in his work — diving deeper. He lives far from the obvious contemporary fusses with a class of contentment that's about middle, overlooking the Salisbury Plain with wife and daughter Holly. The two lives — work/everyday — create a tension and bind inexactly. One is gentle, one is possessed. "Yes, my personal life is much more normal than it has been before. The wife, the child, the house, all these things. But the writing life and the working life are far more manic than they have been before."

A comfort in his life does not compromise the dynamics of his re-creation: the dry details of routine do not quench the urge to involve and reason. It's an unsettling distance from the traditional notion of 'hunger'. A regular homelife gives him freedom to move, to accomplish the goals, and protects the motive. Hammill has moved into a space beyond the accepted rock control and license and conceived a form and pursuit that enabled him to contribute something abnormally provocative back. On the outside looking out: of 'rock' and in spite of it.

"In my life I don't feel the need to prove that I'm here and justifying it by battering my head against the wall with the fast life — action, speed, pressure. I don't think that's 'hereness' anyway. That's maybe just acquainting yourself with time. The actual writing, it's a different kind of 'here'. It's the spiritual and intellectual 'here.' The last three or four studio LPs I've made in my private studio which is just a door away from my home. Once that door closes I'm not there. I'm not at home, I'm not away. I'm in a different kind of here."

This points to one of the greater tensions in Hammill's remarkable work. The isolation of his investigation (the loneliness of the long distance phenomenologist) coming into contact with the familiarities and banalities of everday life. The separation between fascination and acceptance is more pronounced because of the floating, renunciating nature of Hammill's obsessions.

"It's a knife edge between the ecstatic feeling and banality. The best place to be is just going down the middle taking a bit from each. That's the place it's almost impossible for human beings as they are now to exist. The best way to be is neither in a constant transport of delight nor in a constant drudgery. I don't live there but maybe I live closer to it than most because I can say; Work, that is ecstacy. Life, that is banality'. At the same time a lot of the work can be banal to collate, and it can be a very ecstatic feeling to see a certain look on Holly's face."

Language, of course, is a great problem for Hammill, It won't come clean. "I'm relatively articulate but I can get incredibly frustrated trying to get over what I mean."

"You know the words can go there but the moment they reach here they stop having useful meanings. It's all a question of doubt — a function of art is to propose questions — and my songs are not about being specific. The levels of meaning lie somewhere in between the lines and meshed in with the music. This is the only clarity that I have, and it's very much a survival mechanism. Songs are the only way that I can be clear about how I am and where I am so I will continue to write them."

But in some ways Hammill's songs are not clear. They are violent, dramatic, oddly proportioned, apprehensively and soulsearingly sung. They are stabs and jabs and slips of impression and expression. PH revolt is not an easy thing to get cosy with. How could it be? Why should it be?

"Most likely it's unjust of me to expect every one to work at my songs, and if someone gets one really positive coherent feeling out of one song on an LP then that is enough. But really why should people have it easy? Why should it all be so passive? Again, it's all part of the big rock cheat that it's easy for people to make records, that it's easy to write songs. When you get a glimmer of an idea about what you're doing then it gets harder and harder all the time — to find new ways of approaching, representing and provoking.

"If you're involved with something that's trying to operate on different, higher levels, why should it be easier for people to listen? Why should they get 'everything' in one fell swoop without any commitment? That would mean there is little there in the first place. It's not a commitment to the person who's making the music, or even to the record. It is to themselves, to be actively involved in that period

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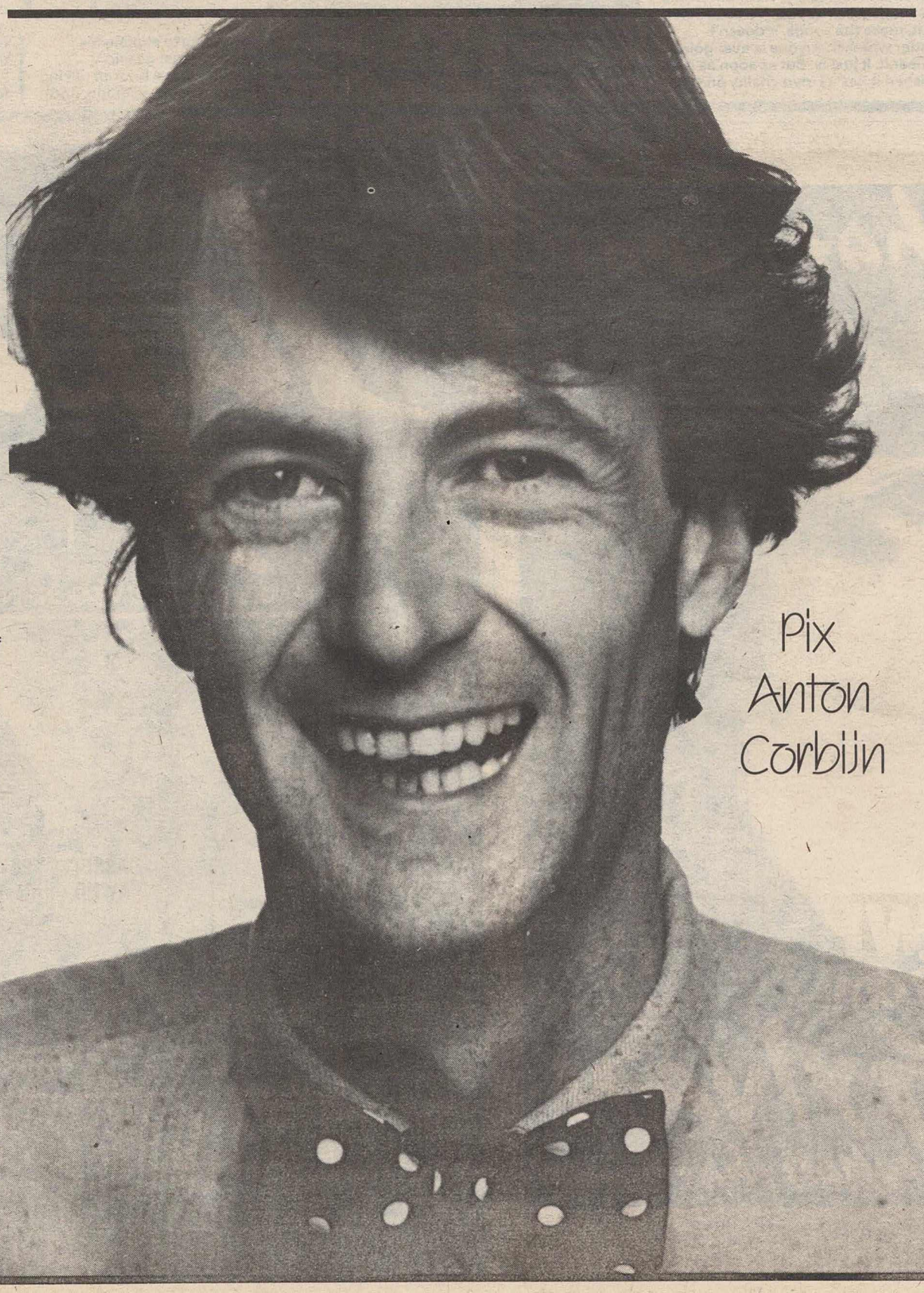


Pix Anton Corbijn

From previous page

of time that they're taking in something. To feel that they're alive."

IT IS known that understanding and imagination open us up to the field of possibility. Poets like Peter 435Hammill make us look further, challenge the accepted fabrics of reality and religion, turn us around. It's an attempt at some grand adjustment that can be related to everything from 'democray' to 'death.' The quest is The Question, the feel is for Feeling.

"What I write generally takes the form of very non-specific questions. In spite of the 20 LPs there are very few hard statements of fact anywhere in there. I don't think that in the areas I work in you can have statements of fact."

PH began by asking the ultimate questions and then slowly reduced the problems to a practical and productive level. "In some ways. I wrote about the questions that are just so universal, questions that have occupied theologists and philosophers and seers and sages ever since language was invented. The questions WHY or WHAT are on such an enormous scale and having asked those questions once then it would become repetitive and negative to ask them again and again.

"I would deserve this strange personality I seem to have in the media of Dr. Doom if I was forever in the corner groping at the inner mysteries. The Dr. Doom thing is just ridiculous — I just would have exploded years ago, I was remotely like that."

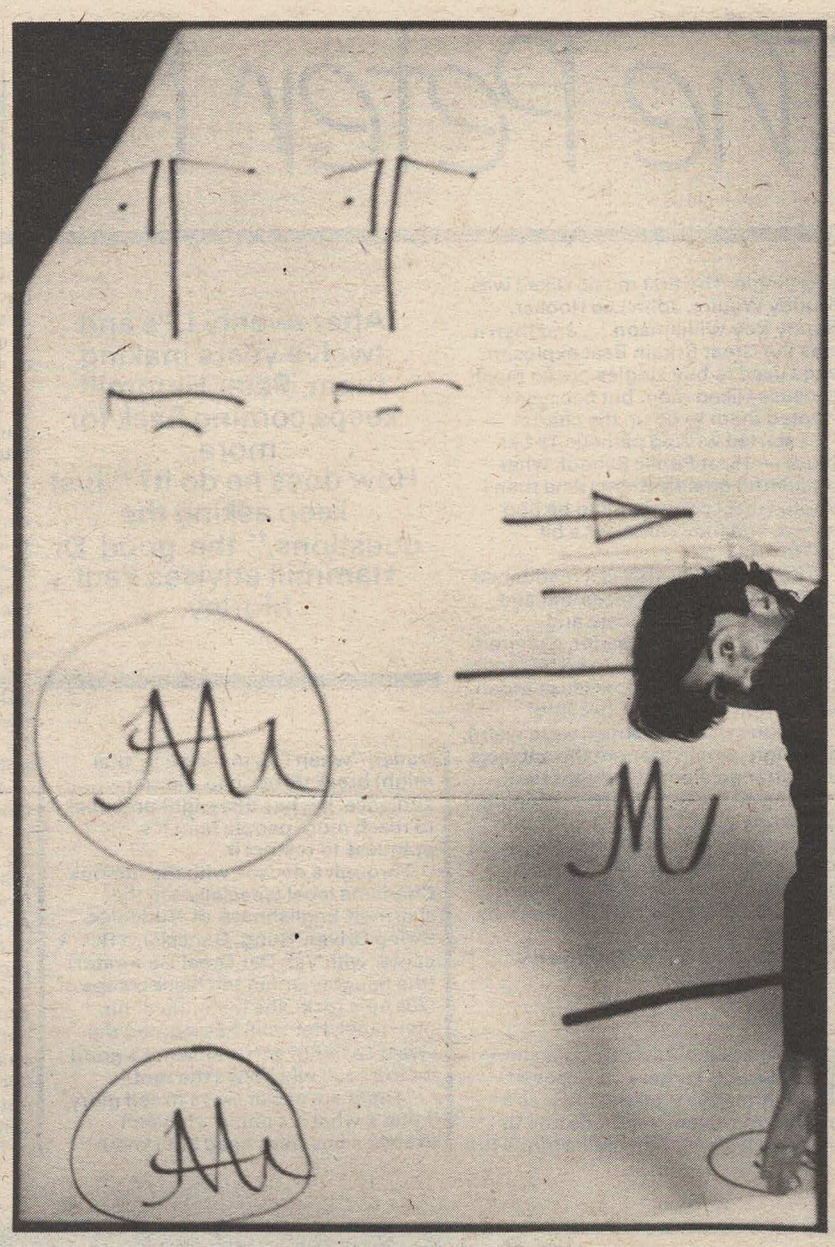
The screaming of the questions — the big, the small, the how do I prove I exist, the very nature of existence — we're on the great divide between the naive and the profound, the escape and the confrontation: or is it a waste of time?

"Now I'm 31 looking back at when I was nineteen, I think 'Well what was the bloke going on about?' Those questions I was asking are just so obvious in everything we do, the larger questions must be implicit in everybody's work I suppose. So now I do try and ask smaller questions. It's fine tuning really.

"I regard this thing, my journey, as ending up with four or five questions. Not the answers . . . the point when you pretend to give answers is when you really are being presumptious. I don't think answers are what it's about. The thing that keeps what I'm doing vital is that I'm not sure — and therefore I'm giving people nothing but themselves."

The PH questioning is never a hesitancy: it is a realistic drive. The obsessions — weakness, morality, because all life is cond, and considered the songs are renovating more than they are depressing, encouraging more than gloomy. "These are things a lot of people miss. I am driving at 'it'. I've never understood why I am considered a pessimist, If anything I do regard myself as an optimist because I talk about things rather than just blanking them out and letting them slide. If I threaten at all then it is only with what *is*. The optimism doesn't extend to the point where there are answers to what *is*, but it's an acceptance that it *is* and it won't change without it being looked at."

PETER HAMMILL points out that he has never been involved in the Big (rock) Game. There's no regret: no tears to cry. Hammill works in an unfamiliar space. "At the point I do it, make the songs, it doesn't matter whether anyone is ever going to hear it. It just is. But as soon as it is finished it has its own vitality and you just have to let it go."



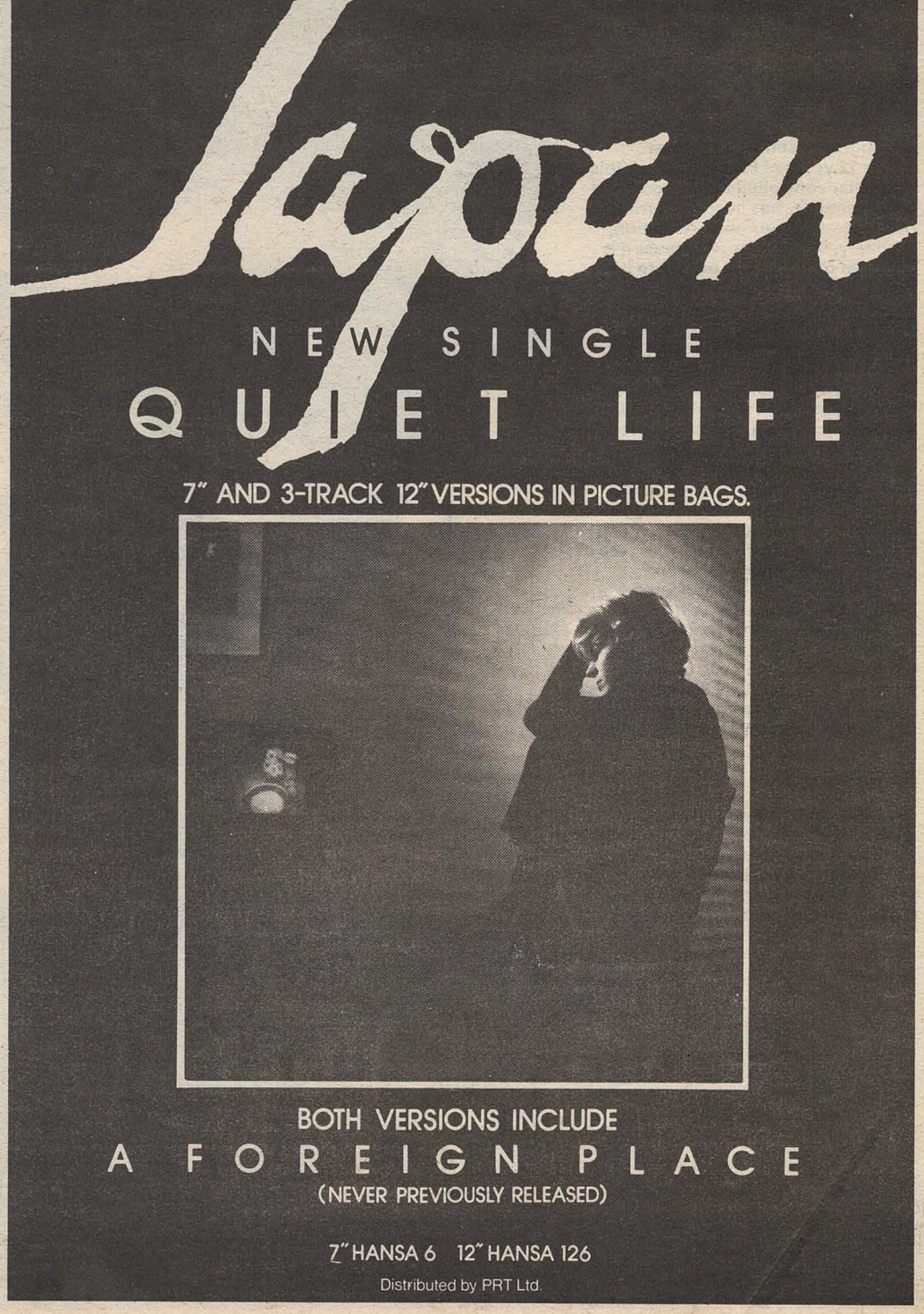
The lanky, faithful, garrulous Hammill cheerfully sits and fidgets on the edge of a bed in a London hotel room. He attempts to explain his escapade with almost gossip-y passion, he often finds himself talking about 'PH' as a separate person, and finally he accepts that he's that strange thing — The English Survivor. "Of course, David Bowie is the most successful manifestation of the species."

For all the drab mystique and dry doggerel that shadows the uncontrite Hammill, he's closer to Bowie than a survivor like Collins. There's glamour, contempt, sensuality, parody, in the music: it's an illuminating brand of autobiography and self appraisal. Actually PH is as fashionable as fuck: the intensity of the body-music is explanation enough. His work can be laid alongside PiL, Magazine, Fall, Cure, ACR, Joy Division, Cabaret Voltaire, Simple Minds — bad passion, good HABIT, extreme, engage, apply. He can be played with alongside John Martyn, Nick Drake, Velvet Underground, Tim Buckley, Neil Young — the pathos of life, the liberation from the chain of illusions, the concrete and the abstract.

His music has its own logic and geometry, its own gravity and tracery: a definitive way of warping, a stern way through. The second side of 'Silent Corner And The Empty Stage', the first side of 'In Camera', most of 'Black Box', some of 'Sitting Targets' — this is magnificent, resistant music, on its own, bedside itself. Consider it. Forget the sick cult.

"I've never tried to go for the too far out or the obviously commerical. I don't have to regard the two poles; the 'meaningless' pop and the meaningful rock, which is pure luck. The success ethic as seen through the charts and numbers is a hindrance for someone like me. The numbers and the charts can get in the way of an honest continuation. I assume that I have something to say — this is the basic thing — and if I assume that then it has been better for me not to have had the massive success and be given The Prize, because the majority of people contributing to the massive success would be against any natural change and their expectations would become a considerable barrier. They would always want the same thing. I could never keep giving the same thing. And I must change."

In suspense and (breathe out) forward.



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BARCLAYS

BURIED BY THE BOSSA NOVA

Blue Rondo A La Turk

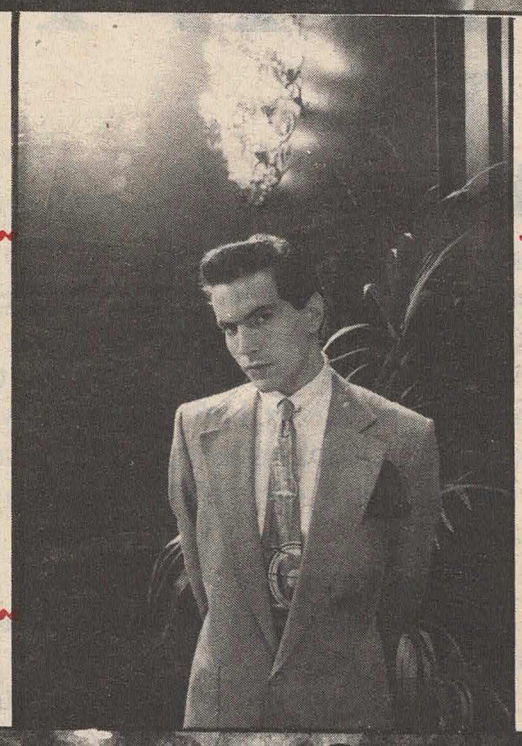
More mobsters tripping over their own keychains and conceit on their way to blitz the ballrooms (Latin style)?

Or the coolest cats to walk on a hot tin roof?

ADRIAN THRILLS: investigator

PENNIE SMITH: visual exhibits

Moses Mount Bassie



Kito Poncioni

Mark Reilly

Mick Bynoe

Geraldo D'Arbilly

"I'm so confused,
This Latin music's got me,
So, so bemused,
The accent's worse than Cockney.
I'm not amused,
It's killing me."

—August Darnell

A WHISTLE BLOWS, A bongo drummer bellows his blood-curdling shriek and a loose-limbed dancer launches herself into a series of gymnastic gyrations as a peppery, percussive samba sails its way into the humid air of a hot August night.

It could be a hoedown in Havana or a spot of midsummer madness out on the Mato Grosso. But it is nothing of the sort — this hotbed of tropical rhythm and crazy carnival colour is a small disused theatre just off Islington's Upper Street, barely a few blocks down from that celebrated cellar of alehouse rock The Hope And Anchor.

Along the back wall of the theatre, an expansive platform has been rigged up to resemble the floodlit set of a fantasy film somewhere between *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Down Argentine Way*. The stage itself is imposing enough, a pair of huge classical pillars clashing incongruously with the cascades of frondescent tropical foliage that flank them.

The evening's carnival mood is established from the offset by a teasing troupe of Brazilian dancers and percussionists and taken to greater heights by resident Beat Route disc jockey Steve Lewis who spins his usual span of sound — anything from James Brown to Gil Scott Heron and Brian Jackson.

As the last lingering chords of Brother To Brother's All Platinum peach 'In The Bottle' fade away into the rafters, the lights dim for the night's main attraction — a live performance by the suit 'n' samba specialists Blue Rondo A La Turk.

TWO BRAZILIANS AND A garishly-garmented Anglo-Barbadan emerge from behind a white backcloth and proceed to pulverise an impressive array of percussive tools — congas, bongos, timbalas and drums — whipping up a whirlpool of rhythmic mayhem to which the rest of the band amble onstage.

Singer Chris Sullivan and the goatee-bearded Christos Tolera resemble a latter-day Stan and Ollie, identically kitted out in jet black dinner suits, their creamy dress shirts neatly offset by a pair of crisp crimson roses.

To their sides stand guitarist Mark Reilly and saxman Tony, the latter stage-named Moses Mount Bassie, both trussed in trousers that reach their nipples and make them look like fairground stiltmen. With one of the erstwhile Brazilian bongo men, Kito Poncioni, shuffling over to pick up a bass, the other two percussionists, Geraldo D'Arbilly and 'Choco' Mick Bynoe, spend the evening alternating between drumkits and timbalas. Rondo are ready to roll.

Most groups would find it virtually impossible to live up to some of the advance publicity afforded this cool combo, but there is no dount that Blue Rondo *can* play and play with swashbuckling skill: the genuine Brazilian base to their rhythm section gives them an edge of authenticity over the crop of lacklustre Latin bands that have emerged in the London clubs this summer.

The British-born members, too, are far from musical mugs, the only possible shortcoming being the occasionally fragile vocal partnership of Tolera and the celebrated clubhost Sullivan.

The nine-song set is a frantic melting pot of bouyant Brazilian samba and a more subtle funk counterpunch. The Latin leanings are most obvious in songs such as 'Sarava', 'Vamosla', the set-closing 'Klacto' and the self-explanatory 'Buried By The Bossa Nova'. Funk is more to the fore on the choppy 'Time' with slow jazz sleaze the dominant ingredient in 'The Method'. Sheer Turkish delight.

Blue Rondo can also dance. In fact, I would say they dance better than a British band has danced onstage for years, the two sharpest steppers being singer Sullivan, arms flailing and legs trailing like some madcap cross between Roadrunner and a Russian gymnast, and Moses Mount etc, who dips and weaves like a demented belly-dancer. He cites the Blackpool Mecca in the heyday of northern soul as both his inspiration and training ground and it shows.

At the back of the hall, the cognoscenti beam their admiration. A passing member of Animal Nightlife, another up-and-coming shot of North London Latin, gives a guarded thumbs-up. Spandau's Martin Kemp is more vocal in his approval: "They're great aren't they! We're right in the midele of a recording session, but I had to come over and see this."

The Spandau manager Steve Dagger, meanwhile, amuses himself at the bar with a casual headcount of the record company scouts in the crowd. A mixture of rumour, the growing reputation of their dynamic live show and the current dearth of any other new dance bands of genuine potential have combined to make Blue Rondo the hottest unsigned group of the summer.

Last Sunday night's Islington extravaganza was typical of the type of show Blue Rondo have been striving to produce, steering clear of more conventional rock venues in order to make each show a special occasion. The previous weekend, for instance, they had guested at a South American festival at an arts centre in Salisbury, Chris Sullivan and Christos Tolera finishing the evening in the unlikely roles of judges in a Carmen Miranda lookalike competition!

The group's refusal to play the usual game of slogging their way through the pubs and clubs has brought forth the customary cries of elitism and hype from the rock reactionaries, jibes which Rondo's mischievous manager Graham Ball instantly disputes.

"We haven't deliberately kept things *that* secretive. It's not as if we've been keeping ourselves to just one sort of crowd. We've played to a fashion audience in London, kids in South Wales and mums and dads in Salisbury!

"All the people who have wanted to see us have always been there. I just don't see the point of advertising a gig nationwide when you're playing in a club in Wales. At the moment we're playing small places and the people who want to come and see us usually have their ear to the ground, so they are always there.

"We'll play in any interesting place for people that appear to be open-minded. But we're not going to get into playing the rock circuit. All the places we have played have had a little bit of variety."

Graham Ball has been holding the Rondo reins since the group first became a serious proposition at the end of last year. A former colleague of Steve Dagge and parajournalistic propagandist Rober Elms at the London School of Economics, Ball co-hosted the short-lived scene at the Kilt club with Chris Sullivan earlier this year. He is currently fired with enthusiasm as to the potential of Latin music in the UK.

"I think the gigs we have done have demonstrated how wide the appeal of Latin music can be, if it is presented properly. In the past, the musicians have been too obscure about their music and haven't really presented it in a way people can assimilate. But I think that this band could just open the floodgates because Latin music is going to be really big as a musical influence in the next few years.

"There are obviously going to be two stages. There'll be the fashion cycle, which has a life of say 12 months. And then there's the larger musical effect of Latin which could be as profound as reggae in the late '60s and 70s."

CROONER CHRIS SULLIVAN is Blue Rondo's originator and chief songwriter. Born 21 years ago in the relative backwater of Merthyr Tydfyl in South Wales, he now shares a flat with his American girlfriend Holly in Kentish Town, North London. It is here that I meet up with the group a few days before the weekend's show.

The ebullient Sullivan has a remarkable zest for living, having achieved more in the past few years than many do in a lifetime. In his time he has been club host, disc-jockey, waiter, fashion student, designer, writer and now musician, although Blue Rondo are as much a vehicle for his ideas about style as music. For a start, he designs their stage suits, much of his inspiration coming from the classic Hollywood movies of the '30s and '40s.

"Those old films are simply the best things ever shown on television," he explains in a rich Welsh accent. "You have them shoved down your neck from about the age of three. The first music I got into was through films."

The classic men's suits of the old films, snappy Edwardian or baggy Zoot, have always been one of Sullivan's major influences, as his piece on the history of the Zoot suit in a recent issue of *The Face* testifies.

"It's a look that I just keep on returning to. I first got into it around 1975 and I am again now. Zoot suits were once labelled as the badge of the hoodlum and that always appealed to me. They've got quite an interesting history. The original Zoots were the first time that working class youth had rebelled against their peers in a stylistic way.

"But you just can't get away from the influence of films. Another reason that I really like '30s and '40s films was that image was all-important then. Not so many people had records and television, so image and showmanship were always the big things. I think we should be returning to that now."

Sullivan himself has always had an element of the showman in him, although his preference for extremity and exaggeration in his dress did cause problems in his Merthyr teens.

"I'd go out on a Saturday night, into Newport or somewhere, and I'd have to walk through the town centre to get my bus and the people in the town just weren't into it! But the dressing up thing goes way back. I used to go to northern soul clubs from about the age of 14. I suppose it all starts from about the age of 11 when you first go to secondary school, and just escalates from there."

In common with the majority of the Rondo clan, Sullivan's roots are in the mid-'70s soul scene, particularly the celebrated all-nighters of the northern circuit. Like many of the original soul boys, he was initially attracted by the punk upheaval of 1976, only to become rapidly disillusioned, seeing latter punk merely as an excuse for dressing lazily.

"It was! Completely! It was probably the easiest syle of dress, certainly in its more mundane form. You didn't have to comb your hair or wash your shirt or press you trousers! It was alright when it started off because it was quite new, but once it got going punk just became lazy.

"It wasn't a clean look and the music wasn't clean ... not that cleanliness is

everything. One of the classic looks that I really like is Marlon Brando and Lee Marvin in *The Wild One* and *that* wasn't clean! Striped T-shirt, leather jerkin, flying helmet and goggles ... brilliant! In its own way that leather look is really dirty. But it's not the same as punk was 'cause it was a really carefully cultivated look.

"I like looks that are thought about, not just shoved together. During the punk phase there was the archetypal leather jacket, jeans and Doctor Martens, which was basically pretty dull. Curiously enough, most of the people that I knew who were into punk at the start never got into that business. It was far more flamboyant then. I mean, I used to take *hours* getting ready to go out, literally *hours!* I was much worse than I am now, much worse!

"When punk was a stylistic thing it was fine, but as soon as it became a uniform it lost all that."

DISILLUSIONED WITH PUNK, Sullivan went back underground. He went back to his club roots and moved to London to take a course in fashion design at St Martin's College Of Art only to quit that after 18 months, disenchanted with the restrictions of the art school system.

"They put you on a foundation course which lasts a year and in that time you are supposed to decide exactly what you want to do. Multi-media courses would be much better. Otherwise, you've got a whole art school at your disposal and you're only using one department."

By the time he opted out of college, Sullivan was an established figurehead on the capital's new club scene. With his partner Steve Strange, an old friend from Wales, he was hosting alternative evenings in the St Moritz club in Soho and Hell in Covent Garden. Although the dominant sound then was still coldly electronic, Hell and the St Moritz marked the beginning of a drift towards the warmer, more soulful sounds of funk and even Latin music.

"We played a lot of bossa nova stuff down at the St Moritz, but the club itself was purposefully a short-lived thing. It was an experiment. I wanted to find out whether I was a complete crackpot weirdo or whether my tastes were more universal. We used to play stuff like Edith Piaf, '30s and '40s jazz, Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker. But once we'd proved our point, there was no reason to go on."

Instead, Sullivan had the gem of an idea for a club combo who would actually play their own brand of jazz-tinged Latin music, although it was a full 18 months before the idea came to full fruition in Blue Rondo as they are now. The band name — the title of a sleazy Dave Brubeck tune with distinctly Latin leanings — was chosen well over a year ago, although it was only a couple of months back that the group, augmented by the introduction of the rhythm men from Rio, played their debut live dates.

"Apart from the old Carmen Miranda films and everything, I first got interested in Latin music by going to some Latin clubs in Paris. Latin American music plays a far bigger part over there than it does here, but it was only when I visited those clubs that I began to realise the potential of Latin music in the UK. It was the only rhythm that hadn't been used in Britain before.

"It had a brief try in the '60s, but that was a rather futile attempt with people like Ray Barretto. Then again, in the mid '70s, Island Records tried to push a big salsa thing, and then there was the disco Latin stuff. But I never really got into that. I found it all a bit tinny. The salsa that I like is the really rough, hard stuff. When they put it into a studio, it always comes out sounding a bit light. That's why I prefer samba rhythms to salsa. They are heavier and harder."

Brazilian bassman Kito elaborates.

"It all comes down from the Brazilian carnivals. In the middle of summer, the samba schools go out into the streets and play. It is all very heavy on the percussion. Then you have the bossa nova and the new samba versions which are more jazzy. But street samba, the stuff that we're talking about, is rougher, more percussive.

"Samba is very big in Brazil, but meeting these guys was the first time that me and Geraldo had come across any British people who were really into playing Latin."

With most of the British members having come up through the soul scene, Chris in Wales, Mick in Ealing, Christos in Islington where he went to school with Martin Kemp, Tony in Bournemouth and Mark in High Wycombe, the group are keen to retain a grasp of the funk fundamentals while slipping into their Latin groove.

"The funky songs we do have a tinge of Latin and the Latin songs have that tinge of funk," explains Christos. "That makes them a little more accessible. It also gives it our own sound — funk-samba if you want to put it in a nutshell! At one stage we did try playing a straight samba song, but it didn't sound as exciting as when we added something else to it.

"The trouble with a lot of the more conventional Latin bands is that they don't make themselves accessible. It's not that easy to introduce a completely new form of rhythm, but I think people will eventually latch onto it 'cause it's basically a happy music."

"It's trying to bring a bit more entertainment back into things," adds Mark. "It's an alternative to putting on your make-up and sucking in your cheeks. We all like dancing so we play music that is good for dancing to.

"We take it seriously in so much as we want the rhythms to be right, but we don't want to be a complete copy of a Brazilian band. We want it to be a fusion of the Latin and the funk feel."

JUST AS SURELY as they are bound to sell thousands of records, Blue Rondo are bound to attract plenty of flak both from the rock puritans and the Latin music purists. And there's some people who are just as certain to sneer at the cut of their suits. Their own confidence in their undoubted ability, originality and style should, however, be enough to see them through.

"I suppose we were hyped up a bit at first," admits Christos, referring to the heapful of publicity the group received before they even ventured out onto the stage for the first time.

"The thing was that we weren't even ready to play at that time. It was a weight off our shoulders when we actually completed our first gig. But I think we've just attracted the same hostility that people from our circle always seem to attract. A lot of the traditional rock types seem very hostile to the things we do. That's why we've taken our time to make sure we've got it right."

And what of the hostility the group will almost inevitably feel from the Latin quarter?

"The thing to bear in mind there is that we're not claiming to be a purist Latin group. And what have a lot of the purists done for their music anyway? What is the use of a purist form of music that can't reach the people?

"You have to reach the people and then make them dance. That's the fundamental aim of music as I see it."

Chris Sullivan prefers to trace the music back to its spiritual roots in the soul clubs.

"Most of the people in this group have come full circle and are back at those very roots they started from, only now they're in a group.

"It's only very recently that the club scene has started creating groups like us. Usually, the music that the club-goers listen to has been the imported American stuff.

"I think it is important that, for once, British people themselves are starting to create music that is played in those clubs."

Christos Tolera

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LPs

Freeze-frame visions of the New Redundants

DEVO:
New Traditionalists (Virgin)

NOW THAT Jerry Casale has seen the Devo concept actually take root in the Californian psyche, now that his theory of America has been borne out in practice, can he see any further point in the perpetuation of its enterprise? As he once observed, "they're happy being pods, the mutation's complete" — though of course, like Don Siegel before him, he knows there's no need for an invasion of bodysnatchers in the first place. As his cold subversion becomes more and more open, as his despair is channelled into increasingly formulaic musical structures, can it not be said that something like *Friday The Thirteenth* is a more significant cultural artefact than Devo?

Casale has never been prepared to recognise the 'limitations' (a word he himself has used on occasions) of sound itself. Embedded within the insidious webs of American ideology — an eternal chat show — implanted as a fatally slow virus in the nerve-system which spreads and devolves that ideology, he has only seen his own activity as a limitation. But in the transition from guitars to synthesizers, the Devo concept has itself become as insidious and redundant as the material elements that inspired it. The trite paradox of the title 'New Traditionalists' is tantamount to admitting to this inevitable exhaustion.

In its inception, Devo was as potentially subversive as Dada, in which the perfect Dada act was the philistine's slashing of a Dada painting. But Dada was succeeded by the more resilient movement of Surrealism, while Devo as concept has been assimilated by a "hip" Californian youth which continues to buy REO Speedwagon records regardless.

If you find the idea of trumped-up electro-teenbeat, synthesized and discomixed to the point of hygiene, regardless of consciously slight, formulaic melodies and Mothersbaugh's dull, patronising voice, tempting, well, it's all yours. Some might suggest the Devo throne is up for grabs. Here all aspects of the sound-structurally, synthetically — become the merest exigencies of satire.

Every song on 'New Traditionalists' follows a precisely codified rock format, and its ubiquitous synthesizers, undercutting each melody, only further found the sound in the deepest conformity. *"Teachers and critics/All dance the poot"* went one line in 'Jocko Homo' — all Americans are in this blandness together. Wallowing in the absurdity is one thing — you've got to come out to take it apart, and if Devo took the politics of their position as seriously as they should, they'd have done something with their sound as well as their words.

***"Beautiful people everywhere/The way they comb their hair/Makes me want to say/It's a beautiful world"*, sings Mothersbaugh at — Devo's most glibly cynical. The song shows they're exhausted, sunk into the miasma that the first LP militated against. Now Middle America's "small towns" must yield up "young alien types" who are prepared to stand up and declare that they're "through being cool", that America really is a nation of zombies, and that Devo has provoked that revelation. No further irony, only living consumerised death played out in the terms the rock industry itself dicates. 'The Super Thing' is West Coast Talking Heads (who only talked of the 'Good Thing', like Henry James' *"the great good place"*) with Kraftwerked synth and drum machine for rhythm section; 'Soft Things' and 'Beautiful World' are no more than flatulent sarcasm, exhausted and hollow. Devo should have become a movement, a giant hype, with Casale entrusting duties to people with what he called "highly developed vision". But perhaps he couldn't find any; the videos have stopped. Devo is still a rock band, and California simply doesn't register the effort and the intelligence.**

This is no distortion, this is no pregnant threat. *"Gimme something soft when times get hard"*, goes 'Soft Things'. Here we're still hard, and we don't need this polarisation. *"Gather up the pieces when the party is done/Then you'll find that living really can be fun. . ."* — shrivel up, 'Enough Said'.

Barney Hoskyns

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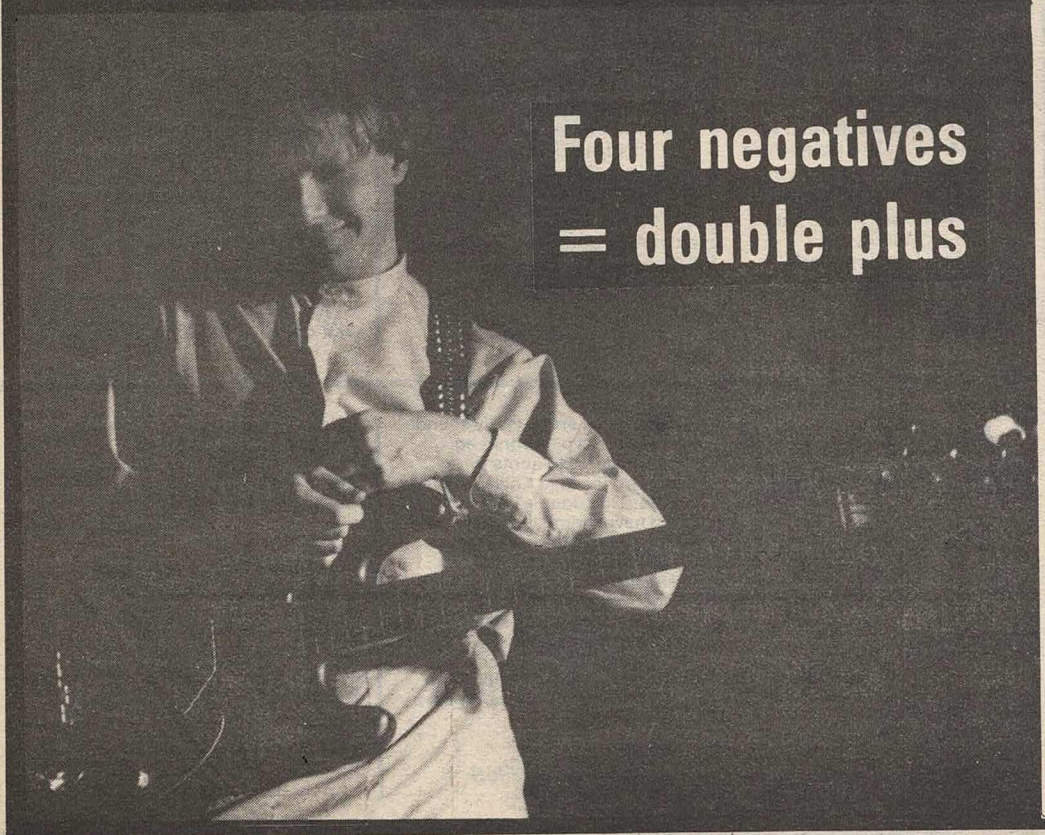


Four negatives = double plus

THE COMSAT ANGELS
Sleep No More (Polydor)

A YEAR AGO The Comsat Angels' debut album promised a lot: its dissection of estranged moods was made attractive and accessible by solid rock rhythms which never lumbered into orthodoxy. The band didn't attain the drama and immediacy of Joy Division, but they were moving in a parallel direction, making physical music for the inner ear.

In the last year 'Waiting For A Miracle' has almost been forgotten. The Sheffield foursome have released a couple of neglected singles and played hardly any gigs. Maybe it's also been a case of being overtaken by events, what with everything from New Romantics to riots.

However, the time of The Angels has come again. They've been quiet because they've been fulfilling their early promise and hatching 'Sleep No More'. And it is an album, a totality, not just a collection of songs. It doesn't pursue anything as dubious as an overall concept, but rather cultivates consistency, a SOUND.

That all important big beat from 'Miracle' has been made heavier yet, and economical tomtom and extra snare are preferred to cymbals. These are a luxury which drummer Mik Glaisher can't afford while bassist Kevin Bacon builds around the beat, cranking this way and that. The rhythm section creates new shifting spaces, and it's not what is played which actually counts so much as the space which is left for the listener.

It's no rest room, though; midtempo reveries are forever spinning and spiralling, literally hooked and led by Stephen Fellows' sharpened guitar: it's lyrical too, never labouring the fragmentary points which it makes. Andy Peake's keyboards stay very close by, at the same time creating more of those rhythmic spaces.

The four instruments and Fellows' stunted soul voice move along individual planes, but co-exist, operating as a unit, playing with space in order to do tricks with time. The Comsat Angels are the subordination of the ego and the triumph of the collective will.

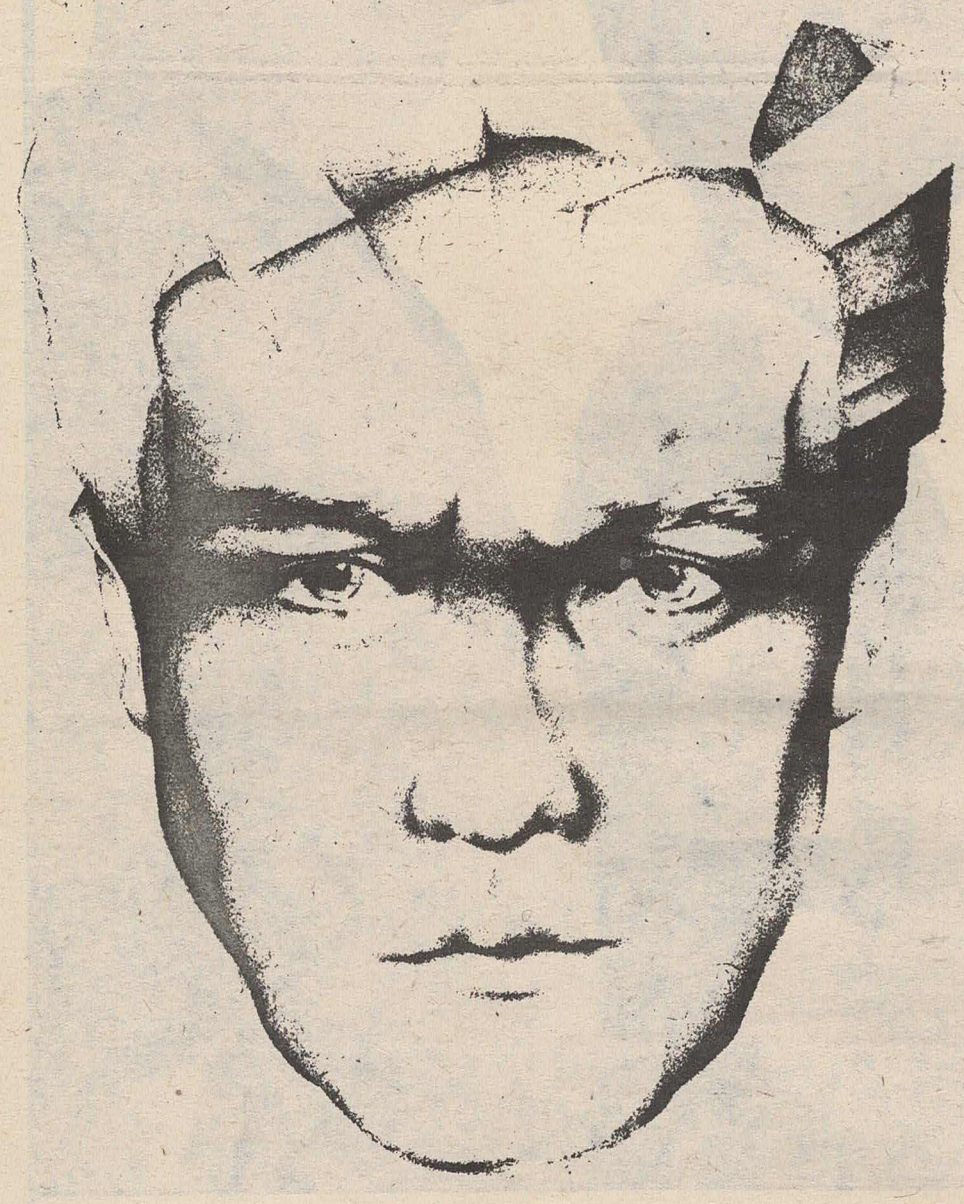
You've got the picture, and it's painted over ten tracks. It's almost a waste to single out any of them (let the listener discover the variations), but anyway here goes. . . The title track and slower ones like 'Restless' are perhaps the least successful, though even they thrive on tension and push along. That's because out of the gloom of psychedelic blues (and greens and reds and whatever else is on this record) comes a pleasurably disorientating mixture of calm and urgency, dignity and fury.

Paradoxically, it's negativity which pulls the band through; they see light at the end of the tunnel of doom. Hence positive titles like 'Be Brave', and 'Gone' which makes The Bunnymen sound like blind mice being chased by the farmer's wife. As for 'Goat Of The West', it bears the brunt of the year's most ferocious riff.

Finally, mention must be made of the way The Comsat Angels brush against melody, starkly in 'Diagram' but softer, more humanely in 'Our Secret' whose near poppy, supressed joy ends the album. Time for you to get started.

Paul Tickell

JOHN.....
....MILES..



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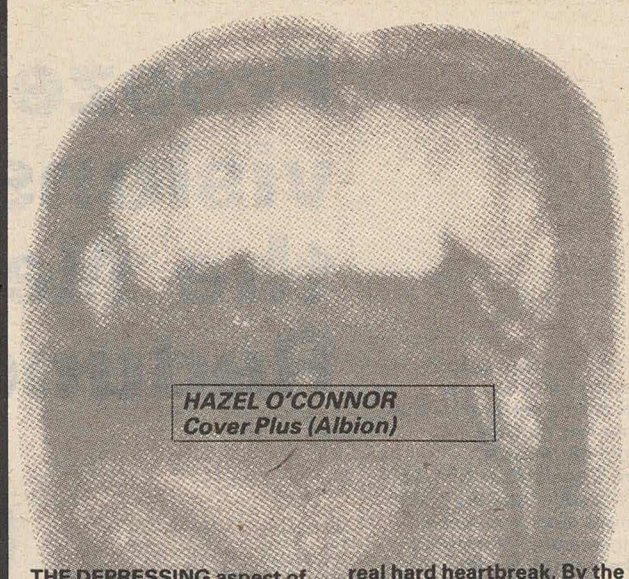

HAZEL O'CONNOR
Cover Plus (Albion)

THE DEPRESSING aspect of Hazel O'Connor is not that she seems to have made a career from packaging pieces of herself for very public consumption, but rather that she sells herself so cheaply. There's something of the victim about Hazel, something hapless and desperate. She's too eager and ambitious for the wrong reasons; for acclaim rather than the self-satisfaction of achieving something of substance.

Everything she's done so far has had that sense of something slight, sensationalised. On 'Cover Plus' this problem is compounded by her habit of picking on the most serious subjects and turning them into trite, often plain silly, observations with an added gloss of unconvincing melodrama.

To take a thing like wife-beating and the whole horrible subject of family discord, call it 'Ee — I — Addio' and add a real kiddie chorus smacks of offensive emotional trickery rather than real hard heartbreak. By the same token 'Animal Farm (We Will Be Happy)' is a pointless treatment of George Orwell's celebrated political fable delivered in portentous tones that are insultingly empty.

Apart from The Stranglers' 'Hanging Around', enunciated in fake Grace Jones' tones, and Lou Reed's 'Men Of Good Fortune' you're left with Hazel's small, inconsequential snatches of Love and Life, orchestrated by the anonymous Megahype who occasionally descend to horrendous musical cliches.

Hazel's accompanying "diary" charts her erratic progress through a series of hack dancing and modelling jobs through Europe and the Far and Middle East, all set out as artistically enriching experiences which lead, inevitably, to the Big Break: a starstruck, freewheeling obscurity to which, presumably, she'll return once her brief burst of notoriety is over. Ridiculous really, but you finish up feeling sorry for her.

Lynn Hanna

ACCELERATE WITH THE MERCURIAN (Arcadian Research Authority)

INVISIBLE GIRLS come in a variety of colours but until now it would seem that Steve Hopkins (a partner in crime of such luminaries as Martin Hannett, JCC and Pauline Murray) has been content to paint himself backroom black. Mr Hopkins you have been hiding your considerable kaleidoscope of lights under a bushel, you have been holding out for too long.

'Accelerate With The Mercurian', first release on the above mentioned label, is beyond doubt full proof of a musical force that will surprise and delight a world weaned in the headier atmospheres of today's *anything goes* variety club. Not being content to follow in the slipstream, 'The Mercurian' becomes an essential publication. It's a feast of sweetback, a selection of soul, a baffling, thrilling whirlwind of undiluted melody which is ripe enough to satisfy the most tarnished palate.

The story line is: boy meets girl, a romance is born, love leads to hate and rejection and 'Bad Sex In A Chinese Restaurant'. Now listen on.

Musically this Manchester mob are stretching out in fields not usually associated with our festering isle. They play on a beach where the pacific ocean is always blue, swing through jungles where the word is Johannesburg, where nights are southern and wizards are true stars. Mercurian are present funk in

LEVEL 42
'Level 42' (Polydor)

THAT HALF OF Level 42 have had a formal musical training is hardly a bad thing; it's just that their conformity is at times rather stringent, with the result that spontaneity suffers. 'Love Games' is by far the most endearing track on the album — warm and infectious, it was out as a single last March — something that you might recognise without being able to put a name to it. Within the loose jazz-funk context, Level 42 often replace the more common use of saxophone with various keyboards. Although successful on 'Love Games', it otherwise adds to the overall unimposing 'background' quality of their music.

The three instrumental tracks indicate that the group's real talent lies in composing incidental music and theme tunes. '43' and 'Heathrow' are exactly the kind of thing to introduce, say, a holiday programme: jet taking off, a heat haze on the runway; switch to blue skies and tanned bodies on sun-kissed beaches. . . 'Dune Tune' would be perfect on countless TV movies.

From their name (number '42' is so completely insignificant and uninteresting) to the sleeve artwork (gradual shades of blue and yellow with an unknown figure in the foreground) — it's all vague, without being intriguing; there's a total lack of demand.

And that is precisely where the music fails in an orthodox L.P. form: it's just not suitably captivating — there's no vital spark.

A dull, quiet music for contentment.

Kirsty McNeill

MEREDITH MONK
Dolmen Music (ECM)

Liberty from

VOICE MUSIC: jazz singers try to sound like saxophones, sax players try to approximate the voice. Is there a vocal music which pays no dues to what we know as singing or playing? Meredith Monk, an American vocalist, poses one alternative. She has a diva's imperious, arrogant range and a jazz singer's lustre of nuance, a calisthenic sensibility. But don't let's speak of rarefied byways of the avant-garde!

The first side of 'Dolmen Music' is all Monk, voice-wise, plus her own piano and a few splashes from Collin Walcott on violin and percussion. 'Gotham Lullaby' luxuriates in melody, wings away from a wishful keyboard figure, haunts dimly-remembered avenues of cradlesong. The dervish skirl of 'Travelling' breaks the seal on glottal extremes and nasal stuttering. The piano remains sulkily, stubbornly earthbound as contrast.

'The Tale,' an infant's mirror-tune for The Residents' 'Laughing Song', is the only track to deal in words — *"I still have my mind! I still have my philosophy!"* 'Biography', the longest of the four, winds down a shock corridor of frightening extremes: the faint scent of liturgy in the gentler moments, evenness eventually scarred and torn by cruelly exaggerated vibrato before a tearsfall disappearance.

Yet these seem only sketches for the long title

LIGHTNING STRIKES

GASKIN
End Of The World (Rondelet)

THE END is nigh, guitarist Paul Gaskin and his HM cronies warn us. They mark this apocalypse with the sound of monotonous games of pocket billiards.

Paul Tickell

CARL CARLTON
Carl Carlton (20th Century Fox)

BUTCH BOY Carl can't sing and producer Leon Haywood is a last stringer for an ersatz Philly sound that died on its pins yonks ago. Haywood dares to quote from Clinton's (Not Just) Knee Deep' on 'I've Got That Boogie Fever', but would never admit he's just another third-rate studio hack trying to make a watered-down funkadelic breakthrough to the bourgeois black community. This is a malpractice which so far only Lonnie Simmons on the magnificent 'Burn Rubber' has managed to get away with.

Barney Hoskyns

RICHARD EARL
The Egg Store Ilk (Pilot)

MOROSE experimental meanderings by an ex-Swell Map. Untidy melee occasionally relieved by something that strays near a tune. Mainly dreary, depressing hippy drivel.

Lynn Hanna

RIOT
Fire Down Under (Elektra)

BEING AMERICAN Riot's HM is both less neurotic and less aggressive than its British counterpart. Otherwise it's the same old loud but enfeebled tinny din: stormtroopers in a tea cup.

Paul Tickell

LONNIE YOUNGBLOOD
Feelings (WEA)

LONNIE YOUNGBLOOD is a

Future tense in the eye of a whirlwind

BLACK UHURU
Black Sounds Of Freedom
THE WAILING SOULS
Firehouse Rock
TOYAN
How the West Was Won
(Greensleeves)

THE Greensleeves label, tucked under the concrete arm of the motorway at Hammersmith Roundabout seems to still be carrying the swing — chart-wise, too, now that General Saint and Clint Eastwood are piped out in our daily radio round with 'Another One Bites The Dust'. Owing to vanishing acts on the part of certain NME writers who normally corral reggae releases, for good or ill, here's a round-up of some of ther recent, though not new, lp's.

The Wailing Souls have great mystique. Check it out, these brothers have released just three albums in 16 years, 'Fire House Rock' being the third. The fact that the vibes endured through 16 years of mis-management on some level or other is a mini miracle on its own. The first two albums have moments of great inspiration — notably the wailing sirens chug of 'Mr. Fire Coal Man' 16 years back, and the l-er and l-er mountain range of 'We Got To Be Together', 'Feel The Spirit' and 'Bredda Gravilacious' on their last Island album, 'Wild Suspense'.

In other words, I was totally psyched up to slobber and drool over 'Fire House Rock', and it saddens me to say that you'd be better off spending the breads on A) a haircut, B) a new hat. There's a throttled feel to 'Fire House Rock', all these good songs struggling to get out but never quite breaking through on the domestic Dansette. Greensleeves made the canny move of picking up the rights to Black Uhuru's first album from Prince Jammy when the rights reverted back to him after a couple of years with Shelley's Third World label. So low (deliberately) is Count Shelley's profile amongst honkies, that the existence of the majestic 'Love Crisis' album (released in 1977 when Jayes man Errol Nelson was in Puma's place in the vocal trio) was unknown to many mediacrats who picked up on B.U. in the recent find-a-Marley-substitute frenzy.

This is a shame, because mighty though Uhuru's recent sounds are, they've never topped the quality of *songs* on the '77 album. Even on their recent tour, early numbers like 'I Love King Selassie' sent people spinning. Great sounds like 'Hard Ground', 'Willow Tree', 'African Love' and the creepy, sneering 'Sorry For The Man (Who Loves A Girl Like You)' — singer/writer Tony Rose finds it so difficult to say nice things about girls — show a tunefulness Rose has never recaptured. If only someone would re-issue my favourite early Rose song, 'Observe Life' . . . but back to this disc. Jammy has re-mixed the album at King Tubby's, adding horns, brightening the backing vocals, and sending youthman Style Scott in to tart up the drums with his contemporary snazz. No, it's not spoiled, but it *is* different — lovers of the original cuts will be startled, like seeing your best mate wearing a wig. But this record is still an out and out killer and the drumming sounds wickeder, for sure.

'How The West Was Won' features Toyan the Toaster being pretty sprightly over some crisp, cutting Roots Radics rhythms. The art of tasting comes down to two basics: A) how well the d.j. rides the rhythm, the spatial/temporal relationship of the voice to the music, and B) what the person's saying. Just like rapping. Toyan's got a good start, because Style Scott's drums are a great dance partner. His voice is very pleasant, good tone and texture, lots of presence; but all through this lively album he says next to nothing.

Vivien Goldman

full control of the past, grabbing what they want and creating a slinky trick bag that's too baffling to define and is insulted by the short shrift of a cursory review.

Hopkins' combo — harmonisers Jane Martin and Richard Darbyshire, a horn trio, an ethereal, Lori and the Chameleon-like rhythm section — make most of the moves for the dancefloor, not strictly rock'n'roll but still the future of something.

The sharp eyed disco grip of 'Shot Down In Flames' is never really loosened by what follows but it's always given a fresh slant, another start. The record grows in stature, reaches bursting point on 'She's Another Dimension', mopes dismally and bitterly on 'A Billion Boys And Girls', reaches sour grapes on 'It's Just Routine' and waxes poetic on 'Red'.

Despite the wealth of modern stimulation available on the open market in 1981, Mercurian appear to be operating in a class of one, uniquely satisfying. Off the wall slinkiness hasn't sounded this good since Chocolate Milk. The fact that this record was probably made on a shoestring up the road is even more exciting.

Demand all further information from ARA at 355 Wilbraham Road, Manchester 16 and get this record on the streets.

Hail to the chief.

Max Bell

MASS
Labour Of Love (4 AD)

MELANCHOLY is pleasure in being sad. Joy Division took this romantic notion and stood it on its head, doing it contemporary violence. Their rock gothic sensibility chimed in subversively with the times; their own personal sense of dread stood in counterpoint to what they saw as a future, more public apocalypse.

Joy Division were exhilarating and the first on their block, but also unfortunately the antennae of a morbid '80s race who don't so much define and *play with* misery as wallow in it, saying: Come in, it's nice and warm. Shitty too.

Mass are in the swim with a million other self-styled sufferers. They parade angst, guilt and all the other seven deadly artistic sins and just leave it at that: a charade. The band don't want to communicate anything, merely want to gloat over their own bad faith: complacent black Mass.

Their fatted worm's eye view of the world is matched by their music. Tinkling discordant sound collages melt mundanely into what are meant to be rougher, more energetic sounds but aren't. All we get is a sombre voice struggling with its own lack of expression, punky riffs played in slow motion and banal keyboard atmospherics. How fine all this goes with running bland bass and drums which are more punctuation than beat. The agony and the entropy — nine tracks of it!

This album represents one emotion, one dimension, one colour, that of greyness. In fact that's the colour you'll go around the gills if you listen to this stuff long enough.

Paul Tickell

a tomb

track, a gigantic choral sweep for six voices, three male and three female. While it functions as index of possibilities for the voice, 'Dolmen Music' provokes no such recourse to academics, it cajoles, scares, infuriates, mesmerises. Bizarre, chittering dialogues grow out of the textures and dissolve again as a different group of voices takes precedence. Contrasting registers reflect tauntingly on outmost expression. By the end, you no longer hear voices, rather a restless, eddying swirl of disembodied instruments. Fragments continue to reverbrate disturbingly in the memory after it's over.

Somewhere, I would say (if I were so foolish), between the portentous solemnity of Gregorian chant and the splenetic cod-tribalisms of Furious Pig — but 'Dolmen Music' is really a record with no convenient comparison. If you want to, you can sing along.

Richard Cook

Georgie Boy who's played sax with all the r'n'b kings of the last twenty years. No less than James Brown and Sam and Dave crop up in his list of credits. 'Feelings', produced and mostly written by George Kerr and Vincent Castellano at H&L studios in Englewood Cliffs, NJ, is an unspectacular debut. The venture produces some reasonably funky moments — like an updated Jr Walker and All-Stars — but no freaky fun or sleek sensuality.

Barney Hoskyns

BIRDS WITH EARS
Youth In Asia (Attrix)

DILUTE DRIP-DRY funk fights for your (in)attention with mail order decadence, with inconclusive results. The fine art of chewing gun while walking from A to nowhere, slowly. Avoid.

Tony Clarke

EVELYN KING
I'm In Love (RCA)

WHEN YOU consider that three years ago a record was put out by Evelyn 'Champagne' King which should have changed the whole face of disco music — and would have, had it not been miles above most producers' heads — the girl's subsequent career has been exasperatingly mundane. With 'Shame' in mind — and how could one ever forget it? 'I'm In Love' is a numbingly staid attempt to relight her fire. The title track and single has sold well but is no more than a regulation mid-tempo, moog bass-based excursion into boredom. Every sound and note on this record is a musical cliche.

Barney Hoskyns

KENI BURKE
You're The Best (RCA)

KENI has a good voice, plays a steady bass, gets help with his lyrics from Bill Withers and Curtis Mayfield, and goes for a big smoothie production. But the moments of inspiration are few and the songs (disco, soul and ballads) lack distinction. Self-satisfied background music.

Paul Tickell

doll by doll

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Chrysalis

TOUR NEWS

AU PAIRS ● TWINKLE BROTHERS BIRTHDAY PARTY ● THIRD WORLD

☐ **AU PAIRS,** currently undertaking a minor tour of Europe, will be playing two British dates before flying to America for a mammoth number of gigs. The dates are: Birmingham Cannon Hill Park, on August 29, where the supports will be **Delta 5** and New York women's band **The Bloods**; plus London Lyceum, on August 30, where The Bloods will also put in an appearance alongside **Pig Bag, OK Jive** and **The Pinkies.**

☐ **ANTI-PASTI,** top of our Indies album charts this week with 'The Last Call', have dates at Glasgow Mayfair (September 2), Aberdeen Music Hall (3) and Edinburgh Portobello Town Hall (4).

☐ **DEPECHE MODE** play two shows at the London Venue on Saturday, September 19, the earlier one (at 5 pm) being in aid of Amnesty International. Only under-18s will be allowed into this show and anyone who's already reached voting age will have to wait until the 9 pm gig to view Basildon's favourite sons. Admission for both concerts is set at £2.00.

☐ **THE BIRTHDAY PARTY,** following their already announced date at the Edinburgh Nite Club on August 25, move on to appear at York Territorial Army Centre (27), Manchester De Ville's (28), Brighton New Regent (September 3) and London Venue (10). The band then head out to play their first American and Scandanavian shows.

☐ **THE TWINKLE BROTHERS,** the JA reggae group whose 'Rasta Pon Top' single has been selling strongly, are set to play their first UK tour during September, commencing their gigs at Birmingham Locarno on September 7 and then appearing at Nottingham Palais (10), Manchester Russell Club (11), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (12), Bristol St Barnabus Hall (13), London Rainbow (17), Oxford Cowley Workers Social Club (18), Reading Central Club (19) and Edinburgh Ital Club (20). Support band for the Rainbow date are I & I and Release De Beat, the tickets for this gig being £4.00. Tickets for all other venues are set at £3.00 in advance or £3.50 on the door.

☐ **JOHN MARTYN** and his band — Max Middleton (keyboards), Danny Cummings (percussion) and Alan Thomson (bass) — are to play the following dates: Manchester Free Trade Hall (October 23), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (24), Edinburgh Playhouse (25), Glasgow Pavilion (26), Lancaster University (27), Newcastle City Hall (28), Poole Wessex Arts Centre (30), Aylesbury Friars (31), London Hammersmith Odeon (November 1), Bristol Colston Hall (3), Oxford New Theatre (4), Guildford Civic Hall (5) and Birmingham Odeon (6).

WEA release Martyn's first single for the label on September 4. Titled 'Please Fall In Love With Me', it's produced by Phil Collins and is taken from the album 'Glorious Fool' which comes out on September 18.

☐ **JOHN CLEESE, Pamela Stephenson, Neil Innes, Tim Brooke-Taylor, John Bird, Jasper Carrott, Graham Chapman, John Wells, Victoria Wood,** and **Ken Campbell** will be taking part in 'The Secret Policeman's Other Ball', this year's Amnesty International Gala. Other stars are to be shortly announced for the Gala which takes place at London's Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on four successive nights, September 9, 10, 11 and 12. All four performances commence at 10.30pm and tickets are on sale now, from the Theatre Royal Box Office (01-836 8108) and the usual agencies, prices £12.50, £10.50, £7.50, £5.00 and £3.50.

☐ **SIMPLE MINDS,** whose UK tour starts rolling on September 17, have stepped in to replace **The Cure** at Stafford's Futurama 3 Festival. The band headline on the Sunday (September 6) bill and will take the stage sometime around 9pm, thus allowing punters an opportunity of viewing their new stage show without incurring too many problems about late transport. Promoter John Keenan, explaining the band switch, said: "The Cure have extended their Canadian tour and while they still wanted to play Stafford, it would have meant jetting back just for one gig — which expensewise alone just wasn't on!"

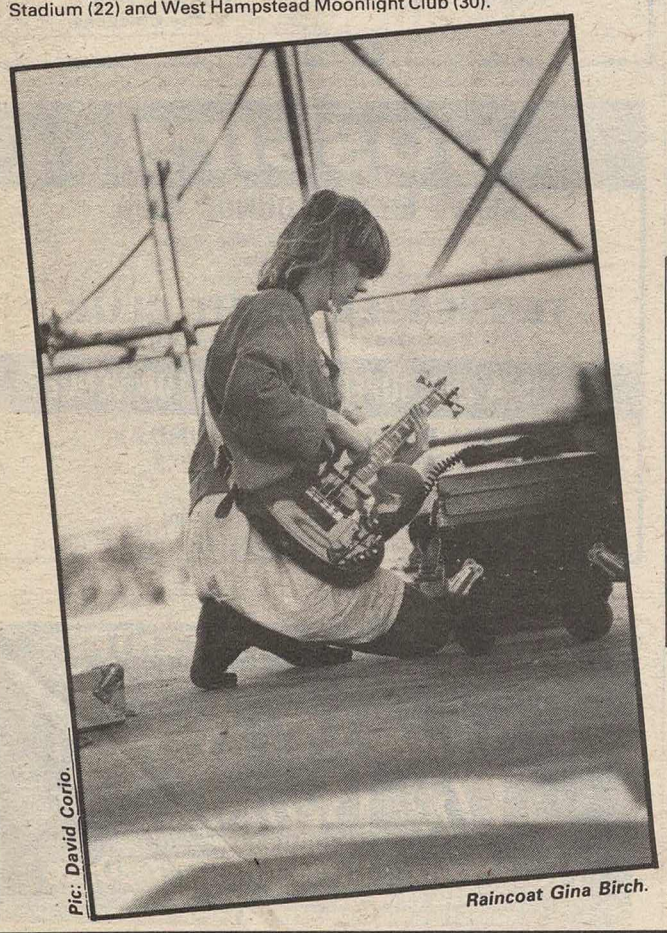
The Higsons, originally down for a spot on the Saturday bill, now appear on Sunday.

☐ **TALISMAN** and **Animal Answer** are set to play their previously announced NUJ benefit at London's Margery St, New Merlin's Cave on Sunday September 6 at 7.30pm.

☐ **JAMES CHANCE** returns to the London Venue on Friday, August 28 for a one-off gig. Tickets are £3.50.

☐ **THIRD WORLD,** probably the slickest outfit to stem from Jamaica, fly in for a brief tour at the end of September, commencing with a date at Liverpool Royal Court Theatre on September 27, then visiting Bristol Colston Hall (29), Brighton Top Rank (30), Manchester Free Trade Hall (October 1), Birmingham Odeon (2) and London Hammersmith Odeon (3). Tickets are £4.00 and £3.00 at Bristol, Manchester and Birmingham, £4.50 and £3.50 at Hammersmith, and £3.50 only at Brighton and Liverpool.

☐ **THE CHEFS** have added some London dates to their menu for September, these being Covent Garden Rock Garden (September 9), Lambeth Angel (12), Whiskey A Go Go (15), Chadwell Heath Electric Stadium (22) and West Hampstead Moonlight Club (30).



Pic: David Corio. Raincoat Gina Birch.

Au Pair Jane Munro. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

ASWAD, MISTY RAINCOATS FOR N'HILL CARNIVAL

ASWAD, Misty, Talisman and **The Raincoats** are among the bands appearing at this year's Notting Hill Carnival, which takes place from Saturday, August 29 through to Monday August 31.

The bands will play on Sunday and Monday only. The Sunday gigs take place on stages erected at Portobello Green and Meanwhile Gardens, while the Monday shows are at Portobello Green only. Running order: (Portobello Green — Sunday): **Combe Passe, Night Doctor, Musical Youth, Brimstone, Junior Brown, Sons Of Jah, King Sounds And The Israelites, Misty;** (Meanwhile Gardens — Sunday): **Burning Bush, Young Warriors, Eye Witness, Talk Over, Talisman, Vincent Units, Raincoats, Steel And Skins;** (Portobello Green — Monday): **Lanzel Dancers, Ras Angels, Talisman, Sons Of Jah, Brimstone, Junior Brown, King Sounds And The Israelites** and **Aswad.**

Performances will begin at noon daily and each band will play for approximately one hour, the final band going on at 7pm and playing till 8pm.

☐ **ARTHUR TWO STROKE AND THE CHART COMMANDOS,** whose last single was produced by **Micky Gallagher,** will appear as guests on **Ian Dury's** Edinburgh Playhouse gig on August 30.

☐ **JOE JACKSON** has added an extra date to his current tour and now plays a second Hammersmith Palais gig, on September 7.

☐ **TRES,** the name of a small guitar-like instrument featured in Afro-Cuban and Salsa music, is also the name of a new London-based four piece formed from South American musicians who've played with people like **Geno Washington, Danny Adler** and **Tito Puente.** Their next London gigs are at Kennington, The Cricketers on September 9 and the ICA on September 20.

☐ **CORPS DIPOLMATIQUE, Kan Kan, Sheer Joy, Plaza** and others figure in a Futurist All-Dayer, being held at the London Venue on Monday, August 31. Apart from music, there will also be fashion shows, stalls and other attractions guaranteed to intrigue those more into threads than dreads. Tickets are £3.50.

☐ **THE BARRACUDAS** kick off a new Wednesday night, American music of the '60s, gig at Le Kilt, in London's Greek Street, on September 2. Apart from the music, videos of such movies as *Riot On Sunset Strip* (with **The Standells)** and *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls* (with **Strawberry Alarm Clock)** are likely to be screened, while a full complement of psychedelic effects and go-go dancers will be activated.

☐ **RONNIE LANE'S** new band **The Big Dipper** will be putting in an appearance on the London Venue on Saturday, August 29, Lane leading Mick Weaver (keyboards), Bruce Rowland (drums), Big Doc Collis (sax), Neil Hubbard (guitar), Chrissie Stewart (bass) and Alun Davies (guitar). Later, on September 1, Lane teams up with old **Small Faces** sidekick **Steve Marriott** for a special gig at Canning Town Bridge House. The Big Dipper will not be participating in this event, which finds Lane and Marriott working together for the first time in 12 years.

☐ **RICHARD STRANGE,** who's staging a week of Cabaret Futura at the Edinburgh Rock Festival, is also heading for Scotland's west coast to do some shows of his own at Glasgow Plaza on August 30 and 31, these being followed by two gigs at Glasgow Maestro's on September 1 and 2.

☐ **BECKETT,** led by former **Back Street Crawler** vocalist Terry Wilson-Slessor, replace **Pauline Murray** at the Rock On The Tyne Festival this Saturday (29). Pauline Murray has pulled out due to illness. **Busker,** the local four piece have now been added to the Sunday bill. Local magistrates have also reversed a previous decision and granted the festival an alcohol licence.

● *Continues over.*

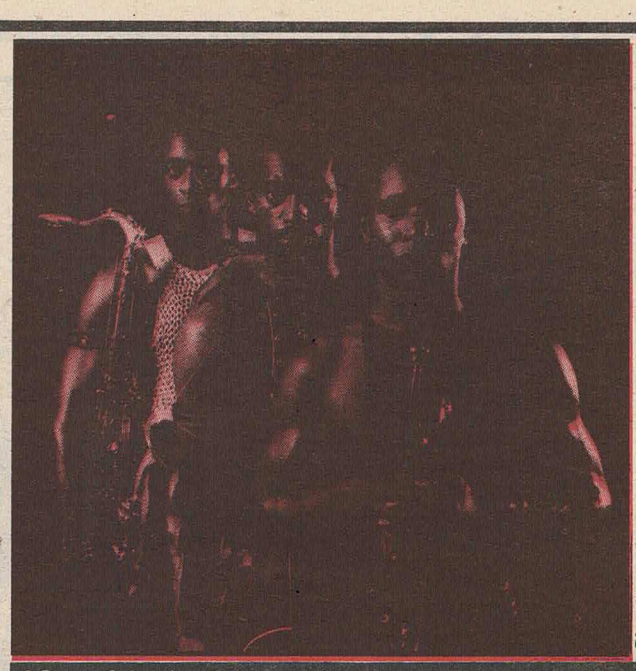
● *Continued*

□ **THE HIGSONS, Altered Images** and **The Weathermen** have been added to the **Leeds Queens** Hall festival on September 26 and 27, though **DAF will not now be appearing**. The event, which received exclusive coverage in last week's *NME* has been dubbed 'Daze Of Future Past', the Saturday line-up (26) being finalised as (in order of appearance) **The Weathermen, Altered Images, X, Wall Of Voodoo, Theatre Of Hate, Thompson Twins, Bauhaus, The Cramps** and **Echo And The Bunnymen.**

Confirmation from at least three name bands is awaited for the Sunday (27) bill which already boasts **OK Jive, Killing Joke, Classix Nouveaux, The Higsons and Japan.**

Tickets are priced at £6.00 per day from such outlets as Edinburgh Other Record Shop, Hull Gough and Davey, York Sound Effect, Bradford HMV, Blackburn Ames Records, Liverpool Penny Lane Records and Probe Records, Chester Penny Lane Records, Manchester Piccadilly Records, Derby R.E.Cords, Nottingham Selectadisc, Stafford Lotus Records, Hanley Mike Lloyd Records, Birmingham Cyclops Sounds, Wolverhampton Sundown Records, Leicester Revolver Records, Bath Records Unlimited and the South West Concert Club, London Rock On, Premier Box Office and London Theatre Bookings, Cardiff Spillers Records, Bristol Revolver Records, plus the various Virgin outlets in Glasgow, Newcastle, Leeds, Sheffield, Coventry, Bristol and Cardiff.

A two-day ticket, price £10.00, is also available exclusively from Queens Hall, Sovereign Street, Leeds or Straight Music, 1 Munro Terrace, London SW10 0DL. Postal orders only, made out to Straight Music Ltd, should be sent when requesting two-day tickets, and an SAE enclosed.



Pic: Simon Fowler.

● **Beggar & Co's** first RCA single 'Mule (Chant No 2)' is out September 4. The group recently guested on the **Spandau Ballet** 'I Don't Need This Pressure On (Chant No 1)' hit and, in return, Spandau members Steve Norman and Gary Kemp guested on the 'Chant No 2' sessions.

RECORD NEWS

● **The Police, Pere Ubu, Wall Of Voodoo, Magazine, Gang Of Four, Gary Numan, Orchestral Manoeuvres, Steel Pulse, Au Pairs, The Cramps, Toyah** and **XTC** are among those who have contributed live tracks to 'Urgh — A Music War', a movie soundtrack album being released by A&M this Friday. The film is likely to receive its first British screening during late October or early November.

● **Gary Numan** has a new album out on September 4. Titled 'Dance', it's his first studio album since 'Telekon' and features several guest musicians, including **Japan's** Mick Karn on bass and sax, **Queen's** Roger Taylor on drums and **Nash The Slash** on violin.

● **Bob Marley's** 'Chances Are' album is released by WEA on September 25. Produced by Marley and Larry Fallon, the album spans a 10 year period of Marley's career and contains eight previously unreleased tracks. A single 'Reggae On Broadway' should also be with us sometime in September.

● **The Fall** are releasing a retrospective album on Step Forward. Released this Friday (28), it's titled 'Early Years 77-79' and contains songs from their first two albums plus three singles from this era. On September 4, The Fall play a free gig for the jobless at Sheffield Polytechnic, while at the end of that month they undertake a tour of Iceland, where they intend to start recording their next album.

● **Afraid Of Mice** release a new single on Charisma on September 4. The single, which is produced by **Tony Visconti,** will be available both as a 7" and as a 12", the latter having an additional track in 'Have A Nice Day".

● **Rickie Lee Jones** has a new single out on September 4. A Warner Brothers release, it's titled 'Woody And Dutch On The Slow Train To Peking' and is culled from the recently released 'Pirates' album.

● **Richard Hell, Tom Verlaine's Neon Boys, Cosmopolitans, Peter Holsapple, The DB's, Mitch Easter** and **Randy Gunn** are among the acts featured on 'Shake To Date', a compilation of New York acts which should be in the shops on August 31. The album comes out through Albion, who release the Cosmopolitans tracks 'How To Keep Your Husband Happy'/'Chevy Baby' as a single on September 18.

● **The Adverts'** 'Crossing The Red Sea With The Adverts' album is being re-released on the Butt label in September. The hit single 'Gary Gilmore's Eyes' has been added to the existing tracks, otherwise the record and the sleeve are the same as the original.

● **Bob Seger's** 'Nine Tonight' live double-album is being rush-released by Capitol. The tracks were recorded during the Detriot rocker's 1980 World Tour.

● **Hazel O'Connor** has her third album ready for release on August 31. On Albion Records, it's called 'Cover Plus' and is produced by **Tony Visconti** who last worked with O'Connor on the 'Breaking Glass' soundtrack. The singer's first book *Hazel O'Connor — Uncovered Plus*, is to be published by Proteus on October 8. Around 35,000 words in length, it features 60 black and white and 18 colour pages of pictures, many of which are previously unreleased. Sale price is £4.95.

● **Medium, Medium,** the Welsh funk-rock outfit are to have a 12" EP jointly released by Cherry Red and New York's Cachalot Records. The disc will be available this week and is to be followed by an album in October, after which the band will embark on a tour of North America.

● **Bette Bright** has a new single in the shops on August 28. A Korova release, it's called 'Some Girls Have All The Luck' and stems from a forthcoming album.

Pic: David Corio.

● **Rip, Rig And Panic's** debut album, 'God', comes in unusual format, being two 12" 45s comprising 15 tracks. The sides are not numbered but have a colour title, the red side boasting such songs as 'Constant Drudgery Is Harmful To Soul, Spirit And Health', the yellow side sporting 'Knee Deep In Shit' while the green and blue sides offer similar delights.

Those wishing to see the fivesome in live action are directed to Action Space, near London's Tottenham Court Road, on September 12.

HAVANA lets go !!

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Wed 2nd Sept — 101 CLUB, Clapham
Thurs 3rd Sept — KEEP ROCK CLUB, Reading
Mon 7th Sept — BRIDGEHOUSE, Canning Town
Wed 9th Sept — KEEP ROCK CLUB, Reading
Tues 15th Sept — ELECTRIC STADIUM, Chadwell Heath
Sat 19th Sept — HALF MOON, Herne Hill
Mon 21st Sept — DINGWALLS, Camden Town
22nd-28th Sept — MARSAILLES, South of France
Thurs 1st Oct — GOLDEN LION, Fulham
Fri 2nd Oct — ELECTRIC STADIUM, Chadwell Heath
Thurs 8th Oct — TWO BREWERS, Clapham
Thurs 15th Oct — TWO BREWERS, Clapham
Thurs 22nd Oct — TWO BREWERS, Clapham
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30 Au Pairs
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6 Joe Jackson
9, 13 Crusaders/B.B. King
13,14 Michael Schenker
15 Bobby Bare
17 Desperadoes
25 Simple Minds
28 Vic Damone
28 Hazel O'Connor
OCTOBER
2 Nazareth
4 Dead Kennedys
5-10 Andy Williams
6, 7 David Essex
10 Sad Cafe
11,12 Steve Hackett
15, 16, 17 Ultravox
16 John Miles
18 Sheena Easton
18 Jack Jones
20 Johnny Cash
20 Tangerine Dream
21, 22 Hawkwind
24,25 Saxon
26, 27, 28 Santana
28 Janis Ian
30,31 The Shadows
31 Fats Domino
NOVEMBER
1 Randy Edelman
1 John Martyn
7 Styx
12, 13 The Nolans
17 Stranglers
18 Chris De Burgh
21,22 Judas Priest
25, 26 Thin Lizzy
30 Shakin' Stevens
DECEMBER
24,26 Blizzard of Ozz

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29, 30 Ian Dury, Elvis Costello, U2, Rory Gallagher, Doctor Feelgood
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Sunday 30th August
(Mod night)
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Wednesday 2nd September
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Thursday 3rd September
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Monday 31st
Free TALK LIKE THAT + Support
Tuesday 1st
50p A BIGGER SPLASH + Support
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Saturday 29th 50p
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THE PENCILS + Stigma
Monday 31st Free
DUCK SOUP + Support
Tuesday 1st Free
MILES OVER MATTER
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the HUMAN CONDITION
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THE PASSIONS
THEATRE OF HATE
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FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
PONDEROSA GLEE BOYS
ANOTHER COLOUR

WITH GUESTS:
TYMON DOGG
AND MARTIN BESSERMAN (POET)
(1pm — onwards)

SUNDAY 6th SEPTEMBER

SIMPLE MINDS (AT 9pm)
BOW-WOW-WOW (AT 7pm)
DOLL BY DOLL
MODERN EON
EYELESS IN GAZA
THE DIAGRAM BROTHERS
VIRGIN PRUNES (from IRELAND)
BLUE ORCHIDS ★ UK DECAY
OK JIVE ★ SECTION 25
THE HIGSONS ★ LUDUS
MARTIAN DANCE ★
POSITIVE NOISE ★ GODOT
B-MOVIE × EVEREST THE HARD WAY
THE TEASET ★ CRY
VENA CAVA

guest: RICHARD STRANGE
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(noon — onwards)

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TUES. 22nd SEPTEMBER 7.30
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THURS. 24th SEPTEMBER 7.30
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FRI. 25th SEPTEMBER 8pm
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Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-
WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

EVEREST THE HARD WAY
THU. "A bit cold, a bit threatening and a bit obsessive," SOUNDS reported.

THE TEMPER
FRI. AUG 28. "Are a houseful of new & exciting pop sounds," said Sounds, "high energy 3 minute arrangements skillfully compressing guitar, bass, drums format"

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SAT. 29. 2nd. shot at stardom for this effervescent, 60's soul influenced outfit. BOP NATIVES. Play that fatback swing thang! Should be a good double bill!!

SUN. H.G. & 100 YEARS + DEZINA + VOLETONES
MON. CLOSE UPS + SOMA + PEPPERMINT PIGEON
TUE. ANGELS ONE FIVE + GROUP 4 + YA YA'S
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WED. SEPT 2. Mighty 7-piece orchestra who play a pure brand of Jazz-Funk.
SOUNDS
THU. 3 SEPT. "Their thrash is exhilerating and lightheaded....more garage band than Punk."

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For Advertising call 01-261 6153

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CUDDLY TOYS
+ The Pencils
Saturday 29th August £1.50
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+ Datura
Sunday 30th August £1.50
TALK — TALK
+ The Impossible Dreamers
Monday 31st August £1.50
A BIGGER SPLASH
+ Parallel Bars
Tuesday 1st September £1.50
THE METROS
+ The Spies
Wednesday 2nd September £1.50
RELEASE DE. BEAT
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FOR MORE LIVE SEE PAGE 57

Nationwide Gig Guide

Girlschool pic: Mike Laye

Elvis Costello pic: Anton Corbijn

YEP, it's festival time again — those wacky groupings of performers and performed-upon. The Geordie accents will be out in strength along with that old favourite Newcastle Brown at Gateshead International Stadium where on Saturday Ian Dury and the Blockheads, Elvis Costello and the Attractions, U2, The Polecats, Pauline Murray, Huang Chung and Doll By Doll will shuffle their soft shoes under the 'Rock On The Tyne' banner. They make way for tradition on Sunday when Rory Gallagher, Dr Feelgood, local locals Lindisfarne and Ginger's Nutters, among others trade their wares.

The full Reading Festival line-up appeared in NME on July 18th — so there's no need to go through that all again — Girlschool headline on Friday and heavy metal rules the Reading weekend.

Thursday 27th

Modettes: London Victoria

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bolton (Bromley Cross) Railway Hotel: **The Elements**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Long Tall Shorty**
Chesterfield Star Club: **Our Pet & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Cleethorpes Cloud: **Whipps**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **The Berlin Blondes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **People**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Huang Chung**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Whitesnake/Billy Squier**
Ellesmere Port Waverley Club: **The Precautions**
Glasgow, West Regent St, Dial Irviv: **The Imprints**
Leeds Warehouse: **Funkapolitan**
Lincoln The New Penny Club: **Sinking Ships**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ray Campi**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Spitz-brook**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Splitzbrook**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Jump Squad**
London Covent Garden The Rock Graden: **Everest The Hard Way**
London Euston The Pits: **Buzz & Watching The Wolves**
London Euston The Pits: **Killer Wales**
London Fulham Broadway, The Swan: **Strange Arrangement**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ton Tons M'Ecoute**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **The Cubes**
London Fulham The Greyhound: **The Snax & Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: **C-Sain**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London The Mall ICA: **Dead Or Alive/The Decorators/The Room**
London N16 Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Don Harper/Denny Wright Quartet**
London Southall White Hart: **Belgravia**
London Southgate Royalty: **Shades**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head; **Talkover**
London Stratford Green Ham: **Katie Heath Band**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Reflections/Felt/The Marine Girls**
London West Hampstead Starlight Room: **Cosmetic Heroes**
London W1 Marquee: **Trust** 2 nights
London W14 The Kensington: **Ak Band**
Lowestoft South Pier: **Altered Images**
Manchester Jazz Centre Society: **Balis Novak/Norman Brown Quartet**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The V-Necks**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head; **Rockin Horse**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Dolly Mixture/The Rapiers/The Disco Braces In Pink**
Newcastle Mayfair Suite: **Joe Jackson's Jumping Jive**
Norwich Pennys: **Level 42**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **Steve Hackett**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **English Rogues**
Southampton Club Manhattan: **Out To Lunch**
Stevenage Swan Hotel: **Shader**
York TA Centre: **The Birthday Party & The Blue Orchids**

Friday 28th

Doll By Doll: Edinburgh

Bath Walcot Festival: **Talisman**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Cambridge Sound Cellars: **Snax / Fool**
Chesterfield Odeon: **Mature Young Adults**
Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: **Whipps**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Joe Jackson's Jumping Jive**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Doll By Doll**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Spider**
Horncastle Town Hall: **Shades**
Hull Goodfellowship Inn: **The Jets**
Kendal Folk Festival: **Martin Simpson / Roaring Jelly / June (3 days)**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Ali Katt & His Baghdad Boogie Band**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **The Metros**
Leeds Brannigans: **Middle Eight**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Lonesome No More**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Buddy Knox**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bop Natives**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Temper**
London Cricklewood Production Village: **Killer Wales**
London Euston The Pits: **La Rox / Terry Vision & The Screens**
London Fulham Greyhound: **A Blue Zoo / Mad Shadows**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45's**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton**
London Greenwich White Swan: **The Kicks**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Pencils**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Manufactured Romance / The Deadbeats
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Bob Gutherie Jazz Men**
London The Mall ICA: **Nightdoctor / Kaballa / Blackheart**
London N16 Pegasus: **The DT's**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Praxis**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The Feelers**
London Southgate Ballroom: **Mustang**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Imports / The Reflections**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Papers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Human Condition / Eyeless In Gaza / Kevin Harrison**
London W1 Marquee: **Trust**
London W1 100 Club: **Talisman**
London W10 The Kensington: **Killer Wales**
Manchester Belle Vue: **Boxcar Willie**
Manchester De Villes: **The Birthday Party**
Neath Talk Of The Town: **Chevy**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Vetoes**
Peterborough Wirrana Stadium: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Reading Festival: **Steve Hackett**
Retford Porterhouse: **Altered Images**
Reading Festival: **Girlschool / Steve Hackett / Budgie / Telephone / Saga / The Lightning Raiders / Nightwing / 1990 / Long Tall Shorty / a local band**
Ringwood The Elms: **Out To Lunch**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Misty In Roots**
Shifnal The Star: **Rough Mix**
Southampton Woolston New Bridge Inn: **Fugitive**
Southport Floral Hall: **Asylum**
Wallasey Leasowe Castle Hotel: **Paul Costello & Friends**
Weymouth Rock Hotel: **Zounds Lane**
Wigan The Ship: **The V-Necks**
Worlington The Garage: **Zyklon B / Annex The Sudatenland**

Saturday 29th

Banbury Spiceball Park Festival: **Steve Ashley + The Mistakes + Pendragon + Skid Risk + The Issues (+ other local bands)**
Bedford The Bunyan Centre: **The Dark**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: **Martin Carthy**
Birmingham Moseley Fighting Cocks: **The Set**
Blisworth Village Hall: **Nation 3**
Bolton Stars & Stripes: **The Jets**
Braintree The Barn: **Level 42**
Cambridge Sound Cellars: **Mood Elevators/Reflex Action**
Cardiff Nero's: **Funkapolitan**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Urge/Act**
Coventry Theatre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Everest The Hard Way/James King & The Lone Wolves**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Boxcar Willie**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **The Pulsators**
Gateshead International Stadium: **'Rock On The Tyne' Ian Dury & The Blockheads/Elvis Costello & The Attractions/The Polecats/Pauline Murray & The Invisible Girls/Huang Chung/Doll By Doll**

Wasted Youth: Retford

Gloucester Brockworth House: **Shades**
Great Ancoats Shamrock Inn: **Permanent Wave/Helen Watson**
Leeds Brannigans: **Radio I.D.**
Lichfield The Bowling Green: **Data Control**
London (Camden) Musicians Collective: **Orange Cardigan/The Normal Hawaiians/The Big Combo/Pink Flamingoes**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Dolly Mixtures/Bop Natives**
London Euston The Pits: **Sore Throat/Screen 3**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Jo Ann Kelly's 2nd Line**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Wreckless Eric/The Dee Tees**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **Shattered Dolls**
London Harrow Rd. Centro Iberico: **Zounds Lane**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **B.IM/Fay Ray**
London Marquee Club: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
London N16 Pegasus: **Ivory Coasters**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **West End Stompers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London The Mall ICA: **Ay of The West/Birds With Ears/Academy 1**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Salt**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Benny Waters**
London SW9 Old Queens Head: **The Papers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Flying Padovanis/The Nice Men**
London W1 Marquee: **Flock Of Seagulls/Afraid Of Mice**
Moseley Fighting Cocks: **The Set**
New Cumnock The Glens: **The Imprints**
Northampton Roadmender: **Altered Images**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Blue Zoo**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Marvin Gaye**
Reading Festival: **Gillan/Trust/Billy Squier/Rose Tattoo/Climax Blues Band/Roy Wood Band/Lionheart/Stan Webb's Chicken Shack/The Reluctant Stereotypes/Jackie Lynton Band/The Parachutes**
Retford Porterhouse: **Wasted Youth**
Shifnall The Star: **Sub-Zero**
Shrewsbury Coach & Horses: **Mature Young Adults**
Stainsby Folk Festival: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Country Music Festival**
Wigan Trucks: **The V-Necks**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Woking The Cricketers: **Relay**

Sunday 30th

The Beat: Nottingham

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Odeon: **Boxcar Willie**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Braintree The Barn Club: **Figures Of Fun**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Burnley Bank Hall Miners Club: **J. G. Spoils**
Edinburgh Astoria: **The Raincoats**
Edinburgh Ital Club: **Cool Notes/Papa SW1 Hi Fi**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Ian Dury**
Falmouth Laughing Pirate: **De Metros**
Gateshead International Stadium: **'Rock On The Tyne' Rory Gallagher/Dr. Feelgood/Lindisfarne/Ginger's Nutters/Trimmer & Jenkins/Diamond Head/Fist**
Glasgow Maestros: **The Berlin Blondes**
Hampton Court Thames Hotel: **Watusi**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **The Fascinators**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Kendal Folk Festival: **Boys Of The Lough**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Friends**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Altered Images**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Chase**
Liverpool The Warehouse: **The V-Necks**
London (Atlantic Rd.) Brixton Festival: **Zound Lane**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **OK Jive/The Patrol**

Nationwide Gig Guide

London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **H.G./The 100 Years/Dezina/Voletones**
London Embankment Jubilee Gardens: **True Life Confessions**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Thin End Of The Wedge/Norman Lovett**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Snooker**
London Hackney Chat's Palace: **John Bennet Big Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **The Onlookers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London N16 Pegasus: **Soul Band**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Colin Kingswell's Bandits**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Stan Greig Trio**
London The Mall ICA: **Stimulin/Black Roots/The People**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Rhythm Method/Matt Fretton**
London West Hampstead Starlight Rooms: **Talk Talk**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Spitzbrook**
London W1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Alan Elsdon Band**
Newquay Central Parade: **The Winners**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa 'N' Extras**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **The Beat**
Oxford New Theatre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Reading Festival: **The Kinks/Nine Below Zero/Greg Lake Band/Wishbone Ash/Midnight Oil/38 Special/The Desperadoes/The Enid/The Thompson Twins/Afraid Of Mice/andy Allan's Future**
Slough (Cippenham) Alexandra's: **Blues All Stars/Travelling Shoes**
Southampton The Canute: **The Press**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Pete Thompson & Alan Bell**
Woking The Cricketers: **The Tiles**

George Melly

Monday 31st

The Quads: Birmingham

Bannockburn, The Atom Club: **The Imprints**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Blue Stawberry Club: **The Quads**
Birmingham Locarno: **Shades**
Birmingham Mercar Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Demolition**
Brighton Corn Exchange: **Long Tall Shorty**
Chadwell Heath The Greyhound: **Everest The Hard Way**
Chesham Lowndes Park: **The Cobras / World's Apart / The Gears / Far Canal/ Clive Product Band**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Carlene Carter**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **The Berlin Blondes**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **Misty In Roots**
Huddersfield Flix: **Fission Chips**
Ilford Electric Stadium: **Everest The Hard Way**
Leeds Roundhay Park: **Goff Jackson & The Huns**
Liverpool Wallasey Dale Inn: **The Chase**
London Battersea The Cricketers: **The 45's**
London Bond Street Embassy Club: **TBC**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Gatecrashers / The Crying Shame**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Close Ups / Soma / Peppermint Telephone**
London Euston The Pits: **Killer Wales / The Sleep**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Marvin Gaye**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Bumpers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Wild Horses (plus support)**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Sunfighter**
London Fulham The Greyhound: **The Edtors**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Boxcar Willie**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Rafael Fays** (1 week)
London N8 Railway Hotel: **Prime Cut**
London N16 Pegasus: **Black Market**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **The Tarnished Six**
London NW5 Bull & Gate: **Ivory Coasters**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
London Southgate Royalty: **The Jets**
London Southall White Hart: **Mode**
London Stoke Newington Pegsus: **Black Market**
London Tooting The Castle: **Night Voyage**
London West Hampstead Starlight Rooms: **A Bigger Splash**
London W1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Northampton The Romany: **Nation 3**
Preston Clouds: **Level 42**
Shifnal The Star: **Berlin Walls**
Southampton Gaumont: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Southend Zero Six: **Brian Knight Band / The Pencils**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Joe Jackson's Jumping Jive**
Wakefield Outwood Comrades Club: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Walsall Show: **UXB**
Weymouth Ludmoor Car Park: **Gary Glitter / Cottle Circus** 2 days

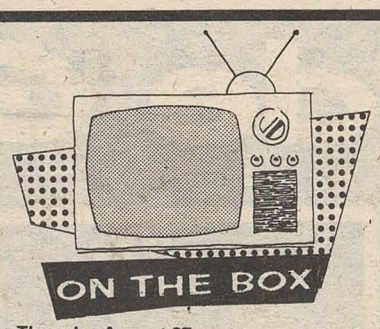
Tuesday 1st

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Birmingham Rum Runter: **Funkapolitan**
Bolton (Bromley Cross) The Railway: **J.H. Spoils**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Spider/Shattered Dolls**
Dartford Railway Hotel: **Waterfall**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Eleictric Circus**
Exeter Jolly Porter: **Martin Carthy**
Glasgow (Kent Rd) Toffs: **The Imprints**
Guildford The Star: **Imperfect Hold/Basic Essentials**
Kirklevington Country Club: **George Melly**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Chase**
London Bond St. Embassy Club: **TBC**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Anti-Pasta**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Shake/Shake**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Angels One Five & Group IV**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Pizza Express All Stars**
London Euston The Pits: **Ravenna & The Magnetics/Restless**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Manufactured Romance/The Chicanes**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Niagra**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Kensington "Wichity's": **Lagunad Castille**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The 45's**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators/The Wrecktangles**
London West Hampstead Starlight Rooms: **The Chicanes**
London W2 Westbourne Grove Shakespeare: **Harfoot Bros.**
Newcastle Lonsdale: **Prophet**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Joe Jackson's Jumping Jive**
Wembley Conference Centre: **Cliff Richard**
Weymouth Ludmoor Car Park: **Garry Glitter/Cottle Circus**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Michael Schenker Band**

Wednesday 2nd

OK Jive: Edinburgh

Aberdeen Valhall's: **The Berlin Blondes**
Arundel Cricket Club: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bletchley White Hart: **Scarlet O'Hara**
Bournemouth Maison Royale: **Ronnie Mayor Band**
Brighton Top Rank: **Joe Jackson's Jumping Jive**
Chadwell Heath The Greyhound: **Neal Kays Heavy Metal Soundhouse**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coronatioh Hall: **George Melly**
Edinburgh Astoria: **The Mistakes**
Exeter Winstons: **De Metros**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Leeds Pack Horse: **Xero**
Leeds Royal Park: **96 Tears**
London Bond Street Embassy Club: **The Mobile Suit**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Mirage**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Rafael Rays**
London Euston The Pits: **Everest The Hardway / The Chicanes**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Spangs & Civilisation**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **White Lines**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm / The Elite**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hot Sox**
London Victoria The Venue: **Blurt / Birds With Ears / The Pinkies**
London W1 Gossips: **Minds Over Matter**
London W1 Mooch Club (Whisky A Go Go): **Shake Shale / Bop Natives**
London W12 Wellington: **Harfoot Bros.**
Manchester (Ashton) The Shades: **The Politicians**
New Romsey Seahorse: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
Plymouth The Navy: **Martin Carthy**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Orbital Community Centre: **Cambit Of Shame**
Winchester The Railway Inn: **The Press**



Thursday August 27
ONE MORE TRAIN TO ROB (Directed by Andrew V. McLaglen 1971). John Vernon the cliched heavy, George Peppard the listless hero in routine revenge western which attempts vainly to adopt a jokey tone. Universal contract player Diana Muldaur at least puts some spark into proceedings but the best thing about this remains the train. **(ITV London)**

B.A.D. CATS (Trevor Fyngger-Dike 1979). Not so much bad as awful, this hack TV movie 'stars' the renowned Asher Brauner and Steve Hanks as two car racing enthusiasts who . . . shit, who cares? **(ITV Midlands)**

Friday August 28
TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD (Robert Mulligan 1962). Superficially affecting sermon on racial intolerance in a small Southern town as Gregory Peck's liberal lawyer earns an Oscar for defending Brock Peters' saintly Uncle Tom against a rape charge. The children — Mary Badham, Philip Alford and John Megna — are worth watching all the way, though. **(BBC2)**

CASE FOR THE DEFENCE (Charley Lawton 1976). More courtroom traumas as John Hamblin's John Case has to defend a child-killer. What is it about courtroom dramas that make them so watchable, even made-for-TV muck like this, and even the dreadful *Ladykillers* series? **(ITV Midlands)**

NORWOOD (Jack Haley Jr 1969). Glenn Campbell as Norwood Pratt (please, this a serious critique) wanders aimlessly around South London charming the pants off everyone he meets; this is fine in the case of Carol Lynley, but not so good when it comes to Dom DeLuise. Joe Namath and Kim Darby are in there somewhere, too. With any luck, one of those riveting documentaries on raffia weaving will be on the other side. **(BBC1)**

Saturday August 29
IF IT'S TUESDAY, THIS MUST BE BELGIUM (Mel Stuart 1969). And if this is Saturday afternoon, it must be the crappy film on BBC2. Ian McShane and Suzanne Pleshette lead a bunch of Yank tourists around Europe in the vain hope of finding a few laughs at the expense of stereotype characters. **(BBC2)**

THE GUNS OF NAVARONE (J. Lee Thompson 1961). Writer Carl Foreman gamely tries to inject a bit of moral ambiguity into the *Boy's Own* escapades but you can't hear the message for the big bangs. Gregory Peck and David Niven are the reliable leads in a stolid succession of set pieces, WWII the backdrop. Actually, it was Gia Scala's all-too convincing portrayal of a treacherous female spy that put me off women for life; I was an impressionable lad. **(ITV all regions)**

SOMETHING BIG (Andrew V. McLaglen 1971). Whatever you may think of Victor's boy, he sure can churn out westerns, no sweat. This is worse than *One More Train To Rob,* merely substituting Dean Martin for George Peppard, Brian Keith for John Vernon, and a Gatling gun for the train. Honor Blackman and Carol White look as though they've strayed on to the wrong set; in all likelihood, they probably had. **(BBC1)**

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH (Roger Corman 1964). Uncharacteristically elegent Corman production, beautifully played by Vincent Price as the malevolent Prince Prospero, despotic ruler of a plague-ridden 12th century Italian province. Genuinely haunting. **(BBC2)**

Sunday August 30
THE MIGHT MY NUMBER CAME UP (Leslie Norman 1955). The film of the *Reader's Digest* article! It's not a bad little thriller, really; Michael Redgrave dreams about a plane crash and lo and behold, it seems to be coming true. **(BBC1)**

TROUBLE IN STORE (John Paddy Carstairs 1953). The first of Norman Wisdom's desperately unfunny forays into big screen comedy, made watchable by the presence of Margaret Rutherford. **(ITV London)**

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (Lewis Milestone 1962). Trevor Howard's Captain Bligh is fine but Marlon Brando's effete Fletcher Christian is ever such a little joke to endure over three hours. Production problems plagued this elephantine remake from the outset, and it shows. **(EBC1)**

THAT SINKING FEELING (Bill Forsyth 1979). Debut feature from that *Gregory's Girl* man, rough and ready round the edges but nonetheless a sparky little job. a bunch of unemployed Glasgow youths (including the incredibly gangly Gordon Sinclair) attempt to get off the ground a ludicrous get-rich quick scheme. Lively and likeable. **(BBC2)**

Monday August 31
THE 300 SPARTANS (Rudolph Mate 1962). 480BC and all is not well. Ludicrous mini-epic has Richard Egan, Ralph Richardson and Diane Baker out in the desert reliving the events of Thermopylae; thermal underwear optional. **(ITV London)**

HARVEY(Henry Koster 1950). Loveable drunk Jimmy Stewart stumbles through life in the company of a 6ft rabbit called Harvey; from such dire premises are minor classics made. The amazing Stewart holds it all together, of course, but there's some terrific support from Josephine Hull and Cecil Kellaway. **(BBC2)**

THE FBI STORY (Mervyn LeRoy 1959). Notorious reactionary LeRoy's rose-tinted version of life in general and the FBI's cosy place in the scheme of things is enough to make even J. Edgar blush. There's no reason for James Stewart to be particularly proud of this one. **(BBC2)**

THE OMEN (Richard Donner 1976). Silly, po-faced horror shocker that takes itself so seriously the only recourse left open to the audience is laughter. Gregory Peck and Lee Remick are the unfortunate parents of the anti—Christ, a disagreeable little chap who has since appeared in two sequels; now there's a frightening thought . . . **(ITV all regions)**

ACES HIGH (Jack Gold 1976). Incredibly, this melodrama of battle-weary pilots durring WW1 is based on a play; a *play* about aerial dog-fights? Anyway, despite sturdy performances from Malcolm McDowell and Christopher Plummer, this isn't much cop. Jack Gold seems to save his best stuff for TV. **(BBC1)**

Tuesday September 1
THE LAST COMMAND (Frank Lloyd 1955). Being as my hols started on Tuesday, I probably won't see this one, but then the story of the Alamo never did mean much to me. Sterling Hayden is Jim Bowie, a bunch of swarthy extras the Mexicans. **(BBC1)**

VALDEZ IS COMING (Edwin Sherrin 1971). More Mexicans. The chief one is Burt Lancaster with a moustache; very good he is too as the humiliated lawman who sets out to give some white cowboys a swft lesson in racial harmony. **(BBC2)**

Wednesday September 2
TOO MANY CROOKS (Mario Zampi 1958). Terry Thomas in top form as a tycoon whose wife is kidnapped, much to his delight. Short and sharp, let down only by its soft ending. **(ITV London)**

NIGHT WATCH (Brian G. Hutton 1973). Hoary old potboiler with Liz Taylor going round the bend for an hour and a half, convinced she's seen a murder and no one, especially not Laurence Harvey and Billie Whitelaw, will believe her. Excuse me while I go away for a couple of weeks.

Monty Smith

IN THE CAN

ALTERED STATES (Directed by Ken Russell). For sheer spectacle and belly laughs, Russell's brilliant, batty epic wipes the floor with Cecil B. DeMille's entire output. William Hurt's loopy young scientist, wilfully experimenting with tanks full of water and buckets full of peyote, gradually reveals two fascinating sides to his character — Mr Hyde and Mr Hyde; reviewed 4.7.81. **(Warner Bros)**

AMERICAN POP (Ralph Bakshi). More like *American Pap* as Bakshi's choice of music constantly works against his striking rotoscoped animation in this kosher *Roots* set to hit tunes down the years; reviewed 22.8.81. **(Columbia)**

CALIGULA (Tinto Brass). Soft-corn job, for maximum interruptus, with Malcolm McDowell and Peter O'Toole jumping in and out of togas; reviewed 15.11.80. **(GTO)**

CLASH OF THE TITANS (Desmond Davis). Schoolboy version of ancient Greece greatly enlivened by the weird animated creations of Ray Harryhausen. Not, as Max Bell has it, anything to do with the World Cup '86 film *Clash Of The Tight 'Uns,* in which the Israeli and Scottish teams stare at each other for hours on end in the after-match bar, not even daring to play dominoes in case anyone knocks . . . ; reviewed 11.7.81. **(CIC)**

EXCALIBUR (John Boorman). Hugely enjoyable Arthurian fantasy, imaginatively handled by Boorman, acted with great wit by Nicol Williamson as the mystic counsellor Merlin; reviewed 4.7.81. **(Warner Bros)**

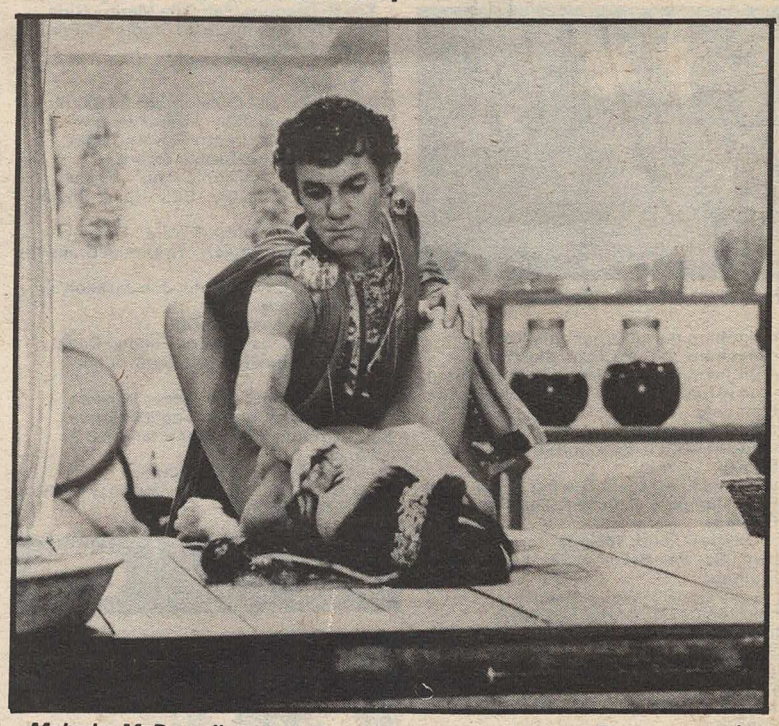
HONEYSUCKLE ROSE (Jerry Schatzberg). Easy-going insight into the country and western lifestyle, sharply acted by Willie Nelson, Dyan Cannon and Amy Irving, lovely to look at and put together by Schatzberg as a musical mosaic that's never a mere slave to its soundtrack; reviewed 22.8.81. **(Warner Bros)**

IN GOD WE TRUST (Marty Feldman). The man with the fried egg eyes should've done himself a favour and stuck with Mel Brooks or, even better, continued working in TV. He's come a cropper here, writing, directing and starring in a frantic, feeble satire of American hard-sell religion that's too childish to be blasphemous and too old-hat to be humorous. Talented performers like Richard Pryor and Louise Lasser are left to flounder in the quagmire. **(CIC)**

THE LEGEND OF THE LONE RANGER (William Fraker). Leaden dumpling of a movie that tries to wing it on unfunny camp appeal. Klinton Spilsbury's a klutz as the masked man, Christopher Hudson's heavy the only saving grace; reviewed 8.8.81. **(ITC)**

LION OF THE DESERT (Moustapha Akka). Well, at least the Arabs must've the ackers for large-scale epics of the old school. Anthony Quinn is the Bedouin patriot Omar Mukhtar, Oliver Reed his Italian fascist adversary in a noisy reconstruction of the Libyan desert campaigns of the '30s; to be reviewed. **(Enterprise)**

OUTLAND (Peter Hyams). Striking widescreen western set in outer space with Sean Connery as the lone representative of law and order in a hostile work camp on one of Jupiter's moons. Definitely no comic strip tendencies; to be reviewed. **(Warner Bros)**



Malcolm McDowell stars as the evil emperor in the camp Roman comedy "Carry on Copulating."

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (Steven Spielberg). A perfect schoolboy entertainment, apparently, which doesn't hold out much hope for the next generation. Long, violent and witless, but beautifully done; reviewed 1.8.81. **(CIC)**

RUST NEVER SLEEPS (Bernard Shakey). Funny that no one's ever seen Bernard Shakey and Neil Young in the same room at the same time. Funny that this glorified concert footage has been sitting on the shelf for over a year. To be reviewed. **(Blue Dolphin)**

STAR TREK THE MOVIE (Robert Wise). It came from outer space a couple of Christmases back, tinfoil gift-wrapped, and is now being given another chance to bore 'Trekkies' stupid (which is probably all they deserve). Talk about too much of a bad thing; reviewed 22.12.79. **(CIC)**

TIME BANDITS (Terry Gilliam). Exemplary use of a limited budget and unbounded imagination in this always gripping, occasionally funny, sometimes scarey wig — er, sorry — fantasy, with terrific contributions from David Warner, Sean Connery, John Cleese and Ralph Richardson; reviewed 18.7.81. **(HandMade)**

Monty Smith

London Cinemas and Theatres

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

For programme details & times phone TELEDATA 200 0200 (24 hrs.)

ABC 1 & 2 Shaftesbury Ave. 836 8861
Sep Perfs. All Seats Bkble
1: OUTLAND (AA)
Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.10, 8.10. Late Sat. 11.10
2: TIME BANDITS (A)
Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.0. *(Last 5 days)*

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 Fulham Rd. 370 2636
Seats Bkble Last Sep. Prog. L'cnd Bar Doors open 15 mins prior
1: Steven Spielberg's
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Wk. & Sun: 2.35, 5.35, 9.10
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
2: OUTLAND (AA)
Wk. & Sun: 2.35, 5.35, 9.10
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
3: John Boorman's EXCALIBUR (AA)
Wk. & Sun: 2.20, 5.35, 9.10
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 1.45, 5.0, 8.30
4: THIS IS ELVIS (A)
Wk. & Sun: 2.35, 5.35, 9.10
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
5: TIME BANDITS (A)
Wk. & Sun: 2.40, 5.40, 9.15
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30

ABC 1, 2, 3 Bayswater (Queensway) 229 4149
1:OUTLAND (AA)
Progs. 2.0, 4.50, 7.40. Sun: 4.45, 7.35
Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.00
2: Steven Spielberg's
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Progs. Wk. 2.0, 4.50, 7.45. Sun: 4.45, 7.35
Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.15
3: GREGORY'S GIRL (A)
1.30, 5.15, 8.55. Sun: 5.15, 9.0
RISING DAMP (A) 3.10, 6.55. Sun: 6.55
Late show Sat. 11.00

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4 Edgware Road 723 5901
1: OUTLAND (AA)
Wk. 3.20, 6.0, 8.40. Sun: 6.0, 8.40
Progs. 2.45, 5.20, 7.50. Sun: 5.20, 7.55
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15
2: Steven Spielberg's
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK(A)
Wk. 3.0, 5.0, 8.45. Sun: 5.50, 8.45
Progs 2.20, 5.05, 7.55. Sun: 5.05, 7.55
Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.15
3: THIS IS ELVIS (A)
Wk. 1.30, 3.55, 6.15, 8.45. Sun: 6.15, 8.45
Progs. 3.20, 5.45, 8.10. Sun: 5.45, 8.10
Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.15
4: THE BLACK HOLE (A)
Wk. 3.0, 5.50, 8.40. Sun: 5.50, 8.40
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Stevie Wonder

Pic: Alan Lysaght

HELP THE TOURIST!

Why is everybody in Montego Bay being so nice to po' white folk these days? And who *are* all these dub poets? ROZ REINES buys a sky juice at the Reggae Sunsplash festival and finds out ...

THE SUNSPLASH Reggae Festival '81, four days and nights of reggae music dedicated to Bob Marley, the man who put Jamaica on the map through his simple Redemption songs. And there are plenty of people from all over the world who are hoping that some of the Marley mystique will rub off.

The hotel where I'm staying, The Upper Deck, nestled high on the hills overlooking the town, is the temporary headquarters for a film that is being shot around this event. *Reggae Tribute* is co-produced by Michael Butler, who was responsible for *Hair*. So was it the great shanks of dreadlocks that attracted him to Jamaica? The words of one of the press releases says it all: "The multi-billion-dollar music industry is the fastest growing business in the world today, and Reggae is the fastest growing trend in that business today . . ."

After *Reggae Tribute,* Butler is off on a world tour to produce *Jah Love* — "a reggae super-concert musical". He may have hit on the perfect musical formula here, by combining the Hippy vibe of *Hair* with the religious conviction of *Jesus Christ Superstar:* "R.A.S.T.A. — what's that spell?" RASTA!!

The 4th Annual Sunsplash Festival is officially launched with a welcoming party at a tacky nightspot on the road out of town. The Disco Inferno boasts the title of being 'The Top Discotheque In The Entire Caribbean'. It would look right at home in Miami Beach or Soho . . .

Inside it's all soft red lights and chrome. The stage is filled with scantily clad dancers wheeling and writhing to a disco beat, while dreads like journalist Carl Gayle and the dub poet Mutabaruka look on with bemused expressions on their faces — culture shock? Meanwhile the red-necked sun-scorched press corps hungrily devour every morsel of food in the place and lunge at the bar — a lig is a lig the world over . . .

The night before, there had been a much more gracious one at the club-house belonging to the ritzy Half Moon Hotel. It was the first of a series of "get-togethers" thrown by the producers of *Reggae Tribute,* and no expense was spared. Smartly-attired waiters served French champagne around the kidney-shaped pool while an MOR band struggled with yet another Marley cover version: *"We no have no friends in a high society/We no have no friends/Oh mark my identity/We no have no friends . . ."* ('We And Them').

Steel Pulse's Dave Hinds

Pic: Kwame Brathwaite

Eek A Mouse

Pic: L. Gouldbourne

THIS is the first official day of Sunsplash Four and the seating and stalls in Jarrett Park are still being hastily constructed. Rita Marley is there helping to erect the Tuff Gong stall. Later on tonight it will open selling records; natty sun-visors in red, green and gold with "Bob Marley" stamped across the top, and assorted buttons, posters and T-shirts. The Tuff Gong stall is not cheap but still not quite as expensive as some of the other booths selling Marley memorabilia and dread accessories.

With the new government Jamaica has become much more tourist conscious. There are posters up everywhere saying "Welcome The Tourist", and a new set of rules have been laid down for treating foreign visitors; "With kid gloves", it would seem, because the Jamaicans, normally hospitable, have gone to new lengths. When I join a group of people jostling to attract the attention of a sky-juice (ice-pop) man, I find myself propelled forward amidst cries of "Help The Tourist".

First Night

REGGAE SUNSPLASH should be starting at seven pm each night, but when we check out Jarrett Park at that time, Black Uhuru are on stage with Sly and Robbie, just beginning their soundcheck. Most of the locals expect these delays and won't turn up for some time yet, but the tourists seem a little confused, not really knowing whether to applaud or not; "Is this it?" "They're not even laid-back in LA". But Michael Rose takes absolutely no notice at all — it's as if the grounds were completely empty.

There's already been one change on the programme; Culture will be headlining tonight's show instead of Toots and the Maytals.

Backstage, Culture's charismatic lead singer Joseph Hill is bouncing about all over the place showing off his brown velvet knickerbocker suit. "You won't find another one like it anywhere on the island," he tells me proudly. I can easily believe it. It takes a certain type of panache to carry off brown velvet in this heat.

But the big surprise tonight isn't the set from Culture or Black Uhuru, it's the way the Brit. reggae group Steel Pulse have everyone raving. This is the first time that any band from here has played at Sunsplash, and Steel Pulse just mash it up with a set that includes material from 'Tribute To The Martyrs' and 'Caught You'. They also do 'Ku Klux Klan' in costume.

"Did you like that? I knew you would!" David Hinds tells the crowd when he returns for an encore. But even amongst the other musicians the verdict is unanimous — Augustus Pablo, rocking next to me, had his recorder switched on the whole time, while emcee Tommy Cowan describes their set as "The first hard reggae we've heard tonight".

The Wailers, with Junior Marvin, Ziggy and Steve Marley and the I Three.

Pic: Kwame Brathwaite

By the time the Taxi Showcase is ready to start, it's already 2 am and the tiredness is beginning to set in. Both Jimmy Riley and The Tamlins, who've been standing around all day in the blazing sun waiting to sound check, give lacklustre performances.

At three am, though, Black Uhuru are a tonic. It's harder to stay seated than it is to dance and very soon, despite the presence of three different security forces and barriers galore, the people at the back of Jarrett Park have migrated to the front, especially the young kids. For no-one else speaks so succinctly for the youth they represent than Black Uhuru. On stage, Michael Rose's thrills and spills are every bit as daring as the most boastful Rude Boy, as he pushes himself to the limit, while Puma and Ducky retain the central balance and harmony. On their home ground, Uhuru's songs are a source of guidance, strength and compassion; this is the best that Jamaica has to offer . . .

Joseph Hill has a completely different type of appeal to Michael Rose. With his wayward eyes and eccentric personality, Hill plays the jester to Rose's soldier's stance. But at four am in the morning, when everyone is completely drained from the Uhuru set, it's almost impossible to take in everything which Culture have to offer. Not only that; because of the timing problem, there is little time to change over bands from the

FANTASY CASTLE

Donington, that is. BARNEY HOSKYNS straps on his breastplate, girds his loins and takes his sword to the HM Monsters Of Rock joust.

AT THE end of the day, Heavy Metal isn't really a monster at all — it's rather well-behaved, actually. Indeed, it's only the media that needs to conceptualise it as such, to see it as a clearly-defined, fortress-like object. For while the individual HM fan appears to be a certifiably homogenous entity, the supposedly siege-proof stronghold of "Heavy Metal" itself is in fact a reasonably open, diverse field of operations.

Castle Donington demonstrated this discrepancy perfectly. The 70,000-odd fans *were,* undeniably, an awesomely collective phenomenon, herd-like, ugly, faceless. A sense of single-mindedness prevailed wherever one looked, an ant-like preparation for gratification. On the other hand, the six groups featured at Donington spanned, if not a wealth, at least a distribution of influences.

At one o'clock, right on time, the festival opened with More, whose impervious conventionality was presumably seen as the safest way to kick off the proceedings. This standard British five-piece regard themselves as a cross between old wave heavy — with roots very obviously way back in primal Zep, Purple and so forth — and "new wave heavy metal", but their archaic riffs, frazzled fretboard arpeggios, and endless contrived climaxes made such a distinction superfluous.

Blackfoot at least provided some kind of contrast, even if they are just a decrepit version of the much-missed Lynyrd Skynyrd. This ageing Florida four-piece, which has been together for thirteen years, fuses lukewarm Southern boogie — give us ZZ Top, for Christ's sake! — with the colder edge of Anglo metal, and the reason they've had to wait till 1981 to jump on this revival bandwagon is that they're not particularly outstanding at either. If only one could say something cretinous like "he plays a mean slide guitar", things might be OK. Skynyrd carried the Confederate bit to its logical conclusion — death, the end of the line — and though they were all buddies, Blackfoot play a very tame second fiddle.

Next up, Slade were the day's token jesters, an HM band only because there was nothing else to resuscitate their pitiful career. Noddy and the lads will never make the transition from singles hype to metal muthas, because their training is in Pop. Nevertheless, they can still play 'Everyday' alongside 'We'll Bring The House Down' and prompt a massed football-crowd chorus as accompaniment.

Though completely incapable of irony, their extreme popularity, based on affection rather than awe, suggests that the HM fan's aesthetic may be as surely grounded in the time-honoured traditions of vaudeville as in the need for some monstrous (and mythical) powerhouse of noise.

Slade have grasped the point that heavy metal is not sexual music, that if anything (as the song 'Night Starvation' testifies) it is pure sublimation of libido. The overt sexism of many HM lyrics is a desperate guard against the threat posed to the HM brotherhood by women, just as the structure of the sound itself, with its relentless 4/4 beat and rehashed chords, is a musical shorthand for masturbation. HM cuts out, castrates the vital syncopation which r'n'b grafted onto white pop in the sixties, the on/off beat dialectic of sexuality itself. One-chord, one-hand. The more crudely macho the band, the more popular they become. Which is why this event, with its dearth of Saxons and Iron Maidens, was enlightening.

And also why yer average British metal fan doesn't quite know what to make of Blue Oyster Cult, who couldn't have offered a more pertinent contrast to Slade if they'd wanted to.

AC/DC's Angus Young

Pic: Kevin Cummins

. Taxi tribe to Culture's newly-formed backing group, The Soul Defenders, and as a result the sound snaps, crackles and pops through the speakers like a breakfast of rice bubbles while the trio work through their old favourites — 'Stop This Fussing And Fighting', 'International Herb' . . . Later in the day, the consensus of opinion is the same all over: Culture should be invited back to play on one of the other nights.

Second Night

THE SECOND night of Sunsplash starts some three hours late because torrential rain has deluged the park, leaving the ground oozing mud.

Once again there's been no time for a proper soundcheck, and there are still problems when one of the first of tonight's artists takes the stage. But Judy Mowatt's strength and dignity are an inspiration for women everywhere and not only Rasta sistren. This evening, when she does her own personal tribute to Bob Marley, 'Joseph', and asks people if they love him to sing the words *"Joseph we love you"*, the spiritual vibration is something you can feel.

Judy is followed by jogging mate Freddie McGregor, whose short set includes 'Bobby Babylon', 'Bandulu Man' and 'Little Girl' but not the meltingly beautiful 'Natural Collie' — probably just as well because the sound quality is so bad. Nevertheless, Freddie makes quite an impact on the crowd, especially amongst the Americans.

Next on the bill is the supercool Gregory Isaacs, backed by the Radics, one of the tighest backing groups on the island. It's the Radics who come on first to play a mini-overture of some of Gregory's recent hits before the singer saunters out in great style wearing a smart pin-stripe suit, even more English than Joseph Hill's plus-fours. Every one of Isaacs' songs in this short set is greeted by screams of delight, but the old-time fave 'Mr Brown' elicits the best response of all, with everyone joining in spontaneously for the chorus line — *"Oy Mr Brown . . . allright."*

"Bob Marley is a poet laureate over all poet laureates in this time; so we train him with some juke box politics wherein him can say so little and it mean so much in just three minutes 45 seconds . . ." — Mortimer Planner, a Rasta elder.

Pic: Alan Lysaght

Mutabaruka's stall (above) and its owner (right).

Right now in Jamaica, the dub poet is gradually taking over from the DJ in terms of popularity. Dub Poetry is a more dramatic way of getting a message across, and just as direct.

At last year's Sunsplash there was only one poet — the fiery Oku Onura — but this year there are several, the most successful being Mutabaruka. Muta's single 'Ev'ry Time A Ear De Soun', has been out for several months now but is still being constantly played on the radio. In fact's he's receiving more radio play than LKJ does over here.

For the past two years, Muta has been known at Sunsplash only for the quality of his Ital food and juice.

Muta is only 29 but has been prematurely aged by a shock of white hair in the centre of his head. It gives him an especially dread appearance, as though he'd been marked out for a purpose. He's been writing poems since the early '70s, and has already had several books published. Muta rejects the title "dub poet" because it is too restrictive and only deals with one section of his work. Live on stage, he's a formidable performer, wrenching all he can from his words while being backed by the High Times band featuring the mighty Chinna. Many locals feel that Muta is a little too outspoken with his criticisms of the system. He won't compromise.

Third Night

DUB POETS like dirt. First a sister called I Maw (mother), who delivers some cliches about living in a natural state, is accompanied by the Sons of Thunder, the trio of drummers who were featured in the film *Reggae Sunsplash* playing a short set on the beach. Tonight the Sons of Thunder come on like the film stars they are and steal the show right from under I-Maw's ethnic sandalled feet.

The next poet, Michael Smith, looks a lot younger

Culture Pic: Alan Lysaght

LIVE!

than I'd imagined after hearing his diatribe on domesticity, 'Mi Caan't Believe It', released over here on LKJ's label. Smith relies entirely on the rhythm of his voice to get his words across, and is all the more powerful for it.

The big news this evening is that Stevie Wonder will be appearing with Third World. And so, at around 3 am when two mini-buses roll discreetly into the artists' enclosure, there's a mass exodus to the backstage area. But the security has been trebled since the beginning of the show so it's back to the seats again to wait patiently for the right time to arrive.

Third World are the local boys made good, and tonight they teally look the part in their chic white suits and million-dollar smiles. They open with the title-track from their mediocre CBS album, 'Rock The World', which unfortunately sounds no better live than it does on record.

Two years ago, when Third World were appearing at the same festival, they were at their peak. Now it seems as if they've lost direction somewhere along the line, or simply run out of things to say. From the short set they do before being joined by Stevie Wonder, only the classic 'Satta Massagana' elicits any response at all from the crowd.

"I only came this far to sing a song for Bob Marley and to jam with Third World . . .', Stevie Wonder greets us, smiling broadly and radiating a wave of warmth which washes over everyone. Seated at the keyboards, he gets straight into 'Master Blaster', the reggae song he wrote for Bob Marley.

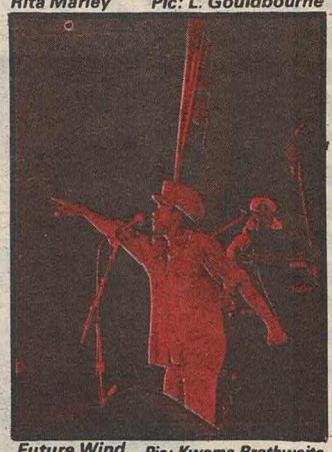
Marley has really loved that single. "It sounds *good,* man" he told me delightedly back in September. Now, just as the dawn is breaking over Mo Bay and a natural mystic light is filling the stage area, Stevie Wonder turns his song into a celebration of Bob's life which transcends the sorrow of his death and everyone is dancing and smiling — just the way it should be: *"When you're moving in the*

CONTINUES PAGE 49

Mikey Smith Pic:Kwame Brathwaite

Lone Ranger Pic: L. Gouldbourne

Rita Marley Pic: L. Gouldbourne



Future Wind Pic: Kwame Brathwaite

Some of Angus's mates Pic: Kevin Cummins

Grabbing the festival's highest possible moment of humour, they lamented over the monster they couldn't bring with them — the monster the fans had to take seriously, the absolute power the Cult, with their dwarfish physiques, their short hair, their little black waistcoats, wouldn't yield — the mythical Godzilla. And then 'Heavy Metal' itself, greeted with black, gormless puzzlement. How could this crowd switch on to the ghoulish humour of 'Joan Crawford'? How could they chant along to 'Don't Fear The Reaper' or 'Burnin' For You'?

When David Coverdale appeared the place went crazy — here at last was the real thing, a heavy metal *star*. In his shaggy, leonine way, Coverdale is quite impressive to look at, and provided he shakes the mane around enough, he fits the image they dream about. On the other hand, Whitesnake are not what their name, logo, and image might suggest. They're leagues above your Saxons and your Judas Priests, and their tunes are a damn sight prettier than Gillan or Rainbow. Their roots go back above all to that epic heavy blues classic Zep's 'Since I've Been Loving You', which kicked off a spate of agonised tonsil torture sessions through the early seventies.

Much of the set, as in such numbers as 'Don't Break My Heart Again' and the classic 'Ain't No Love In The Heart Of The City', consists of this rather strained passion, and when it's time for a little virtuosity, eg a slide guitar solo by Micky Moody, Coverdale quietly leaves the stage, as if this token showiness weren't altogether his business.

Whitesnake are a resurfacing of the late '60s supergroup syndrome, and with mummified museum pieces Ian Paice (balding) on drums, and beergut-laden Jon Lord on keyboards, this would seem to be almost self-conscious. Still, none of them are so old they can't pull the stops out — 'Fool For Your Lovin' ' is deservedly an HM classic, and the audience went ape over it.

It was almost ten o'clock before headliners AC/DC took the stage, and the atmosphere was, er, "electric". A giant bell had been lowered onto the stage to prepare us for 'Hell's Bells', and new man Brian Johnson (one time singer with Geordie) was required to strike it thrice, thus giving the signal for the others to enter. This was Johnson's introduction to the band's English audience, but one can't help feeling that however many larynxes are worn out by AC/DC, their owners

CONTINUES PAGE 48

SCAR-Y MONSTROUS

The Scars
Cuban Heels

Venue

THE CUBAN Heels haven't changed much since they were last scanned by these eyes. They're still too neat and tight for their own good. The roots of much of the original Scottish new wave — non-Postcard, in other words, Skids, Heels, Mirrors — lie appropriately enough in that time-honoured Celtic institution the reel, and the Heels have never freed themselves from its formal constrictions.

However much one enjoys watching bassist Nick Clarke stalking his instrument round the stage, the Heels make one realise that concerts are no longer trials of emotion, that catharsis is dead. Their songs have too perfect a finish, they leave nothing to chance. Each one is like a precis, an immaculate condensing of forms. At least the Skids were tasteless.

So far, the Scars have been one of the year's bigger anticlimaxes. Now bereft of their Aztec regalia, they have exposed themselves as a rather ordinary rock band. Whilst it's hard to deny that their set today is altogether stronger and rougher than it was a few months ago, this loosening-up has if anything made more transparent the sheer ordinariness of their songs. At least before, the surface glamour (and the sound itself was more glossy and disposable) blinded one to the dullness of the music.

It will always be a mystery to me that people who can put down the Banshees purely on account of a certain literary ingenuousness — can at the same time wet their pants over bands like the Scars. Just because these boys risk so little with their sound, is that any reason for critical acclaim? Some people might say 'Aquarama' is a good song, but put it alongside 'Dirt' by the Stooges, or 'New Dawn Fades' by Joy Division, and you wonder why they bother.

Of course Paul Research works hard at this guitar (third-rate John McGeoch though he is), and of course Bobby King, with that belt, those sexy little legs, and that saucy face tumbling out of seraphim-infested cloud (note religious awe with which he stares balefully up at the spotlight), is second only to Adam Ant as your favourite well-mannered rent boy, but songs like 'Leave Me In Autumn' are just too crude and melodramatic to carry their instrumentation to any full pleasure. Occasionally, Researcher's guitar will crash onto the rocks of the rhythm section, unleashing for a brief moment some kind of primeaval chaos, but King's re-entry never fails to point the band back to something merely flash.

It's good that 'Everywhere I Go' has been coarsened into violence, but Bobby King still wants to be a pin-up. The Scars are neither sensual nor pop-pure, but lost in the realms of a dead sound. Their fifteen minutes are up.

Barney Hoskyns

In a determined attempt to dent Richard Branson's profit margins, the Penguin Cafe Orchestra threw a lunchtime tea-dance at the Virgin Megastore in London's Oxford Street last Tuesday. "A cross-cultural invasion of the marketplace" was how A Spokesman might have referred to the event had he been asked, but he wasn't. The following night, their mellifluous melange of Balkan gypsy airs and Venezuelan carrot dances was to be heard at the opening night of The Penguin Cafe, an occasional venue masterminded by Japan bassist/sculptor Mick "Muddyfingers" Karn at the October Gallery in Old Gloucester Street. Both pose and hipness quotients were at a premium on the night, what with the varied selection of threads on view and the Burroughs/Gysin snaps around the walls, although the Cafe's clientele seemed largely composed of little cliques of braying, aged students bent on mutual ego-stroking. Nonetheless, a pleasant time was had by many, if not all. Yes, "pleasant" would seem to sum up the entire affair, we think.
Words: Edmundo "Dead" Los

Snap: Tony Mottram

Animal Magnet

The Pits

THE AGITATED personnel of Animal Magnet are easy to spot in this tiny basement. Their floppy strides and flouncy hairdos strike me as a lousy omen. Grimly, I predict a troupe of dopey dandies with nonsense pretentions about uninhibited natives, but even Nostradamus had his off days.

Animal Magnet are a nouveau-tropical six-piece, high on personality, and stuffed full of zest. They swopped my sneer for a foolish grin.

To make their stylisation stick, they've got to catch the perfect pitch of dense, rhythmic tension, and hold it tight at breaking point. Animal Magnet have the knack. Having bought the complete catalogue of percussive gadgetry, a guy in Frank Spencer's hat (adorned with sagging feather), and glamour-boy vocalist put it all to work to a bumping backdrop of tribal drums, and the earnest prods of a profoundly frowning bassist. Guitar and splurging electric keyboards do the rest. The singer serenades predictably, but his cluttered dance-steps and forgetful introductions just *have* to make you smile.

The combined impression is of a sextet of cultural vagrants, splashing happily in the latest rage, and chuckling at their new reflections. What seems precocious is probably accidental. Their refusal to be serious lends them some genuine style. Their romanticism is embarrassed, not embarrassing, and their excitement irresistible. I'd stake a giro that they'll be trivial forever, but their humid beat would make a yeti sweat.

What you've got is good-time froth from a different blender, purely ornamental, but fresh to the taste. Meanwhile, conglomerates are queuing up with contracts, and Animal Magnet will emerge as dangling tinsel carrots for little girls and slummers. But who can hate this slice of fruitcake?

Dave Hill

CAPTIVATED BY THE GAME

Ian Hunter

101 Club

WHETHER IN Mott or as a solo artist, Ian Hunter has never been a stylish plagiarist, but he's been a convincing one, grabbing at bits of Dylan, Reed and Bowie. There's nothing more authentic than an opportunity seized, even if it's a matter of regurgitating ultimately self-conscious lyrics about big egos in big cities.

Just another night: just another line of rock 'n' roll poetry, all told in a flat gruff tone. It's the voice of a heckler and a shallow controversialist, befitting the man who first bandied about the concept of the 'kidz'.

Hunter's probably well into his 40s by now, and on his last album he came his first big cropper. Living in New York and all that, he tried to add Lennon to the list of stars he's ghosted. No chance.

Still, it's fun watching Ian work live on his various character studies, on what amounts to a series of simplistic complexes, especially when the gig is taking place in a little club and not a large Odeon. This was no belated bid for credibility, though, merely a chance to knock his band into shape for some prestigious European gigs.

Rehearsing suits Ian down to the ground: like pantomime it's a case of going through the motions and meaning it. Yes, they're real, those crocodile tears of an old rocker, and his braggart humour fits in well with the way his sidemen play imitations of E Street rock funk.

It's tight, invisible music for Ian to do his turns by: he goes all the way to Memphis and back, rolls away the stone for a non-existent R&R resurrection, and gets bitten in the process. And enjoys every minute of it, as only a man of three parts (dignity, gimmickry and desperation) can.

Ian, of course, never reveals what's behind those shades. Maybe that's a form of honesty, but it's also the kind of mature realism which prevented him from making a decent job of an encore rendition of that great pop lament 'All The Young Dudes'.

The panto continues offstage. Ian strides into the small impromptu audience and asks "Where's my old lady?" She's probably the only person who knows Ian Hunter — and his real age.

Paul Tickell

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(C)ONAN FESTIVAL

FROM PAGE 45

will always be hopelessly upstaged by the demented Angus Young. Who can say that the hairy drunkard Bon Scott didn't himself to death because Angus had completely emasculated him?

Still, it is rather inspired, you must admit, that the undisputed idol of the HM scene should be not a godlike space warrior but a hypnotically grotesque brat who appears to be having a permanent epileptic fit. Angus Young's stage persona is a double deceit: his schoolboy disguise allows absolute immersion in the role of guitar hero. He can indulge a fantasy without having to embody it.

Young *is* an incredible guitar player; hardly original, but what's that got to do with it? This infant deity of monster rock — the only thing on the entire bill that comes even *close* to the possible evil intimated by HM — never makes a mistake. His timing, his sheer *hold* on every note, is astounding. It's a kind of omnipotence; the stage is his nursery floor, to do what he likes, including mock-strip.

Perhaps most important, Young's only means of expression is that guitar; like Harpo Marx, he is silent, the alien *enfant sauvage* of rock'n'roll. His performance is a form of possession, and the audience becomes merely an extension of the guitar's emissions, grasping between its repeated stabs. Angus Young is what happens when, out of desperation and frustration, the youth once more call for the monster of Metal to rescue them from reality — it isn't as simple as it was the first time round.

So there you are: HM. From Motorhead to Styx and back is a long way, and what you realise when you see denim jackets with Motorhead patches, Rainbow patches, Def Leppard patches, and Styx patches is that these kids live to participate in a group fantasy, a fantasy in which shades of quality and divergences in style are only too easily tolerated and ultimately ignored. In this immaculate regression — devoid of women or racial minorities — the communion is a closed circuit.

David Coverdale

Pic: Kevin Cummins

NICO:

Nico

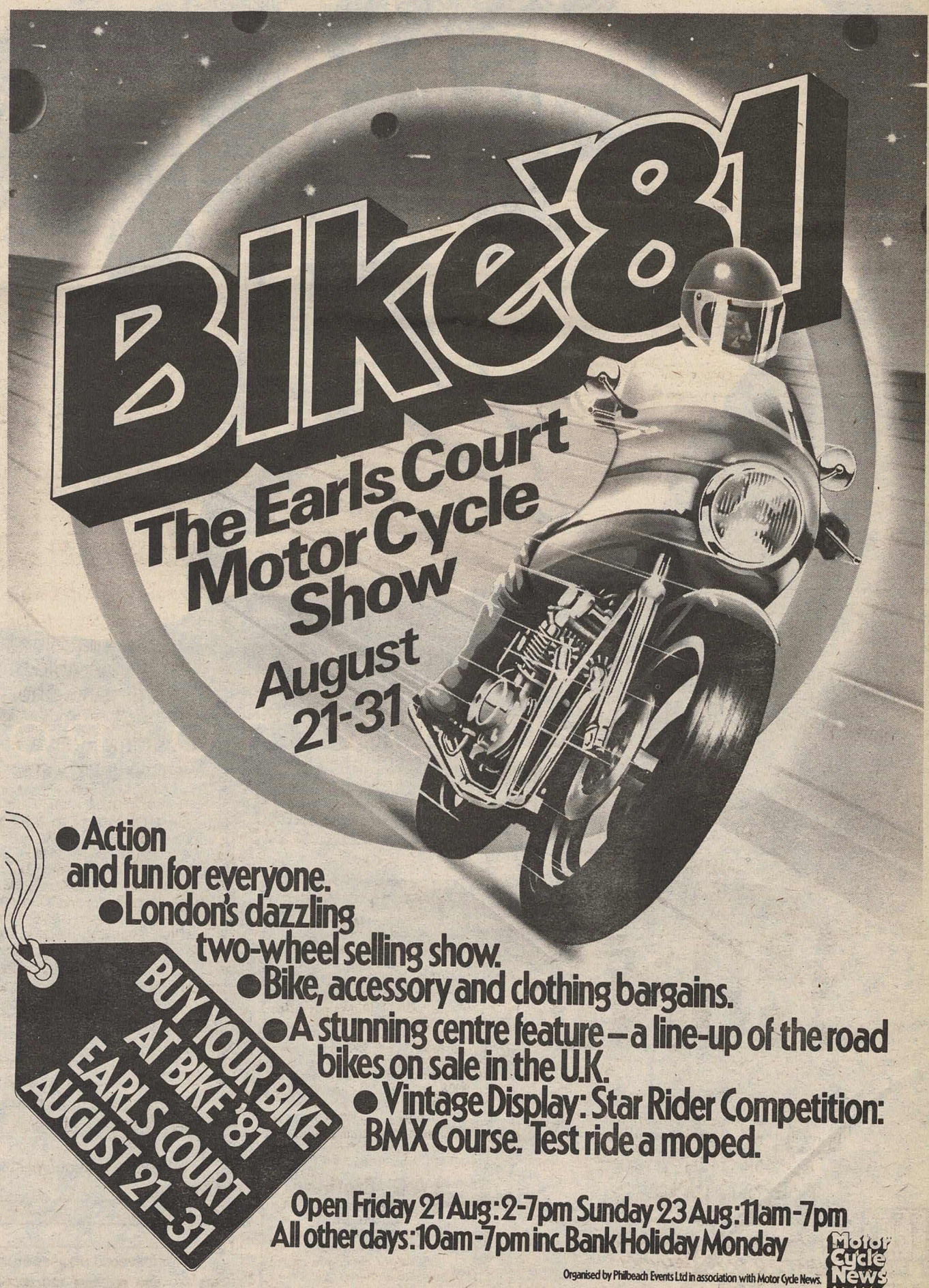
Edinburgh Nite Club

"I DON'T like Germans, oh, except the Baader-Meinhof group. And I like Hitler." Well, how wonderfully diverse Edinburgh is during its annual Festival!

Why, only yesterday a Nite Club audience joined Linton Kwesi Johnson in decrying dirty fascist scum: and here tonight we have Nico dedicating her version of 'Deutschland Uber Alles' to "all the terrorists who are my friends."

With her first album in seven years a completely dull, murky, insignificant lump of vinyl, and live appearances somewhat rare, the audiences are, for the most part, the plainly curious.

Crowding to the front of the stage is a patently pointless exercise (only about ten people can actually see anything at all since she's sitting eye-level with the audience, behind a harmonium) — so I pick my way back to the bar, where if you watch the simultaneous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video screenings long enough, it's actually possible to catch the occasional brief glimpse of Nico's forehead. Unfortunately her performance isn't anywhere near as exciting as all of this. One endless drab dirge follows another, until only the deaf — or the totally daft — are left showing even the faintest interest.

The Cuban Heels are a huge relief as they join her to play an adequate "All Tomorrow's Parties', 'Waiting For The Man', 'Heroes' and 'Femme Fatale'. Nico, heaving herself slowly around the stage, sings 'Heroes' with all the subtlety of an Olivier Hamlet.

Only the young and lean can flirt successfully with rock's 'wasted look': you know, nothing that a good night's sleep, a hot bath, and a few days' abstinence wouldn't cure. In Nico's case there is no cure. And crumpled, shapeless clothes couldn't hide her tired, flabby middle-age.

Just another loud foreign accent at the Festival.

Kirsty McNeill

Nico *Pic: Robert Sharp*

A BIGGER SUNSPLASH

FROM PAGE 45

positive/your constellation is the brightest star . . ."

Stevie follows this with 'Redemption Song' as Rita Marley and the rest of Third World group themselves around his keyboards to join in: *"Won't you help to sing these songs of freedom/'cause all I ever had/Redemption Songs . . ."*

In this intimate atmosphere the words come across like a hymn. Perhaps this is what Marley's work will eventually become: 'Songs of Praise for the New Age'.

Several hours later at Cornwall Beach along Mo Bay's main drag, people are once again gathering to listen to reggae music. This is how many imagined Sunsplash would be: the blue/green Caribbean sea; a beach bar and a sound system with a sexy DJ like Eek A Mouse doing his number one 'Wha Do Dem' again.

Fourth Night

THE FINAL night of Sunsplash starts at eleven pm, some four hours behind schedule, but by now most people have worked out the system and don't turn up till just before it's due to start anyway.

As far as I'm concerned, there's only one group who make any impact at all — Future Wind, a local Mo Bay band with a sound that stings as hard as anything coming out of Kingston now. The lead singer, Howard Sinclair, is 18 years old and full of bravado, so when everything goes wrong with the sound it's like water off a duck's back. "Some keyboards please," he asks the sound man, "for the peoples' musical pleasure . . ."

This is the art of Jamaican supercool: Sinclair was schooled in the same class as Gregory Isaacs and Michael Rose, and will no doubt be joining them at the top soon.

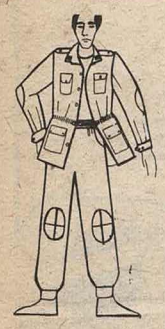
There's a new breed of reggae artists appearing on Marley's Tough Gong label, and tonight they're closing the show along with the Wailers. First up is Nadine Sutherland, a 13 year old roots version of Bonnie Langford, who sings her more recent singles 'A Young One Like Me' and 'Starvation', both of which I find a little too sweet.

It's the Melody Makers — Bob and Rita Marley's children — who go down best of all. Their single, 'Children Playing In The Street' is both bubbly and infectious. Bob's eldest son, Ziggy, is no stranger to the limelight; two years ago, during the '79 festival, he very nearly upstaged his father by mimicking his gestures. This year, he's firmly in control of the band, but younger brother David steals the show when he goes *"Redeep, Redeep"* into the mike, DJ style, by way of introduction.

The I Threes also play a strong set, taking turns to do each others' songs now they all have a solo career to look after, but it's Judy Mowatt's 'Sisters Chant' which carries the most weight.

Finally, The Wailers do a solo set, but with Al Anderson and Tyrone Downey missing, they lack solidarity. As a frontman, Junior Marvin's rock and roll style seems at odds with the Wailers' earthy, rootsy mix. If they are to continue, Marvin will have to come to terms with this or find an entirely new direction.

The Wailers' set doesn't finish until eight am in the morning. By midday Mo Bay is deserted.



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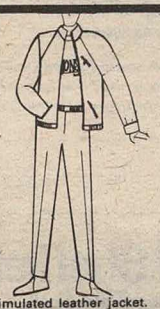

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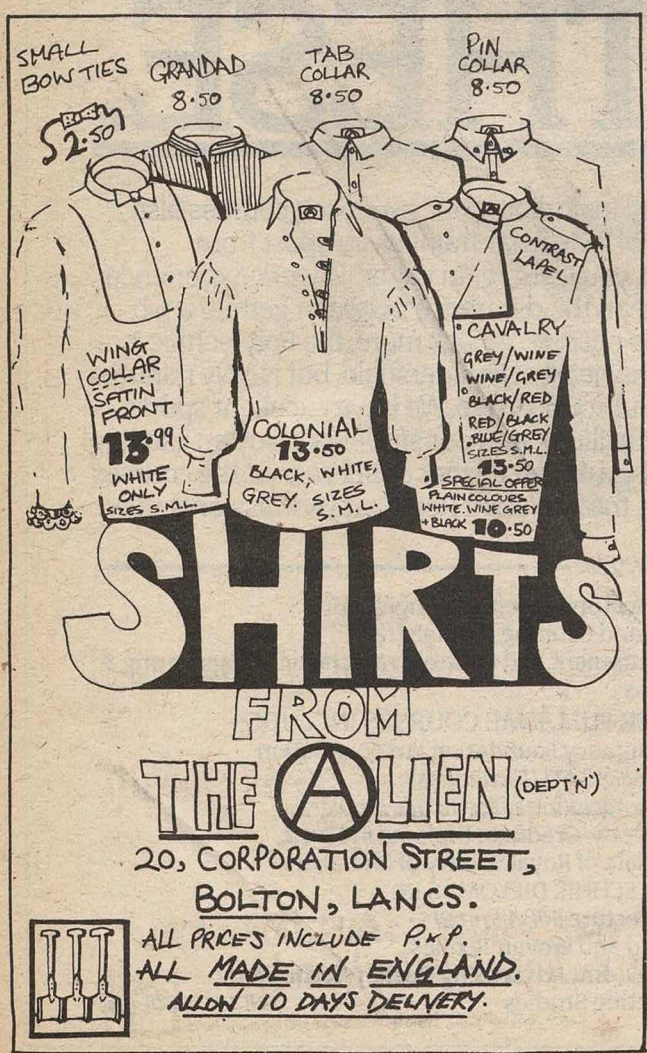

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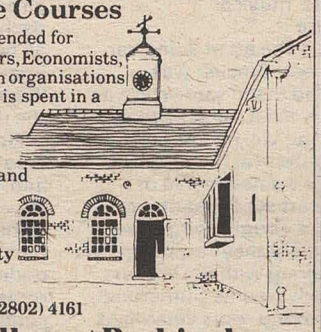

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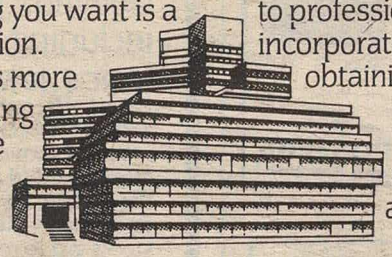

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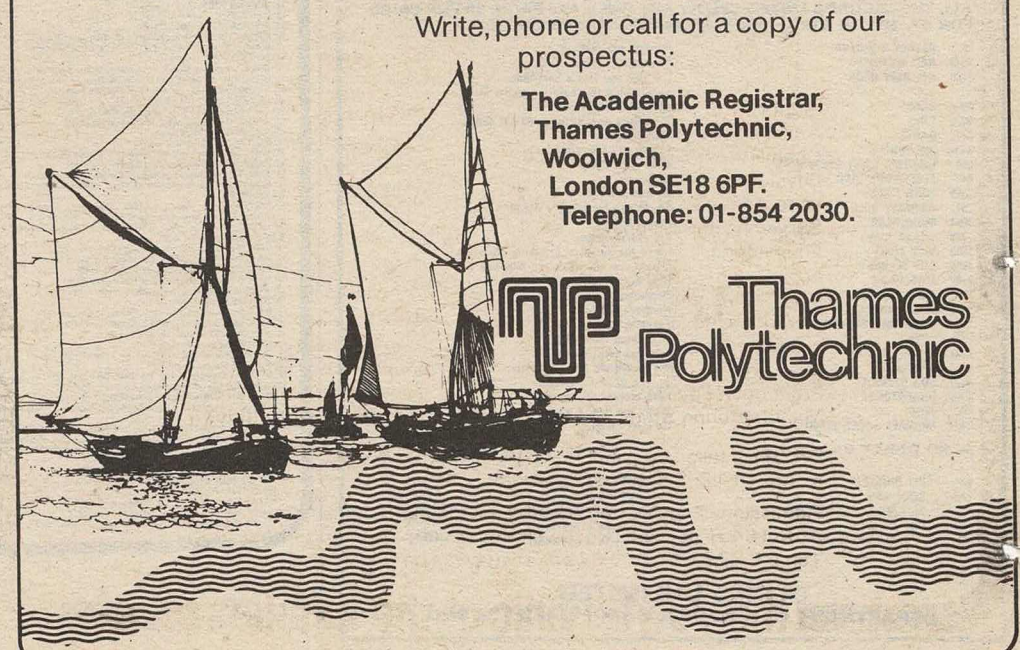

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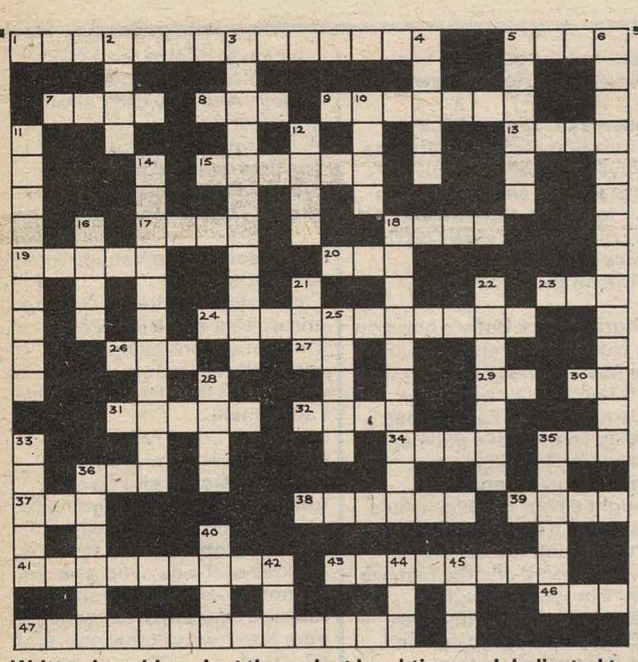

Written in gold, rushed through at lunchtime and dedicated to her grandparents — the MICHELE NOACH crossword.

ACROSS

1 Soft Boy gone solo (5,9)
5 50's film and Van Morrisons 60's band (4)
7 Cuddly, stinky and of course, God's (4)
8 As heavy as zep? (3)
9 Richard's narked cos Steve stole his gnats-er? (7)
13 Bob's rodents (4)
15 Jonathan had modern ones (6)
17 Eve's man's insects (4)
18 Wire's flag (4)
19 One sure needs more than just this and water to survive (5)
20 + 36. Don's only known album somewhat abbreviated (3,3)
23 Record company much indebted to a Mr. D. Jones (1.1.1.)
24 Roots growing through bad-conditioned hair (4,7)
26 John's adopted middle name (3)
27 Heathrow — Gatwick, Bowie freaks only (2)
29 Velvet's contribution to feminism way back (2)
30 Centrespread Sounds (2)
31 The Algerian outsider who, after a fall, died a happy death (5)
32 This chap's influence upon Scott Walker was revealed by Chris Bohn several weeks back (4)
34 Well, are you driving one yet? (4)
35 Er- what's missing Leo? (3)
36 see 20 across
37 Love, so they say, is in this (3)
38 US band, whose girl singer featured in the film of Hair (6)
39 Another femme fatale involved with 29 across (4)
41 We were all down there in '76 wearing tartan trousers, apparently (5,4)
43 Bored stiff of horned rims? (8)
46 Iggy's "get up and get ——" (3)
47 1 film, 2 songs and now a British activity (8,5)

DOWN

2 Lee Dorsey waited for his (2,2)
3 Did original "Poison Ivy" — and did it better (3,8)
4 A German piece of werk (5)
5 McCartney's band are finally on it (3,3)
6 U.S. venue where Pere Ubu, Wayne County and the like have played (4,6,6)
10 The result of Polanski's sets (4)
11 Headed Eater, youngest of the punkeroo groups. His last band Gabriel Hounds recently disbanded (4,5)
12 Where E.C. was (4)
14 Bowie's crazy boy, circa '73 (7,4)
16 If I were them I'd be grateful too (4)
18 The girl on the phone keeps ringing him back (4,6)
21 According to "West Side Story", the only natural enemy of a shark (3)
22 Has the King turned red with embarrassment? (7)
25 Where, it appears, most of the rioters have paid a visit (5)
28 Where the Tetras spring from (4)
33 U.S. band who owned a Sharona (5)
35 A band often associated with A Certain Ratio and whose own ratio is 23 to something (6)
36 Buster's royal position (6)
40 Cale, Lennon, Lydon, Elton, need I continue? (4)
42 The Beatles once suggested we do this to a pony (3)
44 (Ignore) Abba's plea (1.1.1).
45 They own everything except Coke, Kelloggs and The Sex Pistols! (1.1.1)

SOLUTIONS:

ACROSS: 1. Top Twenty; 4. Opiated; 10. Fire Engines; 11. On tape; 13. Trip; 14. Union; 19. On the beat; 20. Echoplex; 23. Verlaine; 24. Policeman; 25. Watts; 26. Riff; 32. Korova; 33. The Specials; 34. Ramones; 35. Arthur Lee.
DOWN: 1. *'Top of the Pops'!* 2. Poets; 3. Trio; 5. Iggy; 6. Tone; 7. Disk; 8. Hearing; 9. Up one place; 12. Token; 15. Revolution; 16. Jennie; 17. Steve Strange; 18. Thrill; 21. Metal; 22. Naff gig; 27. Vocal; 28. Star; 29. Perm; 30. Spin; 31. Slur.

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Poser: Dave Brown
Picture: Jill Furmanovsky

HYPROCRISY once again lads. Kick shit out of *Cannonball Run* for using Farrah Fawcett's tits as a big sell and then go and include dear Little Miss Redsocks on the cover of last week's edition. Is IPC's profit motive forcing our intrepid moralists to swallow their pride? I can understand Jags and hi-fi, but using tits to sell tapes . . ! !
Pet the Beat, Bournemouth.

Well done *NME*. It takes real skill to be that hypocritical. Quote from *Gasbag* August 15, Chris Bohn replies to Stu Art and Ian: "Sexism is something far more invidious than owning up to pulling women. "True, well said. Turn over page to find embarrassing and disgusting Maxell tape advertisement. I could say that I'll never buy the *NME* again, but I really can't be bothered.
Sue Rose, Knutsford, Cheshire

So when do the women readers of non-sexist *NME* get an advert featuring Little Mr Redsocks gleefully jumping about in his denim panti-girdle, coyly gripping his nipples between his elbows? Or aren't men allowed to look so ridiculous? Oh *NME*, up yours!
Little Ms Red-with-Fury, Moseley, Birmingham 13

And a couple of red faces around here, I should think, at the way that little horror slipped through the net. I thought it made Chris' point pretty succinctly. This week's compensatory illustration comes to you courtesy of the Ed himself. And let's have less of the "lads", Pete, please. — L.H.

The Northern Carnival Against the Missiles was a great success. I also thought the Northern Carnival Against Racism brilliant and effective. I'm amazed that the major cloud over both of these events was a slagging in *NME* — what axe have Gavin Martin and Mick Duffy got to grind? Their articles were totally negative and gave the wrong impression to your readers, that both events were failures. Wake up, Mick Duffy! Don't dictate that the only way we can protest is by listening to octogenarians giving speeches.

He got his figures wrong as well. The Damned were only paid their expenses — we were given a detailed breakdown of them. John Cooper Clarke played our first major NNM gig and he turned down our initial offer saying that it was too much. His expenses for this were calculated on the basis of two road crew, with hotel and travel from London for three. Finally the Thompson Twins have played over 40 benefits for us this year. They have to look after themselves occasionally and their recording schedules meant they had to be in the studio.

Mick Duffy obviously had no idea of the difficulties involved in organising a major benefit let alone a major carnival. It cost £7,000 to organise and £1,000 is still outstanding so any donations to this or future events would be welcome.

For us it wasn't a carnival of empty gestures, but "one of the greatest successes of common sense, goodwill and good entertainment" *(Melody Maker)*. Thanks to everyone who participated, the next one will be even better.

Dance and survive.
Martin Goldschmidt, No Nukes Music, London W1

As the so-called "promoter" of the Northern Carnival Against Missiles, I would like to take this opportunity of replying to Mick Duffy's unnecessary criticism of the event in *NME*.

The carnival of empty gestures, Mick? Please answer me these questions:

1) Where else in Britain did you find a major CND event, organised by and for young people in or around Hiroshima day?

2) The march may not have influenced the Government's decision to site Cruise Missiles in this country, nobody honestly expected it would. It may also have only been witnessed by socially deprived, poor people and week-end shoppers, but surely in building a popular protest movement these people need to be involved as much as anyone else in this country. Very few of us will get in the bunker, remember.

3) Your stance against free speech, regarding other organisations making speeches, is frankly astounding.

4) Did you take the time to actually find out who spoke at the carnival, besides the two people you mention?

5) Why do you not mention that the carnival, apart from the nasty incident at the end, passed off peacefully in an area which, only some weeks before, had seen vicious rioting?

6) Surely, Mick, a music paper writes about music as well as having opinions? You didn't.
Phil Jones, Co-organiser, Northern Carnival Against the Missiles, Manchester 15
Mick Duffy replies: "I am a strong supporter of the CND and I did hope that the carnival would be a great success. It would have been wrong of me not to include the fact that there was a near riot amongst people at the front of the audience; I felt the situation was very ironic since these people had supposedly come in the name of peace. All the figures I quoted in my article were obtained from Phil Jones, the promoter, on the day of the carnival. At no time did I question the sincerity of the CND organisers, but it *was* a carnival of empty gestures because people who were not necessarily involved in or cared about the CND movement exploited the occasion to air their own extremist views."

It seems to me that Mick Duffy's first responsibility was to give his own views on the day's events, since he'd been sent to review the carnival, regardless of his views on the *ethics* of CND — L.H.

And on the other hand . . .

Congrats. Mick Duffy's piece on the Northern Carnival Against The Missiles was just what the CND needs — a boot up the neutron wotsits. For too long Trendy Lefties have put loads of kids in far-flung fields, put on a couple of bands and then thought all our troubles would be solved. If we're going to get rid of Trident, Cruise, the Neutron Bomb and the rest, we need a movement with imagination, which involves PEOPLE in the campaign and gets things done with a (non-nuclear) bang. Dance and survive (with a little help from all of our friends); and throw in a few new ideas too and we'll all live happily ever after.
Mark Perryman, the Commie (who talks sense)

Tony Parson's *Dangerous Visions* article condemning the preference for big, epic series packed full of action and emotional dialogue (and distortion of the truth along the way), as opposed to the documentary "let's show it like it really is" type of viewing was to my mind very true; but hardly a revelation, as he himself should know, being a part of the wonderful world of commercial media himself.

We all know the attraction of *News Of The World* type revelations and these are built round the same impact levels that, say, *Playing For Time* was. Anything involving tragedy, pain, injustice, oppression; it all makes Big News to tug at your heartstrings. To hell with the truth, this stuff wins viewers, readers and money . . .

How can you challenge truth on TV when reality lies in the kind of world that allows someone to buy a gun over the counter as easily as a packet of chewing gum?

Perhaps it's only left for us to ask which is the most harmful, the avoidance of truth or the distortion of it? Is there a difference?

We all sell out to whoever or whatever in the name of survival. The *real* truth lies in those who admit it.
Aunty Beeb, Erskine.
PS I prefer a jolly good yarn myself.
I prefer something that's entertaining *and* stimulating, rather like Tony Parsons' *Dangerous Visions* in fact. And of course you can challenge both the slop that's served up on TV as some sort of established "truth" and the often absurd realities of the world outside. Recognising your own compromise is only the beginning. The "sell out" seems to me to be pessimistically reducing the whole huge issue to the level of choosing between "the avoidance of truth or the distortion of it". — L.H.

The last time The Jam went to Rouen, the French group Tweed was chosen by their Studio 44 manager to be their first part. Unfortunately The Jam brought along The Sound and Tweed was dreadfully disappointed, because playing with Jam is still their greatest dream. So, I was just wondering whether it is possible or not to contact The Jam. Do they happen to read the *NME Gasbag*? Please try to achieve a miracle so that The Jam may see (and tell if Tweed can be a good supporting group) Tweed in concert next month as they're supposed to play with Flaming Groovies at the Studio 44 in Rouen.
Tweed managaress, M.P. Valentin, 3, Rue Adrien Pasquier, 76000 Rouen, France
Playing with jam sounds like something that Errol might enjoy. And talking of Errol . . .

Cabaret Voltaire — "three rich boys"? I happen to be in a position to inform Errol *(T-Zers)* that Mal has holes in his shoes. Honest. And they can't afford a drummer.
A. Doormat.
The best-dressed man in Sheffield with holes in his shoes? That *is* rich. — L.H.

Re: Chance at the Venue, Costly Alcohol etc . . .

How did my letter to *Gasbag* end up as a quote in *T-Zers*. This is most annoying, especially as I was referred to as he, when it is most obvious that I am female.
Annoyed, Chalk Farm
I don't know, how *did* your letter to *Gasbag* end up as a quote in *T-Zers*? I was going to ask Errol, but he's just slipped out of the office for his first cocktail of the day and a packet of those coloured Sobranie Russian cigarettes. Incidentally, your letter wasn't this one, was it? — L.H.

Thank you Mr Chance for your truly wunnerful show at the Venue last Tuesday. May I be the first to call James Chance a prat? I've never seen such a gannet — and I've never seen such self-indulgence and selfishness ion stage before, of course, our young James.

First off, he decides to make his appearance one hour later than scheduled. (That's right, you keep us mere mortals hanging around for as long as you want. After all we've only got trains and buses to miss later on). Three songs through the set and we are treated to another ten minute break while the poor lad finds it essential to change his suit, leaving the rest of the band to wander round aimlessly, attempting to tune their guitars (as was the norm at the beginning of *every* song).

Once he does decide to reappear, there a couple of rather abortive attempts at a song which finally fades into obscurity, much to the embarrassment of all concerned. Shouts of "wanker" seem to go unheard and the only highlight of the evening was the appearance of a multitude of bits of paper advertising the fact that Club Left was on Thursday. (Thank you, whoever you were).

God how I hate these pretentious American "sooperstars".
Dermot, Belmont
PS And he looks better in his photos than he does in real life.

Sorry, I was out when the man came round to interview me for the *Portrait Of A Consumer As An Artist*, only I'd taken the kids late night shopping at ASDA, 'cause we were running short of Bird's Eye fish fingers, Heinz baked beans, McCains oven-ready chips and HP sauce. Maybe the next time he calls we can talk it over in my local with a pint of Skol and a packet of Walkers cheese and onion crisps, only ask him to call after 8.30 'cause I don't want him grabbing me while I'm trying to watch *Corrie, Krypton Factor* or *Winner Takes All*.

Thanks very much.
L. Perrin, Worcester
What plebian tastes some of these common consumers have . . . — L.H.

I hope that as I have taken the trouble to write this it will be printed. (I know it will 'cos you're all jolly decent chappies really, creep, creep.) To get to the point, I (Rich.T.) am the bass player with a band called Lost Cause (how's that for a cliche) and we all come from Camberley.

In writing this I would like to voice my opinion about the bunch of jokers who call themselves Local Government, the pain in the arse Surrey Council. I am sick and tired with these idiots who provide sweet FA for the youth of Surrey Heath.

I know you'll understand how all of Lost Cause feel (i.e. pissed off), but we aren't giving up, so there. Up yours, Tory Councillors and Maggie T. Lost Cause rule OK. Please (creep, creep) print this. Ta.
Rich T., Camberely, Surrey
That's what I like to see; someone with spirit! Dance, don't give up! — L.H.

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GASBAG

Cleaning up the controversies: Lynn Hanna

Fast forward your views to Gasbag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London WIV IPD.

INTERVIEW

ERROL HERE, smug as usual. As I've been invited to deliver this year's Dimbleby lecture, I felt it would only be fair to let my faithful public know what my theme is going to be. I'm going to use the lecture to launch a new political party, taking my cue from an early '70s party formed by **Alan Freeman** and **David Jacobs** labelled The Fun Party.

The Fun Party is all about never crying again, never falling over again and never feeling cheap. The Fun Party means ABSOLUTE FUN FOR YOU, and that's the kind of philosophy that wins votes. When it comes to the bottom line, we only do it just for fun. Just for fun! You won't need to pay to join the party: just need to prove your capacity to shake up a mean and lethal cocktail, to fall in and out of love seven times a week, to understand that **Hazel O'Connor, Phil Lynott** and **Havanna Let's Go** are the most boring people alive, to appreciate all the sensual delights of this apparently wonderful world. It's that easy. And once you're a member of my party — I'm the leader, I know you'd want it that way — then FUN will be yours. Always and all ways. This is my promise. When you hear my lecture you'll become a funny person without even thinking **twice** about it. The fun party will give you what no other political party can give you. A party!!

With all this in mind I went recruiting last week. Wednesday I was down at the Mooch Club to catch **23 Skidoo,** but they weren't too sharp so I dropped them. Their excuse, though, was admirable. The Mooch Club refuse to give free cocktails to the performing groups. This is a scandal! There watching the Skidoos lose were **Richard Strange,** who's agreed to become Minister Of Wine for the Fun Party, **The Prats,** who've agreed to change their name, **Kirk** of **Theatre Of Hate,** who's not sure if he really wants **Billy** of **Lonesome No More** in his group, and polite **Paul Simenon,** who didn't think that joining the Fun Party would coincide with **Clash** policy. I bet him that the Fun Party would win more votes than the Clash Party, and got on with the Pink Pussey's . . .

Thursday night I went down again to Wardour St's Whisky A Go Go, which on Thursdays is called Club Left, to see if I could do some more recruiting, and boost the party budget. **Vic Godard** was still doing his Thursday swing time, occasionally helped by the likes of **Johnny Britton.** I decided that apart from Godard and some of the records played, Club Left was nothing more or less than a new Dingwalls. **Tenpole Tudor** was there.

Vaughan Toulouse was there, wanting to know why I'd dismissed **Department S** as a one-hit wonder. Well, they are one hit wonders! Nothing wrong with that! — One day **Errol** will be a one hit wonder. He wanted it to be known that there is still plenty of time for Department S to claim another hit. Well, when that happens Vaughan, I'll invite you into The Fun Party. There's something to aim for . . .

Kevin Rowland was there; this Thursday (tonight) he'll be the DJ. He looked very nice and all that — pony tail, trousers tucked into boots, I could never fancy him but then my tastes are rather insular — but unfortunately some juvenile idiot had stuck something on the back of his jacket, and he walked around all night looking very superior but with this little sticker on his back. It didn't say 'KICK ME', it just advertised soon-come steel band **The Desperadoes.** I would have told him about it, but I reckoned that here was a man who very definitely didn't want to join The Fun Party . . .

Chico Tombola of hot new Sheffield Latin combo Cha Cha del Orinoco blasts T-zers toward September.

Phil Lynott was there; celebrating his birthday and wondering whether he could scrape up £250 to pay off that fine. He wasn't too pleased when young **Spizz** went up to him and said "Had a rough day then?" . . . **The Clash** were all there, minus **Topper,** but I didn't bother them with all this fun business. It was **Joe Strummer's** birthday. "20 blahblahblah" he reckoned. **Kozmo Vinyl** was there, reckoning that the next Clash LP was the only thing worth bothering about during the next 6 months . . .

Some of **The Belle Stars** were there, acting just like you'd imagine girls on Stiff would act. Not for the Fun Party, I decided . . . **Annie Lennox** was there, properly fed up with all the fake rock'n'roll heroism on show . . . Girlie groups **Bananerama** and **The Orchasms** were there, both worth inviting to join The Fun Party . . .

George was there, and because he'd decided to go along with his mates, **Bernie Rhodes** reckons that he should shut down the club. George is in fact going to be Minister of Clothes for The Fun Party.

George himself is very busy, as befits a member of The Fun Party. His group **Culture Club** will be playing their first show in Birmingham in a few weeks' time, and he'll be opening up a shop called The Foundry . . .

Well, I think it's time for a commercial break: I'll be raising funds for The Fun Party with a few commercials, I'll hope you'll bear with them . . .

(This is a commercial break for Ze Records)

THIS IS GOOD: **Michael Zilkha**'s cautious whisper as to whether I liked the **August Darnell** 'produced' 45 by **Funkapolitan** concealed a more horrible (if predictable) truth: Truth: "August hates it," confided the once and future millionaire, "and so do I!" A blight of adjectives followed. Well, why did my good friend August do it then, I queried? As if I didn't know! Well within the August Darnell tradition (he was employed as a Tin Pan Alley songwriter before going onto fame and fortune — he lives, my dears, in the Essex House Hotel — *lives,* not just temporarily or anything — as alter ego Kid Creole) . . . he did it for . . . "THE MONEY". As the dime goes by, as the pound stands still . . .

Jet lag? Don't know the meaning of the word. I recommend an individual bottle of Moet and Chandon (TWA do them for the very reasonable price of 2 dollars fifty) and the companion of your choice. Jet lag is something only for the dowdy — those who still think that FLYING itself is pure pleasure. Club lag, now *there*'s something one gets between London and New York . . .

Heard some of the new **August Darnell** LP, which is Zilkha's hope for bursting into *Cashbox, Billboard, etc.* Title as yet undecided but the single in The United States is 'Wonderful' in which AD reverses the jokey sexual failures of alter ego Kid Creole to declare himself a 'wonderful thing' and list about one sixteenth of the friends companions secretaries and senoritas in his address/telephone book. It is VERY FUNNY (sexy funny — you know, the lighter side, where your tan meets your privacy) and very narcissistic and very relaxed. Other titles (we're dealing with an aristocrat, after all) include 'Imitation' — which deals with August's distaste for such acts as **Talking Heads** and **Was (Was NOT)** who he considers imposters and intruders upon the original glow of others — and 'Stool Pigeon', the cautionary tale of someone who sold privileged information to a three letter conglomorate. I'm worried . . .

The sad truth is that August and **Andy Hernandez** (better known as **Coati Mundi)** have left the **Savannah Band.** Reasons not known but both are in very good health and Coati Mundi has his first solo shows lined up in . . . Venezuela . . .

Is it true that **Lizzie Mercier Descloux** has a new LP out? Is it true that it isn't on Ze?

The likelihood of Coconuts gigs/gags in Europe very remote. Some millionaire out there must have the money to sponsor both their European tour and my next autobiography. Michael Zilkha, is dubious about putting Coconuts on any miniscule British stage and could be opting instead for mass marketing of wonderful video of Coconuts show in New York . . .

Meanwhile in NY, Kid Creole's 'Fresh Fruit In Foreign' . . . arrangements being made with longtime United States producer **Joseph Papp** (unfortunate name) to put script/orchestra/show on Broadway. Not a gig or a gag but a theatrical enterprise, long-running, and it's 'Marvellous' says *Village Voice.*

First **Material** LP to be called 'Money Serves' although no one knows if they've recorded anything for it yet. But when they record their next 45 it will be at last on ZE records, and with **Nona Hendryx** . . .

LET'S GET crazy for a moment. Much touted **Mood Six,** spearhead of the so called psychedelic revival, happen to be none other than three quarters of dodgy Coventry pop prats **VIPs.** Says it all really: nothing to do with The Fun Party . . .

The Psychedelic Furs, the opposite of fun, have just completed their US tour. Most magazines in America ran pieces on the group on the *NME* review of their last LP. *The Village Voice* neglected entirely the area of Rep Butter's 'Dylanesque' lyrics and queried WHY SO SHORT? I'll be talking about this in my Dimbleby Lecture. The PF's US tour only really took off a storm in Texas. Large men with ginger beards and buckets of beer wanted 'to see their videos'. The Psychedelic Furs are 42, 36, 32 and 43, 31, 28 . . .

Here's something the **Baker** boy forgot to ask the **Chic**-lets: what's become of the album they're supposed to be doing with **Johnny Mathis?** . . .

Annie Lennox, who could be joining the Fun Party, is studying Kathak, a form of Indian dancing that features a lot of hands, and is hoping to make a journey to New Delhi. Hope she'll be taking me along . . .

The sleeve of the forthcoming **Police** LP 'Ghost In The Machine' features a 'sensationally devised portrait of the group'. Did I ever tell you about the tattoo on **Sting**'s . . .

The **Tom Tom Club** LP is finished — mixed, muddled, mangled. Yes, only the marketing to come. **Tina** and **Chris** have left their Nassau apartment, leaving behind me, their windsurfing equipment and a few footprints on the beach. Beyond a few Good Mornings and nods over the dinner table they would not speak to me . . . in fact, their manager Gary Kurfist — who, shall we say, is not the most loved person in Manhattan, people go round the block to avoid him, has issued orders that they are not to talk to UK or US journalists. I don't blame him. **David Byrne** working with **Harry Belafonte** on an LP called 'Bannanna Let's Eno And While We're At It Let's Join The Fun Party', and **Byrne** is also producing the next **B 52s** LP . . .

Billy Idol appears to be basing himself in LA. Stay there, Billy, stay there, we'll send the bleach . . .

And that's life. Fast food, the most colourful cocktails, the worst hangovers. The Fun Party will help you to be cynical when you need to be, gay when you want to be and most of all we'll let you have FUN. Love it, vote for it: if you don't then you must be a rock fan . . .

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5-7 Carnaby Street
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Research
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